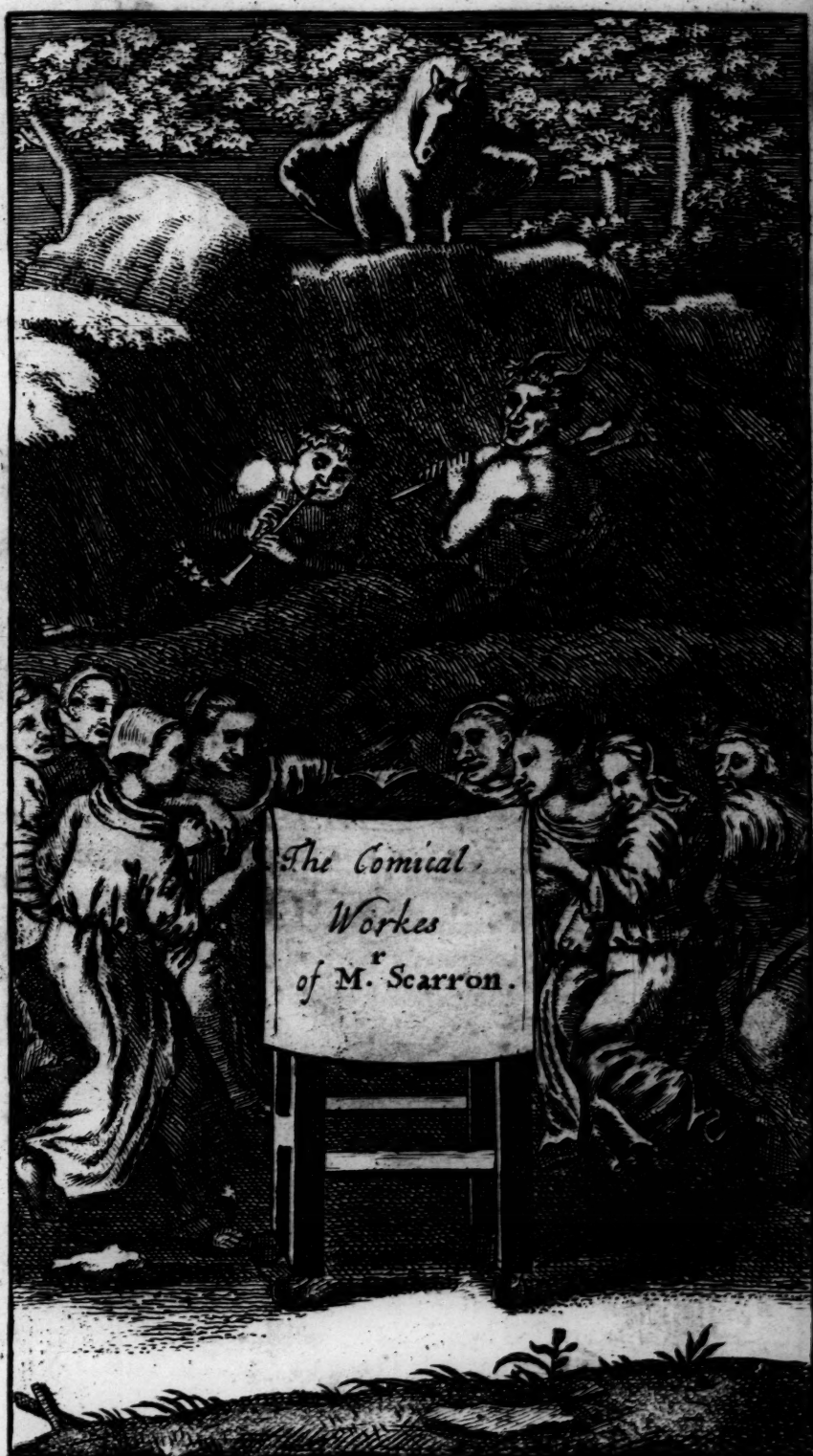




*Attach'd by Sickness, & to pain a prey,
I keep my humour chearfull. Still, & gay,
With Sower grimace, & magisterial pride
Those Canting Sots the Stoicks pain defied,
Yet fell beneath the burthen, w^h twas tryed: }
None but my Self did ere that pitch attain
To Sport with misery, & jest in pain*

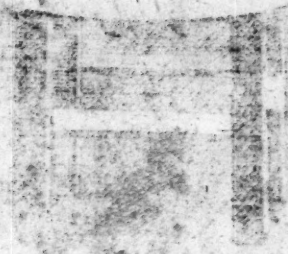


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NO. 11



Arabella — Rowley

Arabella THE WHOLE *Rowley*
Comical Works

OF

Monf. *SCARRON*,

In Two Volumes.

VOL. I.

Containing his comical
Romance of a Compa-
ny of Stage-Players. In
Three Parts complete.

VOL. II.

All his Novels and Histo-
ries.
His select Letters, Chara-
cters, &c.

A great Part of which never before in English.

Translated by Mr. *Tho. Brown*, Mr. *Savage*,
and Others.

— *Ridiculum acri*

Fortius & Melius Magnas plerumque secut res. Hor.

Rebus in Angustis facile est contemnere Vitam:

Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest. Mart.

VOL. I.

The FOURTH EDITION, Revis'd and Corrected.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and J. KNAPTON; J. and B. SPRINT; R. RO-
BINSON; T. SANDERS; B. MOTTE; and A. WARD. 1727.

As the name is not a
Comical Works
In Two Volumes



Transcribed by Mr. J. C. ...
The ...
...

A
C H A R A C T E R
O F
Monf. SCARRONs Works.
In a LETTER from
The Famous Monf. DE BALZAC
to Monsieur COSTAR.



THE Book you sent me from Monsieur Scarron, was a very acceptable Present, and such an one as I am obliged to set a great Value upon so long as I live. I had scarce open'd it, but it perform'd a Cure on me, and gave me Ease in a cruel Fit of the Spleen, which had certainly done my business, had not this Cordial come so seasonably to my Relief. I hope it will work greater Cures, if I often apply it. Perhaps it will rid me of my pensive Melancholy, and Philosophical Sadness: Perhaps it will teach me to rhyme, to make me chearful by Contagion. To deal plainly with you, this Friend of ours, Monf. Scarron, is a strange sort of a Gentleman. With all his Distempers he has something in him, tho' I know not how to describe it, better than Health, I mean a stupid insensible Health; for I need not to tell you that the *Arabians* call Joy the Quintessence and Elixir of a lively active Health. Now since you are desirous to know my different Thoughts of our Author, and require me to say something particular on this Head, I must tell you he is either the most dissembling or the most resolute Man in the Universe. I farther add, that he is a living Testimony that Mankind is not so effeminate, as is commonly believ'd, unless Pain use him more gently than it does other Men. One that has convers'd with his Writings, and sees him so merry in his

afflictions, would think that the Executioner flatter'd the Sufferer. I never see him laugh in the midst of his Torments, but he makes me think his Pain does not give him any Smart, but only Titillation. In short, I will affirm, that *Prometheus*, *Hercules*, and *Philoctetes* in our Fables, to say nothing of *Job* in his real History, speak abundance of great and many things in the height of their Pains, yet nothing that is gay and cheerful. Among the Ancients, I have frequently met with those Grievs that have been sedate and calm, which have appear'd to be wise and eloquent, but I never found a Grief that was cheerful till now; or a Soul that was able to dance a Saraband or Jig in a paralytical Body. So pleasant a Prodigy as this, deserves the consideration of our curious Virtuofos. History ought not to forget it; and if ever the Whim takes me to set up for an Historian, as I am already an Historiographer, I shall reckon this among the greatest Wonders of our Age, which has been so fruitful in Miracles. What wou'd not your Friend *Seneca* have said upon so noble a Subject, he that took so much pleasure to treat of these matters, and so often sought Opportunities of doing it? Is it not a plain case, that the arrogant and haughty Virtue, which is so extravagantly commended by him, and who pretends to be at ease even in *Phalaris's* Bull, nay, maintains that Pain it self is a Blessing, falls infinitely short of this easie and humble Virtue, which can put in Execution the Paradoxes of the *Stoicks*, without the least touch of their Ostentation? Let us therefore conclude in honour of our Author, that either there is something of Extasy and Possession in his Dystemper, and that his Soul performs it's functions apart, without concerning it self with his Body; or else that he is a Man of extraordinary Resolution and Vigour, and in the perpetual Dispute between his Soul and his Body, the nobler part finds those Advantages over the others, which the stronger use to have over the weaker.

To the Courteous R E A D E R that never
saw me.

UN known Friend, who never saw'st me in
thy Life, and perhaps never troublest thy
self much about it, because there is no great
matter to be got by the sight of such a Fellow as I
am: Be it know to thee, that neither am I desirous
thou shouldst see my Person, but that I have been in-
form'd that some facetious Gentlemen make themselves
merry at the expence of an unhappy Wretch, and de-
scribe me another sort of a Monster than really I am.
Some affirm my Rump-bone sticks out like the Ace of
Spades, by the same token that it perforates all my
Breeches, and that I am set upon a Table in a Cage,
where I chatter like a blind Magpy. Others will tell
you, and swear to it too if you'd have them, that my
Hat is fasten'd to a Cord which runs through a Pulley,
and that I pluck it up or let it down, at often as I
am to compliment any Friend that does me the honour
of a Visit.

I therefore thought my self obliged in Conscience
and all that, to prevent their telling so many horrid
Lyes, and for that reason have order'd my Picture to
be engraven, as thou seest it in the beginning of this
Book. I know thou wilt grumble, Courteous Reader,
for every Reader in the World is a Grumbletonian more
or less; and for my part, I can grumble as well as

TO the COURTEOUS READER.

the best of ye, when 'tis my turn to be a Reader. Thou wilt grumble in thy Gizzard, I say, and snarl, and quarrel, and huff, and puff, because forsooth, I shew thee my Back-side. But prithee, old Friend, don't be too Cholerick. Assure thy self I did not do it with a design to turn my Breech upon the Company; but only because the Convexity of my Back is more proper to receive an Inscription, than the Concavity of my Stomach, which is wholly covered by the Penthouse of my Head, that hangs over it, and because the Situation, or rather the irregular Plan of my Person may be seen as well behind as before. I am not such a Coxcomb as to pretend to make a Present to the Publick (for by those Jolly Damsels the nine Muses, I swear and protest I never dreamt in my Life of seeing my Head stamped in a Medal) but I would have had my Picture drawn, if I could have found a Painter bold enough to take my Phyz in black and white. For want of a Picture therefore, I'll describe my self to thee as near as I can.

I am past thirty, as thou mayst see by the back of my Chair. If I live to be forty, I shall add the Lord knows how many Misfortunes to those I have already suffer'd for these eight or nine years last past. There was a time when my Stature was not to be found fault with, tho now 'tis of the smallest. My Sickness has taken me shorter by a Foot: My Head is somewhat too bigg considering my Height, and my Face is full enough in all conscience for one that carries such a Skeleton of a Body about him. I have Hair enough on my Head not to stand in need of a Periwig, and 'tis gray

TO the Courteous READER.

gray too, in spight of the Proverb. My Sight is good enough, tho my Eyes are large; they are of a blew colour, and one of them is sunk deeper into my Head than the other, which was occasion'd by my leaning on that side. My Nose is well enough mounted. My Teeth, which in the days of yore looked like a row of square Pearl, are now of an ashen colour, and in a few years more, will have the complexion of a small-coal Man's Saturday shirt. I have lost one Tooth and a half on the left side, and two and a half precisely on the right, and I have two more that stand somewhat out of their Ranks. My Legs and Thighs in the first place compose an obtuse Angle, then an equal one, and lastly an acute. My Thighs and Body make another, and my Head leaning perpetually over my Belly, I fancy makes me not very unlike the letter Z. My Arms are shortned as well as my Legs, and my Fingers as well as my Arms. In short, I am a living Epitome of humane Misery. This, as near as I can give it, is my Shape. Since I am now got so far, I will e'en tell thee something of my Humour. Under the Rose be it spoken, Courteous Reader, I do this only to swell the bulk of my Book, at the Request of the Bookseller the poor Dog it seems being afraid he should be a Loser by this Impression, if he did not give the Buyer enough for his Money: were it not for this, a Digression of this Nature wou'd be to no purpose as well as a thousand more. But to our comfort be it said, ours is not the first Age wherein People have play'd the Fools out of Complaisance, not to reckon the Follies they commit of their own Heads.

I was

TO the COURTEOUS READER.

I was always a little Cholerick, a little given to my Guts, and a little lazy. I frequently call my Man Son of a Whore and Fool, and a little after salute him Sir. I hate no Man, and could wish all the World did the same by me. I am as blithe as a Bird when I have Mony, and should be much more, were I in health. I am merry enough in Company. I am content enough when alone. I bear all my Ills pretty patiently. And now as I humbly conceive, the Porch is big enough for the House, and 'tis high time for me to conclude.



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SCARRON's Comical Romance.

~ PART I. ~

CHAP. I.

A Company of Strollers come to the Town of Mans.



RIGHT *Phæbus* had already perform'd above half his Career; and his Chariot having past the Meridian, and got on the Declivity of the Sky, roll'd on swifter than he desired. Had his Horses been willing to have made use of the Slopiness of the Way, they might have finished the Remainder of the Day in less than half a quarter of an Hour: But instead of pulling amain, they curvetted about, snuffing a briny Air, which set them a neighing, and made them sensible that they were near the Sea, where their Father is said to take his Rest every Night.

B

To

2 Scarron's *Comical Romance*. Part I.

To speak more like a Man, and in plainer Terms ; it was betwixt five and six of the Clock, when a Cart came into the Market-place of *Mans*: This Cart was drawn by two Yoke of lean Oxen led by a breeding Mare, who had a Colt that skipp'd to and fro like a filly Creature as he was. The Cart was laden with Trunks, Portmantues, and great Packs of painted Clothes, that made a Sort of Pyramid; on the Top of which sat a Damsel, in a half-City, half-Country Dress. A young Man, as poor in Clothes as rich in Mien, walked by the Side of the Cart: He had a great Patch on his Face (which cover'd one of his Eyes, and half of one Cheek) and carried a long Birding-Piece on his Shoulder, wherewith he had murther'd several Magpies, Jays, and Crows, which having strung together, made him a Sort of Bandileer; at the bottom of which hung a Hen and Goose, that look'd as if they had been taken from the Enemy by way of Plunder. Instead of a Hat he wore a Night-cap, ty'd about his Head with Garters of several Colours; and which was, without doubt, a kind of unfinished Turbant. His Doublet was a Griser-Coat, girt about with a Leather Thong; which serv'd likewise to support a Rapier so very long, that it could not be us'd dextrously without the Help of a Rest. He wore a Pair of Breeches tuck'd up to above the middle of his Thighs, like those that Players have when they represent an ancient Hero. Instead of Shoes he wore Tragick Buskins, bespatter'd with Dirt up to the Ancles. An old Man, something more regular in his Dress, tho' in very ordinary Habit, walk'd by his Side. He carried a Base-viol on his Shoulders; and because he stoop'd a little as he went, one might have taken him at a Distance for a great Tortoise walking upon his hind Feet. Some Critick or other will perhaps find Fault with the Comparison by reason of the Disproportion between that Creature and a Man: But I speak of those great Tortoises that are to be found in the *Indies*; and besides, I make bold to use the Simile upon my own Authority. Let's return to our Strolling Company. They pass'd by the Tennis-Court at the *Hind*; before which were then assembled several of the Chief Men of the Town. The Novelty of our Strollers Equipage, and the Noise of the

Part I. Scarron's Comical Romance. 3

the Mob, who by this time had gather'd about the Cart, drew the Eyes of all those Honourable Burgo-Masters upon our unknown Travellers. Amongst the rest, a † Lieutenant to the Pro- † *An Under-Sheriff*. vost, *la Rappiniere* by Name, made up to them, and with the Authority of a Magistrate, ask'd them, *Who they were*? The young Man, whom I describ'd before, without offering to pull off his Turbant, (because with one Hand he held his Gun, and with the other the Hilt of his Sword, lest it should beat against his Legs) answer'd him, That they were *Frenchmen* by Birth, and Players by Profession: That his Stage-Name was *Destiny*; his old Comrade's *Rancour*; and the Gentlewoman (who sat roosting like a Hen on the Top of their Baggage) *Cave*. This odd Name set some of the Company a laughing; whereupon the young Stroller added, That the Name of *Cave* ought not to seem more strange to Men of Wit, than those of *la Montagne*, *Valley*, *Rose* or *Thorn*. The Conversation ended with the Noise of Blows, Cursing, and Swearing, that was heard before the Cart. This Squabble had been occasion'd by the Servant of the Tennis-Court's falling foul upon the Carter, without saying why, or wherefore; yet the Reason was, because his Oxen and Mare had been a little too free with a Truss of Hay that lay before the Door. However, the Combatants were at length parted; and the Mistress of the Tennis-Court, who lov'd to hear a Play more than a Sermon or Vespers, out of unheard-of Generosity in a Keeper of a Tennis-Court, bid the Carter let his Cattle eat their Bellies full. He took her at her word: And whilst the hungry Beasts were feeding, the Author rested a while, and bethought himself what he should say in the next Chapter.

CHAP. II.

What Sort of Man la Rappiniere was.

THE *Sieur la Rappiniere* was at that time the Droll or Jester of *Mans*; for you must know there is not a Town in *France*, tho' never so small, but has such an Ani-

4 Scarron's Comical Romance. Part I.

mal belonging to it. The City of *Paris* has several in each Ward; and I my self might have been the lester of mine, had I been willing to undertake it. But every Body knows, 'tis a long Time since I have forsaken all the Vanities of this World. To return to Monsieur *la Rappiniere*; he soon renew'd the Conversation which the Squabble had interrupted, and ask'd the young Player, Whether their company consisted only of Mrs. *Cave*, Monsieur *Rancour* and himself? Our Company, answer'd he, is as compleat, as that of the Prince of *Orange*, or of his Grace the Duke of *Epernon*; but through a Misfortune that befel us at *Tours*, where our rattle-headed Door-keeper happen'd to kill one of the Fuzileers of the Intendant of the Province, we were forc'd to fly in a hurry, and in the sad Pickle you see us. Those Fuzileers of the Intendants, said *la Rappiniere*, have been as troublesome to you Strollers at *la Fleſche*: Ay, a Pox take them, said the Mistress of the Tennis-Court, If they could help it we should have no Plays. Nay, answer'd the old Stroller, had we but the Keys of our Trunks, we might entertain the Town for four or five Days, for all them, before we reach *Alençon*, where the rest of our Company are to rendezvous. This Player's Answer made every Body to prick up their Ears: *La Rappiniere* offer'd an old Gown of his Wife's to *Cave*; and the Tennis-Women two or three Suits of Clothes, which had been left with her in Pawn, to *Destiny* and *Rancour*. But added some of the Standers-by, there are but three of you. No Matter for that, replied *Rancour*, for I once acted a whole Play my self, and represented the King Queen and the Amassador with my single Person. I made use of a false Treble Tone when I Personated the Queen; I spoke thro' the Nose for the Ambassador, and address'd my self to the Crown which I plac'd upon a Chair; and as for the King, I resum'd my seat, Crown and Gravity, and lower'd the Key of my Voice to a Base. Now to, convince you of this, if you will satisfie our Carter, defray our Charges in the Inn, and lend us what Clothes you can spare, we will act still before Night; otherwise we must beg leave to go to drink, or rest selves, for we are come a great Way. The Company lik'd the Proposal, but

Part I. Scarron's Comical Romance. 5

but that Devil *la Rappiniere*, who was ever hatching some Mischief or other, said there was no Occasion for any other Clothes, than those of two young Men of the Town, who were then Playing a Set at Tennis, and that Mrs. *Cave* in her ordinary Dress, might pass for any thing in a Play. No sooner said but done; in less than half a quarter of an Hour the Strollers drank three or four Glasses of Wine a-piece, shifted themselves; and the Company, who by this Time had encreas'd to a full Audience, having taken their Places in an upper Room, a dirty Cloth, instead of a painted Courtain, was drawn up, which discover'd *Destiny* lying on a Quilt, with a Strawberry Basket on his Head, in the room of a Crown, rubbing his Eyes, like one who had wak'd out of his Sleep, and mouthing in the Tone of *Mondori*, the Part of *Herod*, which begins thus:

Injurious Phantom, that disturbs my Rest.

The Patch which almost cover'd one Half of his Face, did not hinder him from shewing himself an excellent Player: Madam *Cave* acted to Admiration the Parts of *Mariamne* and *Salome*; *Rancour* pleas'd every Body with his Actions; and the Play was carrying on to a happy Conclusion; when the Devil, who never sleeps, interpos'd, and made the Tragedy end, not with the Death of *Mariamne*, and *Herod's* Dispair, but with a thousand Cuffs, and Boxes on the Ears, as many Kicks, numberless Oaths; and last of all, a Verbal Process and Information, which was taken out by *la Rappiniere*, the most skilful of all Men in those Matters.

CHAP. III.

What deplorable Success the Play had.

IN all the inferior Towns of the Kingdom, there's generally a Tennis Court, whither all the idle People are us'd to resort, some to play, others only to look on. 'Tis in those Places where Cursing and Swearing passes for a Rhetorical Flourish, and where the absent are murdered with the Tongues of Backbiters and Bullies; no Man 'scapes

6 Scarron's Comical Romance. Part I.

Scot-free ; there all live in open Defiance, and every Body is admitted to rail, according to his Talent. 'Twas in one of these Tennis-Courts, if my Memory fails me not, that I left three comical Persons, reciting *Mariamne* before an honourable Company ; at which presided Monsieur *la Rappiniere*. Now while *Herod* and *Mariamne* were telling each other their Faults, the two young Men, whose Clothes they had so freely borrowed, came into the Room in their Drawers, each of them with his Racket in his Hand, having neglected to get themselves rubb'd, that they might come and hear the Play. They were not long in the Room before they perceiv'd that *Herod* and *Pherores* had their Clothes on ; when the most passionate of the two addressing himself to the Waiter of the Tennis-Court ; Thou Son of a Bitch, said he to him, Why didst thou give my Clothes to that Mountebank ? The innocent Waiter, who knew him to be a brutish sort of a Man, told him with great Humility, That he had no Hand in it. Who then, Scoundrel ? added he. The poor Fellow durst not accuse *la Rappiniere* in his Presence ; but he himself the most insolent of all Men, rising from his Seat, told him, 'Twas I ; What have you to say to it ? That you are a Rascal, replied the other ; and at the same time gave him a plaguy Blow over the Pate with his Racket. *La Rappiniere* was so surpriz'd to be struck first, whereas he us'd to be beforehand with all Men, that he stood motionless, either thro' Amazement, or because he was not yet angry enough, and that 'twas not a small Provocation that could make him resolve to fight, tho' it were but at Fifty-Cuffs. Nay, perhaps the Quarrel had gone no farther, had not his Man, who was more cholerick than he, fallen foul upon the Aggressor, and dealt him a sound Cuff on the Chops, and in the middle of his Face, and afterwards in a great many other places where he could find room to imprint his Fury. *La Rappiniere* charg'd him behind, and work'd on him like one that had receiv'd the first Provocation : A Relation of his Adversaries invested *la Rappiniere* after the same manner. This Relation was attack'd by one of *la Rappiniere's* Friends, in order to make a Diversion : This Combatant was assaulted by another, and this last again by another.

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In short, the whole Audience divided into Parties; some curst and swore; others call'd Names; all beat one another. The Tennis-Woman, who saw her Goods broken to pieces, rent the Air with doleful Cries. In all probability they had murder'd one another with Stools, Kicks, and Cuffs, had not some of the Magistrates of the Town (who happen'd at that time to be walking in the Piazza of the Market place, with *des Essars*, Seneschal of *Mayne*) ran with all speed to the Squabble. Some propos'd to throw two or three Pails full of Water on the Combatants; which perhaps might have been successful; however, they at length gave over fighting, thro' Weariness: Besides two Capuchins, who out of Charity flung themselves into the Field of Battle, procur'd, tho' not a firm Peace betwixt the contending Parties, yet a sort of Truce; during which a Negotiation was set on foot, without derogating from the Informations that were taken on both sides, in order to a Tryal in due course of Law. *Destiny*, one of the Strollers, perform'd Wonders at Boxing; whose great Actions are talk'd of to this very Day in the Town of *Mans*, according to the faithful Account deliver'd by the two young Men that rais'd the Squabble, whom he particularly engag'd, and almost cuff'd to death; besides a great many others of the Enemy, whom he disabled with the first Blow. Having lost his Patch in the Scuffle, People took notice his Face was as fine as his Shape. The bloody Noses were handsomly wash'd with clean Water: Those that had their Bands torn, put on others instead of them; Cataplasms were applied where Need requir'd; some few Stitches serv'd to darn many a torn Doublet; and the Household-Goods were set in their proper Places, tho' not so sound and whole as they were before. In short, a Moment after there remain'd nothing of the Fight but a great Spite and Animosity, which appear'd in the Faces of those of both Parties. The poor Strollers went out a long while after the Combat with *la Rappiniere*, who was still for making Speeches. In their way from the Tennis-Court to the Market-place, they were invested by seven or eight Bullies with Swords in their Hands; *la Rappiniere*, according to Custom, was in a great Fright, and indeed not without Cause, had not

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Destiny generously thrust himself between him and a Sword which was about to run him through; however he could not so well parry the Thrust, but that he receiv'd a small Wound in the Arm. Thereupon he drew his Rapier, and in the twinkling of an Eye, beat two Swords out of the Hands of the Enemy, broke two or three Sculls, batter'd and slash'd as many Faces, and discomfited so dextrously the Gentlemen of the Ambuscade, that all the By-standers unanimously confess'd, they never had seen so valiant a Champion. This abortive Plot had been laid against *la Rappiniere*, by two Squires, whereof one married the Sister of him, who begun the Fight with a great Blow with a Racket, by which in all Likelihood *la Rappiniere* had been spoil'd for ever, but for the valiant Protector, whom Providence had rais'd for him in the Person of our stout Player. This Benefit melted his Heart of Flint, in-somuch, that he would not suffer the miserable Remains of a scatter'd Company of Strollers to lodge in an Inn; but brought them to his own House, where the Carter having laid down the strolling Furniture, return'd Home to his Village.

CHAP. IV.

Wherein farther Mention is made of Monsieur la Rappiniere; and of what happen'd that Night at his House.

MAdam *la Rappiniere* receiv'd the Company with a great deal of Civility, as being the most submissive of Wives; she was indifferently handsom, tho' so very lean and dry, that she never snuff'd a Candle with her Fingers, but they presently catch'd Fire. I could relate a thousand curious Stories about her, which I pass by for fear of being tedious. The first Compliments were scarce over, when the two Ladies grew so well acquainted, that they began with *My Dear*, and *My Dearest*. *La Rappiniere*, who was as great a Braggadochio as any in the World, was no sooner come into the Room, but he bid somebody go to the Kitchen and Larder, and hasten Supper. This was a meer Rodomantade; for besides his Valet, who like-

likewise drest his Horses, there was no body in his House, but a young Maid, and an old lame Woman, as crazy as a mangy Dog. His Vanity was punish'd by an Accident, that fill'd him with Confusion; he was us'd to diet at the Tavern, at the Expence of Fools and Bubbles, whilst his Wife and his orderly Family were reduc'd to feed on Soop and Cabbage, according to the Custom of that Country; Now, being willing to make a Shew before his Guests, and treat them nobly, he was going to slip behind his Back, some Money into the Hands of his Man, to fetch something for Supper; but thro' the Awkwardness either of the Servant or the Master, the Pence fell on the Chair he sat on, and from thence to the Ground. *La Rappiniere* look'd blue upon it; his Wife blush'd; the Man curs'd; *Cave* was uneasy; *Rancour*, perhaps, did not mind it; and as for *Destiny*, I could not well learn what Effect it had upon his Mind. However, the Money was taken up, and whilst Supper was getting ready, they engaged in Conversation. *La Rappiniere* ask'd *Destiny*, Why he disguis'd his Face with a Patch? He answer'd, He had great Reason to do it; and as he had other Clothes on by Accident, so he likewise design'd to make his Face unknown to some Enemies he had. At last Supper came in, good or bad: *La Rappiniere* drank so much, that he made himself fuddled; *Rancour* had his Load; *Destiny* suppd like a sober well-bred Man; *Cave* like a famish'd Player; and Madam *la Rappiniere* like one who had a mind to lay hold of the Opportunity; that is to say, so very greedily, that she got a Surfeit. Whilst the Servants were at Supper, and the Beds making, *la Rappiniere* teaz'd his Guests with a thousand Stories full of Vanity. *Destiny* lay in a little Room by himself; *Cave* in a Closet with the Chamber-Maid; and *Rancour* with the Valet I know not where. They all had a great mind to sleep, some thro' Weariness, others for having suppd too plentifully, and yet they slept but little; so true it is, that there is nothing certain in this World. After her first Sleep, Madam *la Rappiniere* had an Inclination to go where Kings are forced to go themselves in person; her Husband wak'd at the same time, and tho' he had not recover'd his Drunkenness, yet he found

himself alone : he call'd his Wife; no body answer'd : Whereupon he grew jealous, fell in a passion, and instantly rose out of his Bed in a fury. As soon as he was got out of the Chamber, he heard a stamping of Feet before him, and for some time follow'd the Noise thro' a little Gallery, that led to *Destiny's* Room. He found himself so near what he pursu'd, that he trod upon its Heels, and thinking it to be his Wife, he was going to lay hold on her, crying out, You Whore! But his Hands could catch nothing, and his Feet stumbling at the same time, he fell down upon his Nose, and felt something that was pointed running into his Breast: Thereupon he cry'd out after a most hideous manner, Murder! Murder! I am stabb'd—without letting go his Wife, whom he thought he held by the Hair, and was struggling under him. His Cries and Oaths set all the House in an Uproar, and every body ran to his Assistance; the Maid with a Candle; *Rancour* and the Valet in their dirty Shirts; *Cave* in a tatter'd Petticoat; *Destiny* with a Sword in his Hand, and Madam *la Rappiniere* last of all, who, like all the rest, was not a little surpriz'd to see her furious Husband grappling with a She-goat, which was kept in the House to suckle some young Puppies, whose Dam happen'd to die. No Man was ever so much out of countenance, as *la Rappiniere*: His Wife, who presently suspected the Truth of the matter, ask'd him if he was mad? He answer'd, without knowing well what he said, That he had taken the Goat for a Thief; *Destiny* guess'd the Business; every one return'd to his Bed, and made what Construction he thought fit upon the Adventure; as for the Goat, she was shut up again with her Puppies.

CHAP. V.

Which contains no great Matter.

THE Stroller *Rancour*, one of the principal Heroes of our Romance, for one alone will not serve our turn; and since there's nothing more perfect than the Heroe of a Book; half a Dozen Heroes, or such as would be thought so, will do more credit to mine than a single one, who might

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might happen to be the least talk'd of, since all human Things are subject to the Caprice of Fortune. *Rancour*, I say, was one of those Misanthropists, who hate every body, and do not love even themselves: Nay, I was told by several credible Persons, that no Man ever saw him laugh. He had a pretty deal of Wit, and an indifferent Talent in making doggrel Rhimes: He was not over-stock'd with Honour or Conscience upon any account; and besides, he was as malicious as an old Monkey, and envious as a famish'd Dog. He found fault with all of his Profession, according to his Opinion; *Bellerose* was too affected; *Minitori* too rough; *Floridor* wanted Spirit; and so of the rest; by which he insinuated, that he was the only Player without Fault; whereas he was suffer'd in the Company, merely on the score of his being an old Stander. When the Stage was reduc'd to *Hardy's* Plays, he acted the Parts of Nurses in a treble Tone, and with a Vizor; but since the Stage had been improv'd, he overlook'd the Door-keeper, acted the Parts of Confidants, Ambassadors, and Bailiffs Setters, when there was occasion to attend a King, murder any body, or fight a Battel. He sung but scurvily the Tenor in *Opera's*, and was Jack-pudding in *Farces*. Upon these great Accomplishments, he had built an unsufferable Pride, which was attended with an unexhausted Faculty of Railing and Slandering, and a quarrelsome Humour, which however was supported by a little Courage: All these made him to be fear'd by his Comrades, *Destiny* only excepted, with whom he was as tame as a Lamb, and shew'd himself as reasonable as his natural Inclination would suffer him. 'Twas once given out, that he was beaten by *Destiny*; but that Report did not continue, no more than that about his having so great an Affection for other Peoples Goods, that he would sometimes seize upon 'em clandestinely: Yet upon the whole, he was the best Man in the World. I remember I acquainted you before, how he lay with *la Rappiniere's* Man, by Name *Doguin*: Now whether the Bed was none of the best, or that *Doguin* was but an ill Bed fellow, it so happen'd, that he could not sleep a wink all Night. He rose at break of Day, as well as *Doguin*, who was call'd up by his Master, when going
by

by *la Rappiniere's* Chamber, he stepp'd in to wish him good Morrow; *la Rappiniere* receiv'd his Compliment with the State of a country Provost, and scarce return'd any of his Civilities; but as Players are us'd to act all manner of Parts, so *Rancour* was little concern'd at it. *La Rappiniere* ask'd him a thousand Questions about the Stage, particularly, How long *Destiny* had been one of their Company? Adding, That he was a very good Player. All is not Gold that glisters, reply'd *Rancour*: When I play'd the first Parts, he acted those of *Pages*; how the Devil should he now understand a Trade, that he never learnt? He has not been long upon the Stage, and Players do not come up like Mushrooms in one Night. Now he is lik'd, because he is young; but if you knew him thoroughly as I do, you would not have half so good an Opinion of him; besides, he is as proud, as if he was lineally descended from *St. Lewis*, and yet he won't tell us who he is, nor whence he comes, no more than a handsom *Phillis* that accompanies him, under the Name of Sister, and grant Heaven she proves no worse. As mean as I am, I sav'd his Life once in *Paris*, at the Expence of two great Wounds I receiv'd from a Sword; and he was so unthankful for my good Office, that instead of seeing me, carried to a Surgeon, he spent the whole Night in looking in the Dirt for a certain Jewel enrich'd with Diamonds of *Alençon*; of which he said, he was robb'd by those that set upon us. *La Rappiniere* ask'd *Rancour* when this Mischance befell him? Upon *Twelfth-day*, on the *New Bridge*, answer'd *Rancour*. These last Words cast *la Rappiniere* and his Man *Doguin* into a great Trouble; they turn'd pale and blush'd; then blush'd and turn'd pale again; and *la Rappiniere* shifted the Discourse so quickly, and with so great a Disorder, that *Rancour* began to wonder at it. The Hangman of the Town, and some Archers who came into the Room interrupted their Conversation, at which *Rancour* was highly pleas'd; for he was sensible that what he had said, had touch'd *la Rappiniere* in a very tender Part; tho' he was not able to guess what Share he might have in the Adventure. In the mean time *Destiny*, who had been the Subject of his Encomiums, was in no small Trouble: *Rancour*
found

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found him with Mrs. *Cave*, wasting his Breath to no purpose, to make an old Taylor confess, that he did not conceive well, and had work'd still worse. The Matter in dispute was this: At the taking the Play-house Furniture out of the Cart, *Destiny* having found two Doublets and a Pair of Breeches much worn out, had given them to this old Taylor to make out of 'em a more fashionable Suit, than the Trunk-Breeches he had on; now this Pricklouse, instead of making one of the Doublets serve to mend the other, and the Breeches, thro' a Fault in Judgment, unworthy of a Man who had patch'd old Clothes all his Life-time, mended both the Doublets with the best Pieces out of the Breeches; insomuch, that poor *Destiny* with so many Doublets and no Breeches, was reduc'd either to keep his Chamber, or to make all the Children run after him, as they had done before, upon account of his comical Habit. *La Rappiniere's* Generosity repair'd the Mistake of the Taylor, who had the botch'd Doublet for his pains, and *Destiny* was presented with a Suit of Clothes, the Spoils of a Highway-man, whom *Rappiniere* had caus'd to be broke upon the Wheel not long before. The Hangman, who happen'd to be there, and had left those Clothes in custody of *la Rappiniere's* Maid, said very saucily, That they were his Fees; but *la Rappiniere* soon silenc'd him, by threatening to turn him out of his Place. The Clothes fitted *Destiny* to a Hair, and so out he went with *la Rappiniere* and *Rancour*: They all din'd at a Tavern at the Expence of one of the Burghers, who had Business with *la Rappiniere*. As for Mrs. *Cave*, she pass'd her Time away in washing her dirty Nightrails, and kept her Landlady company. The same Day *Doguin* having met two of those young Men whom he had beaten the Day before in the Tennis-Court, return'd Home with two great Wounds in his Guts, and abundance of Cudgel-blows on his Back. Now, because he was dangerously ill, *Rancour* having well supp'd, went to the next Inn for a Bed, being almost tir'd to death with walking up and down the Town together with his Comrade *Destiny*, to attend Monsieur *la Rappiniere*, who swore he would have Satisfaction for the Murder of his Man.

CHAP. VI.

The Adventure of the Chamber-pot : What Disturbance Rancour made that Night in the Inn : The Arrival of Part of the Strolling Company : Doguin's Death ; and other memorable Occurrences.

Rancour went into the Inn something more than half drunk : *La Rappiniere's* Maid who introduc'd him, bid his Hostess get a Bed ready for him : Who have we here ? said the Hostess ; Faith, had we no other Customers, our House-rent would be but ill paid. Hold your Tongue, Hussy, said the Husband : Monsieur *la Rappiniere* does us too much Honour : Quickly let a Bed be got ready for the Gentleman — Ay marry, but where shall one get it, said the Hostess ; for there was but one left, and I parted just now with it to a Merchant of *Lower-Maine*. Hereupon the Merchant coming in, and hearing the occasion of their Dispute, offer'd one half of his Bed to *Rancour*, whether out of Civility to *la Rappiniere*, or because he was of an obliging Nature is uncertain ; However *Rancour* return'd him Thanks, as far as his small Stock of Civility would go. The Merchant supp'd, the Host kept him Company, and *Rancour* without much Entreaty, putting in for a Third, began to drink upon a new Score. They discours'd about Taxes, rail'd against Excisemen, settled the Nation, and unsettled their own Brains so much, especially the Inn-keeper, that he lugg'd his Purse out of his Pocket, and call'd for the Reckoning, having forgot that he was at Home, but his Wife and his Maid quickly after pull'd him by the Shoulders into his Chamber, and laid him upon a Bed with his Clothes on. *Rancour* told the Merchant, that he was troubled with a Strangury, and would be very sorry if he should incommode him ; to which the Merchant replied, that a Night would soon be over. Now you must take Notice, the Bed had no *Ruelle*, but was close to the Wall : *Rancour* went into it first, and the Merchant going after him into the Place of Honour, *Rancour* ask'd him for the Chamber-pot, — what to do ? said the Merchant :
Why,

Why. to put it by me, to avoid being troublesome to you, said *Rancour*; the Merchant replied, he would give it him whenever he had Occasion for it; to which *Rancour* seemed unwilling to consent, protesting he should be extream sorry to trouble him. The Merchant fell asleep without returning him an Answer, and scarce began to be in a sound sleep, before the malicious Stroller, (who could have parted with one of his Eyes, so as he might make his Neighbour lose both his) pull'd him by the Arm, and cry'd, Sir, Sir; The poor Merchant half asleep gaping and stretching, ask'd what he would have? Pray reach me the Chamber-pot, quoth *Rancour*; the Merchant lean'd over the Bed, and having taken the Pot gave it to him, when putting himself in a pissing Posture, and having us'd all his Endeavours, or at least seem'd to do so, mutter'd a thousand Oaths, and complained of his Distemper; he return'd the Chamber-pot to the Merchant, without making a drop of Water. The Merchant set it on the Ground again, and stretching his Mouth as wide as an Oven; said to *Rancour*, Truly Sir, I pity you, and fell asleep presently. *Rancour* suffer'd him to indulge his Drowsiness, till he snor'd as loud as the Drone-pipe of an Organ, and then the Traytor wak'd him again, and ask'd him for the Chamber-Pot with as much Malice as he had done before. The Merchant deliver'd it into his Hands with his usual Kindness; when *Rancour* put it to the Place thro' which one Pisses, not so much with a Design to leak, as to keep the Merchant awake: He cried out still louder than before, and was twice as long, endeavouring in vain to make Water; but at length desiring the Merchant not to give himself the Trouble to reach the Chamber-pot any more, he told him he would for the Future reach it himself: The poor Merchant, who at that Time would have parted with half his Estate to have slept his Belly-full, answer'd him yawning, that he might do as he thought fit, and so set the Chamber-pot in its proper Place again: They bid one another good Night, after a very civil Manner, and the poor Merchant would have laid a round Sum, that he was going to take the best Nap he ever had in his Life. *Rancour*, who knew well enough where his Comedy would end,

suffer'd

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suffer'd him to fall into a sound Sleep, and then without making Conscience to wake a Man that repos'd so innocently, laid his Elbow on the Pit of his Stomack, crushing him down with the whole Weight of his Body, and stretching forth the other Arm out of the Bed, like one that had a Mind to take up something from the Ground. The unfortunate Merchant, almost crushed and stifled to Death, started out of his Sleep, crying out in a most hideous Manner, Zouns, Sir, what do you mean? you have almost kill'd me—— *Rancour* with as soft and gentle a Voice as that of the Merchant was loud and vehement, answer'd him, I ask your Pardon, I only design'd to take the Chamber-pot——Udflife, cried the other I had much rather give it to you, and not sleep all the Night long——you have so hurt me; that I shall feel it as long as I live. *Rancour* made him no answer, but fell a pissing so plentifully and with much Force, that the very Noise of the Chamber-pot, had been sufficient to wake the Merchant: At last he fill'd the Pot, and return'd the Lord the Thanks with a villanous Hypocrisie. The good Merchant wish'd him Joy as well as he could, for his plentiful ejaculation of Urine, which gave him Hopes his Sleep would no more be interrupted: When the cursed *Rancour* (making as if he would set the Chamber-pot on the ground) let fall both Pot and Piss on his Face, Beard, and Breast, excusing himself only with, Sir, I cry your Mercy! The Merchant return'd his Civility no Answer; for as soon as he felt himself drown'd in Piss, he got out of Bed, roaring like a Madman, and calling for a Candle; *Rancour*, with a cunning Calmness, told him, Truly, 'tis a great Mischance! In the mean time the Merchant rais'd the whole House with his continual roaring; and the Inn-keeper, his Wife, Maids and Servants, being come to know what the matter was, he told them, They had put him to bed with the Devil, and desired to have a Fire lighted in another Room; they ask'd him, What ail'd him? But he was in such a passion, that he gave no Answer; and taking his Cloaths in a fury, went down into the Kitchen to dry himself, and there lay all Night stretch'd on a Bench by the Fire-side. The Inn-keeper ask'd *Rancour*, What he had

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done to him? To which *Rancour*, with a counterfeit Ingenuity, answer'd, I do not know what he can complain of.—He awak'd out of his sleep, and rous'd me, crying out, Murder;—sure, he has had some ill Dream or other, or is turn'd mad; for besides, he has bepist the Bed. Mine Hostess put her Hand upon it, and said, The Gentleman spoke truly, that her Quilt was wet through, and swore a great Oath, that she would make the Merchant pay for it: They bid *Rancour* good Night, and so went their way. As for *Rancour*, he slept as peacefully as any honest Man might have done, and made himself amends for the bad Night he had at *la Rappiniere's*. However he rose earlier than he design'd, being call'd up by *la Rappiniere's* Maid, who came running to fetch him to *Doguin*, who was a dying, and desired to speak with him before he made his Exit. He ran to him much perplex'd, to know what a dying Man, with whom he got acquainted but the Day before, might have to say to him. But 'twas a Mistake of the Maid; for hearing the dying Wretch call for the Player, she took *Rancour* for *Destiny*; who when *Rancour* came, had just shut himself in *Doguin's* Chamber, being inform'd by the Priest who heard his Confession, that he had something of great Importance to communicate to him. He had not been there above a quarter of an Hour, when *la Rappiniere* came Home, having been Abroad at break-a-day about some Business: He was told at his Arrival, that his Man was breathing his last, the Surgeons not being able to stop his Blood, (by reason one of his great Veins was broke) and that he desir'd to see the Player *Destiny* before he died. And has he seen him, ask'd *la Rappiniere* very much disorder'd?—Answer was made, They were lock'd in together; at which Words he was in a manner thunder-struck, and ran in a great Fright and knock'd at *Doguin's* Chamber-door, at the very same time that *Destiny* was opening it to call for Help; the sick Man being taken with a fainting Fit. *La Rappiniere*, with Trouble in his Face, ask'd him, What his silly Servant had to say to him? I think he is light-headed, reply'd *Destiny* coldly; for he as'd me pardon a Thousand Times, and I cannot tell that he ever offended me; however, let somebody look

to him, for he cannot live long. Thereupon they made towards the Bed, and at that very instant, *Dognin* gave up the Ghost, at which *la Rappiniere* seem'd rather pleas'd, than concern'd. Those who were acquainted with him, judg'd the reason of it to be, because he ow'd him his Wages: But *Destiny* alone knew best of any, what he ought to think of it. In the mean time two Men came into the House, whom our Stroller knew to be his Comrades, of whom we will speak at large in the following Chapter.

CHAP. VII.

The Adventure of the Litters.

THE youngest of the two Strollers who came to *la Rappiniere's*, was *Destiny's* Servant, of whom he learnt, that the rest of the Company were all arriv'd, except Mrs *Star*, who had sprain'd her Foot three Leagues off *Mans*. How came you hither? Who told you we were here? Said *Destiny* to him: The Plague which is now at *Alençon*, hinder'd us from going thither, and stopp'd us at *Bonnestable*, answer'd the Stroller, *Olive* by Name; and some Inhabitants of this Town we met by the way, inform'd us you acted here; that you had fought, and was wounded; Mrs. *Star* is very much troubled at it, and desires you to send her a Litter. The Keeper of the next Inn, who was come at the Report of *Dognin's* Death, said he had a Litter at Home, and if they would pay him well, it should be ready to go by Noon, carried by two strong able Horses. The Strollers hired the Litter for a Crown, and took Chambers in the Inn for the whole Company: *La Rappiniere* undertook to procure a Licence to act, from the Deputy-Governour; and about Noon, *Destiny* and his Comrades took their Journey towards *Bonnestable*; it being a very hot Day, *Rancour* slept in the Litter, *Olive* was mounted on the hinder Horse, and the Inn-keeper's Man on the other before; *Destiny* trudg'd it on foot, with a Gun on his Shoulder, and his Man entertain'd him with what had befallen them from the Castle of *Loire*, to a Village near *Bonnestable*, where Mrs. *Star* had sprain'd one of her

her Feet as she lighted off her Horse. During this, two Men well mounted, and who hid their Faces with their Cloaks as they pass'd by *Destiny*, rode up to the Litter on that Side where it was uncover'd, and finding in it but one Man asleep, he that was mounted on the best Horse, said to the other, I verily believe all the Devils are this day broke loose against me, and have turn'd themselves into Litters to plague me. Which said, he clapp'd Spurs to his Horse, and went his way cross the Field, with his Companion after him. *Olive* call'd *Destiny*, and recounted to him the Adventure, the Meaning of which he could not understand, nor indeed did he much trouble himself about it. After they had gone a quarter of a League farther, the Leader of the Litter, whom the Heat of the Sun had stunn'd, and made drowsy, brought it into a Quagmire, where *Rancour* was like to be overturn'd; the Horses broke their Traces, and they were fain to unharness them, and pull them out of the Mire by Neck and Tail: They gather'd the broken Remnants of their Wreck, and reach'd the next Village as well as they could. Now ~~when~~ the shatter'd Furniture of the Litter was refitting, *Rancour*, *Olive*, and *Destiny's* Man, took a merry Cup at the Gate of an Inn, that happen'd to be in the Village, when there came another Litter by, led by two Men on foot, which likewise stopp'd before the Inn. This Litter was scarce arriv'd, but there appear'd another an hundred Steps behind it. I believe all the Litters in the Province have agreed to meet here, about some Business of Importance, in order to hold a General Council, said *Rancour*; and methinks they ought to begin their Conferences; for 'tis not probable that any more will come. Nay, marry said the Hostess, here's another that will not stick out, I warrant you,—and in truth they espy'd a fourth, which came from *Mans*: This made them all laugh heartily, except *Rancour*, who never laugh'd, as I said before. The last Litter stopp'd with the rest, and in the Memory of Man, so many Litters were never seen together. If those that look'd for Litters, and whom we met a while ago, were here, they would have their Bellies full of them, said the Leader of the first Litter. I have met with some of them, said the

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Second: So have we, said he that conducted the Stroller's Litter; to which he that came last added, He was like to have been thrash'd by 'em. Why so, ask'd *Destiny*? Because, answer'd he, They had a Design upon a certain Gentlewoman, who sprain'd her Foot, and whom we carried to *Mans*. I never saw Men so furious and unreasonable; for they quarrel'd with me, only because they miss'd of what they look'd for. This made the Strollers prick up their Ears; and by the Answer of the Litter-man to two or three Questions they put to him, they were inform'd, that the Lady of the Lord of the Village where Mrs *Scar* sprain'd her Foot, had given her a Visit, and taken great care to have her carried safe to *Mans*. The Conversation continu'd a little longer between the Litters; and they learnt of one another, that they were all search'd by the same Men whom the Strollers saw. The first Litter carried the Parson of *Domfront*, who came from the Wells of *Bellefm*, and went to *Mans*, in order to get the Physicians of that Place to consult about his Distemper. The second carried a wounded Officer, who return'd from the Army. At last the Litters parted; those of the Parson of *Domfront* and of the Strollers went together to *Mans*, and the others where they thought fit. The sick Parson lighted at the same Inn, where the Strollers were quarter'd, being the Place where he used to lie on that Road. We will leave him to take his Rest in his Room, and in our next Chapter we shall pay a Visit to the Strollers, to see what was doing in theirs.

CHAP. VIII.

Wherein are contained many Things necessary to be known, for the Understanding of this true History.

THE strolling Company consisted of *Destiny*, *Olive*, and *Rancour*, who had each of them a Servant, who all expected to be one Day Actors in chief. Of those Servants, some began to speak without blushing, or being dash'd out of Countenance. But amongst the rest, *Destiny's* Man acted indifferently well, understood what he said, and did

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did not want Wit. Mrs. *Star*, and Mrs. *Cave's* Daughter play'd the principal Parts. Mrs. *Cave* acted the Queen, and the Mother; and sometimes *Merry-Andrew's* Wife in a Farce. Besides all these, they had a Poet or an Author with them; for all the Grocers Shops in the Kingdom were stor'd with his Works, both in Verse and Prose. This great Wit follow'd the Company almost against their Will; but because he was no Sharer, and that he spent his own Money with them, they suffer'd him to act Underparts, which he nevertheless generally murder'd. They all perceiv'd well enough, that he was in love with one of the two She-players; but however he was so discreet, tho' a little crack-brain'd, that 'twas not yet discover'd, which of the two he design'd to wheedle into Compliance, with the fair Hopes of making her immortal. He threatened the Company with a great many Plays of his own writing; but till then had spar'd them, and they only knew by Conjecture that he was about one call'd *Martin Luther*, of which they found the first Act; which however he disown'd, altho' it was written with his own Hand. When our Strollers first arriv'd, the Womens Chamber was continually crowded with the most impertinent Fops and Beaux of the Town, whose Eagerness notwithstanding was frequently cool'd by the indifferent Reception they met with. They talk'd altogether about Plays, Poetry, Poets, and Romances; and there could not possibly have been more Noise unless they had been fighting. The Poet, among the rest, surrounded by three or four, who, without doubt, were the top Wits of the Town, labour'd to persuade 'em, that he had seen *Corneille*, crack'd many a Bottle with St. *Amant* and *Beys*, and lost a good Friend when *Rotrou* died. Madam *Cave* and her Daughter *Angelica* set their Goods in order, with as great Tranquillity, as if there had been no Body in the Room. 'Tis true, *Angelica's* fair Hands were now and then squeez'd or kiss'd; for these Country Gentlemen are ever pulling and hawling; but a Kick on the Shins, a Box on the Ear, or a Biting, according as Occasion required, soon rid her of those hot-spurr'd Lovers; nor was she rude and impudent neither, but her free and gay Humour would not suffer her to use
much

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much Ceremony: As for her other Qualities, she had Wit and was very Honest. Mrs. *Star* was of a quite different Temper; for there never was a more modest, gentle, and good-natur'd Woman in the World; and besides she at that Time strain'd her Complaisance so far, that she cou'd not find in her Heart to turn these ogling Fops out of her Chamber, tho' she felt a great Pain in her sprain'd Foot, and had therefore Occasion for Rest. She lay in her Clothes on a Bed, surrounded by Four or Five of these whining fighting Coxcombs, stunn'd by abundance of Puns and Clinches, which Pass for good Jest in the Country, and often forcing a Smile upon hearing Things she did not like. But this is one of the greatest Plagues of that Profession, which together with their being oblig'd to laugh or weep, whether they have a Mind to it or no, takes very much from their Pleasure of being sometimes Emperors and Empresses, and of being stil'd as fine as Angels, though they be little handsomer than Devils, or address'd to as young Beauties, tho' their Hair and Teeth be Part of their Furniture. There are a great many more Things to be said upon this Subject, but we must use them sparingly, and place them in several Stations, for Variety's sake. Let's return to Madam *Star*, beset with Country-Squires, the most troublesome of Men, all great Talkers, most of 'em very impertinent, and amongst them some newly returned from the University. Among the rest appear'd a little Man, who was a Widower, a Lawyer by Profession, and an Officer in a small Court of Judicature in the Neighbourhood: Since the Death of his little Wife, he sometimes threatned the Women to marry again; and sometimes the Clergy of the Province to turn Priest, nay, even a preaching Prelate. He was the greatest little Fool that ever ran madding about since *Orlando Furioso*. He had studied Books all his Life-time; but tho' the chief End of Scholarship be the Knowledge of Truth, yet was he as great a Lyer as a Page, proud and obstinate as a Pedant, and so bad a Poet as to deserve drowning; if the Government would but have taken Care to rid the Kingdom of such a troublesome Race of Rhiming Fools. As soon as *Destiny* and his Comrades came into the Room, without giving them

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them the Time to know who he was, he offer'd to read to 'em a Poem of his own making, call'd *The Deeds and Achievements of Charlemain, in Four and twenty Books*. This Proposal put all the Company into such a Fright as made their Hair stand an End; but *Destiny*, who in this general Terror preserv'd a little Judgment, told him smiling, that it was not possible for them to give him the Hearing before Supper. Well, quoth he, I will however read you a Story taken out of a *Spanish Book*, which was sent me from *Paris*, and of which I design to make a regular Play. They shifted the Discourse three or four Times, on purpose to avoid hearing what they suppos'd to be in Imitation of *Guy of Warwick*, or *Tom Thumb*. But tho' they often interrupted him, yet did our little Man not lose Courage; insomuch that with often beginning his Story, he at last forced them to hear him out; which however they did not repent, because the Tale prov'd to be a good one, and caus'd them to alter the ill Opinion they had of all that came from *Ragotin*, for so was our *Jack-in-a-Box* call'd. You will find the said Story in the following Chapter, not such as *Ragotin* told it, but such as I had it from one of the Hearers. Therefore you must know that 'tis not *Ragotin* now speaks, but my self,

CHAP. IX.

The History of the Invisible Mistress.

DON *Carlos* of *Arragon* was a young Gentleman of the Family that bore that Name. He perform'd Wonders at the Publick Games, which the Viceroy of *Naples* entertain'd the People with, upon the Marriage of *Philip* the Second, Third or Fourth, for I have forgot whether. The next Day, after a Running at the Ring, where he bore away the Prize, the Viceroy gave liberty to the Ladies to go about the City in Disguise, and to wear Masks after the *French Mode* for the Conveniency of Strangers, whom the Publick Rejoycings had invited thither. Upon that very Day *Don Carlos* put on his finest Clothes, and with many other Conquerors of Hearts,
repair'd

repair'd to the Church of Gallantry. Churches are prophand in these Countries, as well as in ours; and the House of God serves for an Assemblée to the Beaux and Coquets, to the eternal Shame of those who have the curs'd Ambition of drawing Customers from other Churches to their own. These Abuses ought to be reformed, and there should be Persons appointed to turn Beaux and Coquets out of Churches, as well as to drive away Dogs and Bitches. I may be ask'd, What makes me concern my self about this? Truly you will see more anon. However, let the Fool who is offended at it be satisfied, that all Men of this World are Fools as well as Lyars, some more some less; and I my self am perhaps a greater Fool than the rest, tho' I have more Frankness in owning it: And moreover my Book being but a Heap of Follies, I hope every Fool will find his own Character in it, unless he be blinded by Self-love. To return to my Story: Don Carlos being in a Church, with several other *Italian* and *Spanish* Gentlemen, priding themselves in their fine Feathers, like proud Peacocks, three Ladies in Masks accosted him amidst all these fierce and gay *Cupids*, one of whom spoke to him thus, or to the same Effect: Signior Don Carlos, there is a Lady in this City, to whom you are very much oblig'd, for at all the Jufts and Turnaments, her Wishes went still along with you in those Exercises, wherein you carried the Prize. What I find most advantageous in this you tell me, answer'd Don Carlos, is to have it from the mouth of a Lady who seems to be a Person of Merit; yet had I so much as hop'd that any of the fair Sex had been on my side, I would have taken more Care to deserve her Approbation. The unknown Lady replied he had given all the Proofs imaginable of his being a most dexterous and accomplish'd Gentleman, and that by his Black and White Liveries, he had shewn he was not in Love. I never was well acquainted with the Meaning of Colours, answer'd Don Carlos, but this I know, that if I am not in Love, 'tis not so much on Account of my being indifferent, as because I am sensible I do not deserve to be belov'd. They said to one another a Thousand fine Things more, which I shall not relate, because

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because I know nothing of 'em, and would be loath to compose Fictions, lest I should wrong Don *Carlos* and the unknown Lady, who had a great deal more Wit than I can pretend to, as I was lately inform'd, by a young *Neopolitan* who knew 'em both. In short, the Lady, in the Mask declar'd to Don *Carlos*, that 'twas she who had an Inclination for him: He desir'd to see her face; which she refus'd, and told him, That he must not expect it yet; that she would look for a more proper Opportunity; and that, to let him know she fear'd not to trust her self alone with him, she would give him a Token. At these Words she pull'd off her Glove, and having shew'd the *Spaniard* the finest Hand in the World, presented him with a Ring; which he receiv'd with so great a Surprise at the Adventure, that he almost forgot to make a Bow, and thank her upon her going from him. The other Gentleman, who out of Civility had left him, being come to him again, he told 'em what had happen'd, and shew'd them the Ring, which was of considerable Value. Every one spoke his Thoughts upon this Adventure; and Don *Carlos* was upon this deep in Love with the unknown Lady, as if he had seen her Face. So great is the Power of Wit on those who have their Share of it. He was eight long Days without hearing from this Lady; but whether or no he was uneasie at it, I cou'd never be well inform'd. In the mean Time he went every Day to divert himself at the House of a Captain of Foot, where several Men of Quality met to play. One Night having not been at Play, and going Home sooner than ordinary, he was call'd by his Name out of a Parlour in a great House. He went near the Window, which was lattic'd, and knew by the Voice that call'd him, that 'twas his invisible Mistress, who said to him, Come near, Don *Carlos*, I expect you here to decide our Controversie. You are but a Bragadocio, said Don *Carlos*. you challenge with Insolence, and yet hide your self for eight Days together, and then alas appear only through a Lattice Window. We shall see one another nearer in Time, answer'd she: 'Tis not for want of Courage I have delay'd being with you all this while, but I had a Mind to know you better before I

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discover'd my self: You know that in Duels the Combatants ought to fight with Arms alike: Now if your Heart be not as free as mine, you would fight with Advantage, and therefore I have made Enquiries after you. And what Information have you got, answer'd Don *Carlos*; That we are much upon the Square, return'd the Invisible Lady. But, said Don *Carlos*, there's yet a great Inequality betwixt us; for added he, you both see and know who I am, wheras I neither see, nor know who you are: Now consider pray, what I can judge of your concealing your self, since People seldom do so when they have a good Design. It is an easie Matter to impose at first upon a Man that mistrusts nothing, but he is not to be cheated twice; if you make use of me only to give another jealousy, I must freely tell you, that I am the most unfit Person for it in the World, and that I am good for nothing else besides loving you. Have you done with your rash Suspicions, said the invisible Lady; You may call them rash if you please, replied Don *Carlos*; however they are not really so. I would have you to know, said she, I am sincere: you will find me such in all our Intercourse; and I expect you should be so too. That's but reasonable. answer'd Don *Carlos*; but 'tis just likewise that I should see you, and know who you are. You shall be satisfied in that e'er it be long, said the Invisible Lady; and in the mean Time hope with Patience; for that's the only Way for you to obtain what you expect from me. Now, that you may justify your Love to your Discretion, I am willing to let you know, that my Birth is not inferior to yours; that I have a Fortune sufficient to make you live with as great Magnificence as any Prince in the Kingdom; that I am rather handsom than ill-favour'd; and as for Wit, you have too much of that your self not to discover whether I have any or no. She had no sooner made an End of her Speech, but she withdrew, leaving Don *Carlos* with his mouth open, ready to answer her; so very much in love with a Person he never saw, and so perplex'd about this odd way of Proceeding, which might prove at last a Cheat, that he stood on the same Place for above a Quarter of an Hour, not knowing what to think of this extraordinary

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dinary Adventure. He was not ignorant that there were a great many Princesses and Ladies of Quality in *Naples*; but knew likewise, that there were abundance of greedy Courtezans in that City, eager after Strangers, great Jilts, and the more dangerous, as they were handsome. I cannot positively tell whether he had supped at this Time, or whether he went to Bed without a Supper.

Neither do I care to imitate the Writers of Romances, who mark with great Exactness all the Hours of the Day, and make their Heroes rise betimes, relate their Adventures by Dinner-time, eat but little at Dinner, then resume the Story after Dinner, or retire into the thickest Part of a wood, in order to entertain their own selves; unless when they have something to say to the Rocks and Trees: At Supper-time, they make them repair at the usual Hour, to the Place where they diet, there they sigh and look pensive, instead of eating; and thence go to build Castles in the Air on some Tarrafs-walk that looks towards the Sea, whilst the trusty Squire reveals, that his Master is such a one, Son to such a King; that he is the best Prince alive, and tho' he be still the handsomest of all Mortals, that he was quite another Man before Love had disfigur'd him. To return to my Story, Don *Carlos* repair'd the next Day to his Post, where the invisible Lady waited his coming: She ask'd him if he had not been much perplex'd about their last Conversation, and if he had not doubted the Truth of what she told him. Don *Carlos*, without answering her Question, desir'd her to tell him what Danger she fear'd in discovering her self, since they were upon even Terms; and that the End of their Amours being honourable, it would have the Approbation of every Body? The Danger is very great, and you will have it in Time, said the invisible Lady: Once more be satisfied that I am true, and that in the Account I gave you of my self, I was rather modest than vain. Don *Carlos* did not press her any farther, their Conversation which continued some Time longer, increas'd the mutual Love they had for each other; and so they parted, with Promises to meet every Day, at the appointed Hour and Place. The next Day

after there was a great Ball at the Viceroy's, where Don *Carlos* hop'd to know his invisible Charmer; in the mean Time, he endeavour'd to learn it at whose House she gave him those favourable Audiencies, and was told by the Neighbours that it belong'd to an old Lady, Widow to a *Spanish* Captain, who had neither Daughters nor Nieces, and liv'd very retir'd. He desir'd to wait on her, but she sent him Word, that since her Husband died, she admitted of no Visits, which still perplext him more and more. Don *Carlos* went in the Evening to the Viceroy's, where you may imagine there was a very fine and numerous Assembly, and nicely observ'd all the Ladies, in Hopes to find out his unknown Mistress. He engag'd in Conversation with several, but was disappointed in his Search. At last he kept close to the Daughter of a Marquis of I know not what Marquisate, for 'twas the most difficult Thing to know in the World, especially at that Juncture, when every Body set up for that Quality. She was young and handiſom, and had a Voice not unlike that of the Person he lookt after: But at the long run, he found such great Disproportion betwixt her Wit and that of his Invisible, that he was sorry that in so little Time, he had made such Progress with this fine Lady, that without any flattery to himself, he had Reason to believe she did not hate him. They danc'd several Times together, and the Ball being over, to the great Satisfaction of Don *Carlos*, he took his leave of his Captive, whom he left full of Pride; for having had to her self in so fine an Assembly, a Caveher who was envied by all the Men, and esteem'd by all the Women. As soon as he came out of the Ball, he went in great Hast to his House, and from thence to the fatal Grate, which was not far off. His Lady, who was there already, ask'd him News of the Ball, although she had been there her self. He told her very ingenuously, that he had danc'd with a very beautiful Person, and entertain'd her all the Time the Ball lasted. She ask'd him several Questions in relation to her, which discover'd her Jealousie: As for Don *Carlos*, he let her understand that he began to suspect her Quality, by Reason she had not been at the Ball; she having taken Notice of it, us'd all the Charms of

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of her Wit to remove his Suspicions, and favour'd him as far as was possible in a Conversation that past with a Grate between; adding withal, that in a short Time she would become visible. Hereupon they parted: Don *Carlos* very much in Doubt whether he ought to believe her, and she somewhat jealous of the fine Person he had entertain'd during the Ball. The next Day Don *Carlos* going to hear Mass at a certain Church, the Name of which I have forgot, offer'd Holy Water to two veil'd Ladies who went to take some at the same Time with him: She who appear'd in the better Cloaths of the two told him, she never accepted of any Civility, from one with whom she had a Quarrel to decide. If you are not too much in haste, answer'd Don *Carlos*, you may have Satisfaction in that this very Moment. Well, said the unknown Lady, follow me then into the next Chapel. She led the Way, and Don *Carlos* follow'd very much in Doubt, whether she was his unknown Mistress or not; for tho' her Shape was the same, yet he found some Difference between their Voices, this new Lady speaking somewhat thick: This is the Substance of what she told him, after she had shut her self up with him in the Chapel. All the City of *Naples*, Signior Don *Carlos*, talks of the high Reputation you have gain'd during that little Time you have been here; and every Body looks upon you, as the most accomplish'd Gentleman in the World: The only Thing that People wonder at, is, your not taking Notice that there are in this City some Ladies of Quality and Merit, who have a particular esteem for you; they have discover'd it to you as far as Decency would allow, and tho' 'tis their eager Desires to make you sensible of it, yet they had rather you had not taken Notice of it, thro' Insensibility, than that you should have despis'd their Favours thro' Indifference. Among the rest, there's one of my Acquaintance who has so much value for you, as to hazard her own Reputation by telling you, that your Night Adventures are discover'd; that you rashly engage in an Amour with one you do not know, and that since your Mistress conceals her self, she must either be asham'd of her Lover, or conscious of not deserving to be belov'd her self. I

question not but the Object of your contemplative Love is a Lady of great Quality and Wit; and that your Fancy has fram'd such a Mistress, as is worthy of Adoration upon all accounts: But, Signior Don *Carlos*, believe not your Imagination, at the Expence of your Judgment; trust not a Person who conceals her self, and engage no more in these Night-Conversations. But why should I disguise my self any longer? I my self am jealous of this Phantom of yours: I cannot bear you should speak with her; and since I have declared my Mind so far, I will so thwart all her Designs, that I do not much question but I shall carry away the Prize, to which I have as much Right as she, since I am not inferior to her, either in Beauty, Riches, Quality, or any Thing else that can bespeak Love: If you are wise, you will make use of this my Advice. When she had spoke these last Words, she went away without giving Don *Carlos* Time to answer her. He was going to follow her, but met at the Church Gate a Man of Quality, who engaged him in a tedious Conversation, from which he could not rid himself. He reflected the Remainder of the Day upon this Adventure, and suspected at first the Lady at the Ball, to be the veil'd Person that had appear'd to him: But then calling to Mind that she had shew'd abundance more Wit, than he had found in this, he was at a Loss what to think, and wish'd almost not to have been engaged with his unknown Mistress, that he might give himself entirely up to this: But then again, considering that he knew her no better than his Invisible, whose Wit had charm'd him in all the Conversation he had had with her, he firmly resolv'd to be constant to his first Choice, without minding in the least the Threats of the last Lady; for he was not to be wrought upon by Fear or Compulsion. That very Night he fail'd not to return to the grated Window at the usual Hour, where in the Height of his Conversation with his Mistress, he was seiz'd by four strong Men in Masks, who having disarm'd him, hurry'd him by Force into a Coach that waited for them at the End of the Street. I leave the Reader to think, how many abusive Names he gave those Men in Disguise, and how he reproached them for attacking him

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him so to disadvantage: Nay, he endeavour'd to win 'em by Promises, but instead of persuading them, he only made them to take more Care of him, and put himself out of Hopes of being able to shew either his Strength or Courage. In the mean Time the Coach and six Horses drove on a full Trot, and having got out of the City, after an Hour's travelling, came into a great Yard, the Gate of which was kept open to receive it. The four Maskers alighted with Don Carlos, holding him under the Arms like an Ambassador introduced to salute the Grand Signior: He was carried up one Pair of Stairs in the same Manner, where two Gentlewomen in Masks came to receive him at the Door of a large Room, each with a Candlestick in her Hand, when the four Men in Disguise took their leaves of him with a profound Reverence. 'Tis probable they left him neither Sword nor Pistol, and that he did not forget to thank 'em for their extraordinary Care of his Person: And yet perhaps he never thought on't; not but that he was a Man of good Breeding, but upon a Surprise, a slip in Point of Civility ought to be forgiven. Neither will I tell you, whether the Candlesticks the Gentlewomen had in their Hands were Silver, or only Silver-gilt and engraven. As for the Room, it was the most Magnificent in the World, and if you would know it, as well furnisht as some Apart- in our Romances; namely the Ship of *Zelman* in *Polexander*, the Palace of *Ibrahim* in the *Illustrious Bassa*, or the Room wh:rein the King of *Assyria* receiv'd *Mandana* in *Cyrus*, which together with the others I nam'd before, is certainly a Book that has the best Furniture in the World. Now imagine what Surprise our *Spaniard* was in, to find himself in this stately Apartment with two Speechless Gentlewomen in Masks, who having conducted him into another Chamber, still better furnisht than the great Room, left him there all alone. Had he been of Don *Quixot's* Humour, he would have found sufficient Matter to please his Fancy, and imagin'd himself to be no less than *Esplan- dian* or *Amadis*: But our *Spaniard* was no more concern'd than if he had been in his Inn, save only that he had a great Regret for his Invisible Lady; and as he kept his Thoughts continually employ'd upon her, he found that

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Chamber more melancholy than a Prison, which never looks pleasant, but on the Outside. He was easily persuaded, that these who had provided him so fair a Lodging, were none of his Enemies; and doubted not, but the Lady who spoke to him the Day before in the Church, was the Conjuror that had rais'd all these Enchantments. He admir'd with himself the Fancies of Women, and how soon they put their Designs in Execution; as for his Part, he resolv'd to wait patiently the End of this Adventure, and be faithful to his invisible Mistress, in spite of all the Threats and Promises he might receive in this new Lodging. A little while after, several Servants in Masks, and in very good Cloaths came to lay the Cloth, and then serv'd up Supper. Every Thing belonging to it was magnificent; Musick and Perfumes were not forgotten; and Don *Carlos* not only gratified his Smelling and Hearing, but his Taste also; for he eat and drank, more than I thought a Man in his Condition could have done. But what's impossible to so great a Courage! I forget to tell you that he wash'd his Mouth; for I am inform'd he took great Care of his Teeth. The Musick play'd a while after Supper, but all being withdrawn, Don *Carlos* fetch'd many a Turn about the Room, reflecting on all these Enchantments, or perhaps on something else; then came in two Gentlewomen and a Dwarf all in Masks, who without asking him whether he had a Mind to go to Bed, or not, spread a Magnificent Toilet, in order to undress him. He comply'd with 'em in every Thing: The Gentlewomen turn'd down the Bed-Cloaths, and then withdrew: The Dwarf pull'd off his Shoes, Stockings, or Boots, and then his other Cloaths; all which being done without exchanging a Word, Don *Carlos* went to Bed, and slept pretty well for a Man in Love. At break of Day he was wak'd by the singing of Birds, that flutter'd about in an Aviary; the Dwarf came to wait upon him, and brought him the finest Linnen in the World, and the best wash'd and perfum'd: If you think fit, I shall not mention what he did till Dinner, (which was at least as good as his Supper had been) but pass to the first breaking of that profound Silence, which had been observ'd to that very Hour. A Gentlewoman in

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a Mask began to speak, by asking him if he wou'd be pleas'd to see the Mistress of that Enchanted Palace. Don Carlos said, she should be welcom: And a little while after she came in, attended by four Gentlewomen very richly Drest.

*Such were not Cytherea's Charms,
When Drest in Gay and Loose Attire,
She flew to a New Lover's Arms,
Upon the Wings of soft Desire.*

Never had our *Spaniard* seen a Person of more majestick Mein than this unknown *Urganda*. He was so transport-ed, and surpriz'd at the same time, that he stumbled at every Bow and Step he made, as he led her into the next Room, whither she directed him.

All the fine Things he had seen in the other Rooms I mention'd before, were nothing in Comparison to what he found in this last, which still receiv'd a new Brightness from the Lady in a Mask. They walk'd on the finest Foot-Carpet that ever was seen, since Foot-Carpets have been in Fashion: There the *Spaniard* was plac'd in an Arm-chair in spite of himself, and the Lady sitting by her self, on I know not how many fine Cushions over against him; she ravish'd his Ears with a Voice as sweet as an Harpsichord, speaking to him to this Effect. I doubt not, Signior Don Carlos, but you are much surpriz'd at what has happen'd to you in my House since Yesterday; but if all that is not able to move you, yet by it you may see I am as good as my Word; and from what I have done, you may guess what I am able to do. Perhaps my Rival both by her Artifice, and the Advantage she has of having attackt you first, has made her self absolute Mistress of that Heart, which I nevertheless pretend to dispute my Right to with her: But a Woman is not to be discourag'd by the first Disappointment; and if my Fortune, which is not to be despis'd, with all that goes along with my Person, cannot persuade you to love me; yet shall I have the Satisfaction of not concealing my self out of Shame or Deceit, and chuse to be despis'd through my Defects, rather than be belov'd through my Artifice. As she spoke

these last Words, she pull'd off her Mask, and shew'd Don Carlos the Heavens with all their Glories, or if you please, a Heaven in Miniature: The finest Head in the World, supported by the best Shape he ever admir'd before; in short, a Person all over Divine. By the freshness of her Complexion, one would not have thought her to have been above sixteen Years of Age; but by a certain free and majestick Air, which young Persons generally want, she appear'd to be near twenty. Don Carlos paus'd a while before he answer'd her, being almost angry with his invisible Lady, who hinder'd him from surrendering himself intirely to the finest Person he ever saw, and dubious what he should say or do: At last, after an inward Conflict, which lasted so long, as to make the Mistress of the enchanted Palace uneasie, he took a firm Resolution not to conceal from her his inmost Thoughts; which without any manner of Question, was the best Thing he ever did in his Life. This is the Answer he gave her, which some have found a little too blunt. Madam, I could not but own my self extream happy in your Esteem, if my Stars would but suffer me to love you. I see well enough, that I leave the finest Person in the Universe, for one who perhaps is only such in my Fancy; but, Madam, would you think me worth your Affection, if you found me capable of Infidelity? And how can I be faithful, if I love you? Therefore, Madam, pity me, but blame me not: Or rather let us pity each other, and complain both; you of not obtaining what you desire, and I of not seeing what I love. He utter'd these Words with such a melancholy Air, that the Lady might easily perceive he spoke his true Sentiments. She used all the Arguments she could think of to perswade him to alter his Mind, but he was deaf to her prayers and unconcern'd at her Tears. She renew'd the Attack several Times, but met still with a stout Resistance. At last she began to revile and reproach him, and told him,

*What Rage and Jealousie suggest,
When they possess a Love-sick Breast.*

and then she left him, not to pick Straws, but to curse a hundred Times his Misfortune, which proceeded only from being

being too happy. A Gentlewoman came a little while after to acquaint him, that he had the Liberty to walk in the Garden. He traversed all these fine Apartments, without meeting with any Body, till he came to the Staircase, at the Foot of which he saw ten Men in Masks, who kept the Door, arm'd with Partizans and Carabines. As he was crossing the Court to go into the Garden, one of the Gentlemen of the Guard accosted him without looking him in the Face, and told him as tho' he fear'd to be overheard: That an old Gentleman had trusted him with a Letter, which he had promis'd to deliver into his own Hands, tho' his Life must answer for it, if he should be discover'd; but that a Present of twenty Pistols, and a Promise of as many more, made him to run all Hazards. Don Carlos promis'd him Secresy, and went strait into the Garden, where he read the Letter, which was as follows.

You may judge what Pains I have felt since I lost you, by those you ought to feel your self, if you love me as much as I do you. However, my Uneasiness is something abated, by being inform'd of the Place where you are. 'Tis the Princess Porcia who stole you away; she's a Woman that sticks at nothing to please her self; and you are not the first Rinaldo, of that dangerous Armida. But I will soon break all her Incantments, and disengage you from her Arms, to receive you into mine, which Favour you will deserve, if you are as constant as I wish you to be.

The Invisible Lady.

Don Carlos was so transported with Joy, to receive this News from his Lady, with whom he was really in Love, that he kiss'd the Letter a Hundred Times over, and came back to the Garden Door, to recompence the Messenger with a fine Diamond Ring he had on his Finger. He walk'd a little longer in the Garden, still wondering at the Princess Porcia, whom he often heard People report to be a young rich Lady, of the best Family in the kingdom; but as he was a Person of strict Virtue, he conceiv'd

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such an Averſion for her, that he reſolv'd to break out of his Priſon, even at the hazard of his Life. As he came out of the Garden, he met a Gentlewoman unmaskt, (for from that Time forward, every Body went barefac'd in the Palace) who came to ask, if he would be pleas'd to have her Miſtreſs eat with him? And I leave you to think whether he answer'd, ſhe ſhould be welcome. A little while after they ſerv'd up Supper, or Dinner; for I have forgot which of the two it ought to have been: *Porcia* appear'd more bright and handſom, I ſaid juſt now, than *Venus Citherea*, and it will not be amiſs, if for Variety ſake, I now ſay, than an Angel: She was charming in every Reſpect, and during the Time they were at Table the *Spaniard* diſcover'd ſo much Wit in her, that he was in a manner ſorry, to find ſo many excellent Qualities, ſo ill beſtow'd on a Perſon of ſo high a Degree. He did all he could to appear in good Humour, and force a pleaſing Countenance, although he was continually thinking upon his unknown Miſtreſs; and burnt with Impatience to return to the Lattice-window. As ſoon as the Table was clear'd, they were left by themſelves, and becauſe Don *Carlos* ſpoke not a Word, either out of Reſpect or only to oblige the Lady to ſpeak firſt, ſhe broke Silence in theſe Words, I know not whether I ought to hope ſomething from the Gaiety I fancy I have diſcover'd in your Face; and whether mine, which you have ſeen already, does ſeem handſom enough to make you doubt, whether that of your Inviſible Miſtreſs, has more Charms to captivate your Heart. I do not conceal what I deſign'd to preſent you with, becauſe I would not have you repent the accepting my Preſent; and though a Perſon who has been us'd to be inſtructed by others, be apt to be offended at a Denial; yet will I forgive you, provided you repair your paſt Offence, by giving me what I have more Right to, than your Inviſible: Therefore tell me your laſt Reſolution, that if in Caſe it be not in my Behalf, I may at leaſt find out new Reaſons, ſtrong enough to combat thoſe, which I think I had to love you. Don *Carlos* thought ſhe would have gone on with her Speech; but obſerving ſhe ſpoke no more, and that with Eyes fixt on the Ground, ſhe expected

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expected her Doom from his Mouth; he resum'd his former Resolution of telling her frankly, that he could never be hers, which he did in these Words. Madam, before I answer what you would know of me, I must desire you, that with the same Frankness you expect from me, you would be pleas'd to tell me your Sentiments, about what I am going to propose to you. Suppose, added he, you had engag'd a Man to love you, and that by all the Favours a Lady can grant without wronging her Virtue, you had obliged him to swear an inviolable Fidelity; would you not account him the basest and most treacherous of Mankind, if he should fail in his Promise? And were I not that Villain, and that Traitor, if I should leave for you, a Person who has Reason to think I love her? He was going to frame abundance of Logical Arguments, in order to convince her; but she did not give him Time, and rising abruptly from her Seat, told him, That she plainly saw the Drift of his Discourse; that she could not but admire his Constancy, 'tho so much opposite to her own Quiet, that she would set him at Liberty; and that she only desir'd him to stay till Night, to go back in the same manner he came. While she was speaking, she held her Handkerchief to her Eyes, as though she design'd to conceal her Tears, and afterwards left the *Spaniard* a little concern'd; yet so transported with Joy that he was to be again at Liberty, that he had not been able to conceal it, had he been the greatest Hypocrite in the World; and I verily believe, that had the Lady taken Notice of it, she would certainly have scolded at him for it. I know not whether 'twas long before Night came, for as I told you before, I don't trouble my self about marking the Time or Hours; you must be contented to know, that Night came at last, and that he went into a close Coach, and was set down at his Lodgings, after a pretty long Journey. As he was the best Master in the World, so his Servants were like to die with Joy at the Sight of him, and almost stifled him with their Embraces; but they did not enjoy him long; for having provided himself with Arms, and taken two of his stoutest Men along with him, he presently went to the Grated Window in such great haste, that those who accompanied him,

him, had much adoe to keep pace with him. He had no sooner given the usual Signal, but his Invisible Deity communicated her self to him: when they exchanged such soft and tender Expressions, that I can't forbear weeping whenever I think on them. At last the Lady told him, she had been lately affronted in that House, and therefore had sent for a Coach in order to leave it; but because it might be a long while a coming, she desir'd him to send for his, which might be sooner got ready; and that she would carry him to a Place, where she would no longer conceal her Face from him. The *Spaniard* needed no farther Intreaty, but ran like a Madman to his Men, whom he left at the End of the Street, and sent for his Coach in all haste. The Coach being come, the Invisible Lady kept her Word, and went into it with Don *Carlos*. She directed the Coachman which Way he should drive, and bid him stop at a great House, into the Court-Yard of which the Coach went by the Light of several Flamboys, which were lighted at their arrival. The Cavalier leading his Lady, went up Stairs into a very large Room, where he was a little uneasie, because she did not pull off her Mask. At last several Gentlewomen being come to receive them, with each a Candlestick in their Hands, the Lady was Invisible no longer; but pulling off her Mask, let Don *Carlos* see, that the Lady at the Grated-window, and the Princess *Porcia*, were but one Person. I will not endeavour to describe the pleasant Surprize of the *Spaniard*: The fair *Neapolitan* told him, she had stolen him away a Second Time to know his last Resolution; that the Lady at the Lattice had made over to her all her Pretensions, and added a Thousand Expressions, no less obliging than ingenious. Don *Carlos* threw himself at her Feet, embrac'd her Knees, and devour'd, as one may say, her Hands with Kisses: By that means avoiding all the Impertinence and Nonsense, which People generally speak when they are transported with Joy. The Raptures of his Passion being over, he us'd all his Wit and Eloquence to extol the agreeable Caprice of his Mistress, and express himself so well to her Advantages, that he confirm'd her, she was not mistaken in her Choice. She told him, she had been unwilling

willing to trust any Body but her self in a Thing, without which she could never have lov'd him; and that she would never have bestow'd her self upon a Man less constant than himself. Thereupon the Princess *Porcia's* Relations came in, having had Notice given them of her Design: And as they were the Chief Men in the Kingdom, they easily obtained a Dispensation from the Archbishop for their Marriage. The same Night the Ceremony was perform'd by the Parson of the Parish, who was an honest Priest, and a good Preacher; and so 'twere needless to ask, whether he made a fine Exhortation upon the Subject. 'Tis said, they got up late the next Day, which I am inclin'd to believe. The News was soon spread about, at which the Viceroy, a near Relation of *Don Carlos's* was so overjoy'd, that the publick Rejoycings began a-new in *Naples*, where to this Day they talk of *Don Carlos of Arragon*, and his Invisible Mistress.

CHAP. X.

How Ragotin receiv'd a Blow on the Fingers, with a Busk.

Ragotin's Story had a general Applause, and he valued himself as much upon it, as if it had been his own; which swelling his natural Pride, he began to treat the Men-players with Contempt, and afterwards accosting the Women, squeez'd their Hands without their Consent, and offer'd to feel their Breasts; a piece of Country Gallantry, which favours more of the Satyr than Gentleman. Mistress *Star* contented her self to force her soft, fair Hands from his dirty rough Clutches; but Mrs. *Angelica* her Companion, gave him withal, smiling, a wrap on the Fingers with her Busk. He left 'em abruptly, without so much as speaking a Word, glowing with Rage and Confusion, and return'd to the Men's Company, where every one spoke as fast as he could, without minding what the rest said. *Ragotin* silenc'd most of 'em, by demanding of 'em with a superior Voice, what they thought of his Novel. A young Man, whose Name I have forgot, answer'd him bluntly, It was no more his than any Body's else in the Company, since he had it out of a Book: Whereupon seeing one stick out of *Ragotin's* Pocket, he pull'd

pull'd it out; which the little Man perceiving, scratch'd his Hands to get it from him; but in spite of *Ragotin*, he put it into another Man's Hands, from whom *Ragotin* endeavour'd to snatch it, to as little purpose as before. The Book having got by this Time into a third Man's Hands, after the same manner pass'd to five or six different Hands more; which *Ragotin* however could not reach, because he was the shortest Man in the Company. At last having stretch'd himself five or six Times in vain, torn half a dozen Pair of Cuffs, scratch'd as many Hands, and the Book still travelling about through the middle Region of the Chamber, poor *Ragotin*, who saw every Body laugh at his Expence, rush'd like a Mad-man upon the first Author of his Confusion, and dealt him several Blows on his Belly and Thighs, not being able to reach higher. The Hands of his Adversary, who had the Advantage of the Place, fell five or six Times so perpendicular, and heavy on the Top of his Head, that the Crown of his Hat sunk down to his very Chin; which so shook the Seat of his Reason, that the poor little Man did not for some Time know where he was. To compleat his Defeat, his Antagonist at parting, gave him a sound Kick on the Head, which after a very sudden Retrogradation, made him to fall on his Breech, at the Women-Players Feet. Now if possible, I would have you to conceive the Rage and Fury of a little Man, more proud than all the *Siturs* in the Kingdom, at a Time when he was Cock-a-hoop about his Story; and that too, before Players, to whom he design'd to make Love; as you shall see anon, tho' he was yet ignorant, which of 'em had the greater Title to his Heart. To speak the Truth, his little Body thus tumbled on his Breech, did so lively represent the Fury of his Soul, by the different Motions of his Arms and Legs, that tho' his Face could not be seen, because his whole Head was enchas'd into his Hat, yet all the Company thought fit to joyn, and Form as it were a Barrier 'twixt *Ragotin* and his Adversary; who by this means got away, whilst the charitable Women-Players rais'd the poor little Man, roaring like a Lion in his Hat, which stop't his Eyes and mouth, and almost hinder'd him from fetching his Breath. Now the

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the Difficulty was, how to pull off this Hat of his : for its Crown being in the Form of a Butter-Pot, and the Mouth of it narrower than the Bottom, God knows whether a Head that got it self into it by Force, and whose Nose was so excessive large, was able to get out the same Way. This Misfortune had a good Effect; for his Anger being now at the highest, without doubt, its Effects had been answerable, had not his Hat which suffocated him, made him to consult his own Preservation, rather than contrive the Destruction of another. He did not cry out for Help, because he had not the Use of his Tongue: But when the Company perceiv'd he lifted up in vain his trembling Hands to his Head, in order to set it at Liberty, and stamp'd on the Floor with Rage and Indignation, biting his Nails to no Purpose, they all bent their Thoughts on his Relief. The first Efforts they us'd, to pull off his Hat, were so violent, that he thought they had been going to pluck off his Head from his Shoulders: At last being almost spent, he made Signs with his Fingers to have it cut with a pair of Scissars. *Mistress Cave* unclapst those she wore on her Girdle; and *Rancour*, who was to perform the Operation, having made a shew of making the Incision over against his Face, (which did not a little fright him) at last he slit his Hat behind his Head, from Top to Bottom. As soon as he had given vent to his Face, all the Company fell a laughing to see it bloated, as if it had been ready to burst, upon Account of the vast Quantity of Spirits that had flush'd to it; and besides, his Nose was a little excoriated. However the Jest had gone no farther, had not a bungling Taylor advis'd him to get his Hat Fine-drawn. This unseasonable Advice so revived his Anger, which was not entirely extinguish'd, that he laid hold of one the Andirons, and threaten'd to throw it at the Company; which put the stoutest of them all into such a Fright, that every one ran to the Door, in order to avoid the impending Blow. They press'd so far upon one another, that not above one was able to get out; and he too by a Fall, his sparr'd Legs having entangled themselves with those of the rest. *Ragotin* fell a laughing in his Turn, which gave all the Company fresh Courage; they return'd

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return'd him his Book, and the Players lent him an old Hat. He fell into a violent passion against the Man who us'd him so scurvily; but being somewhat more vain than revengeful, he told the Players, with the Air of one that was going to promise some extraordinary Thing, that he had a Mind to make a play out of this Story of his, and would contrive it so well, that he was sure to get as much Reputation by that single Piece, as other Poets had in all their Lives gain'd by several. *Destiny* told him, the Story he had related was very entertaining, but would by no Means fit the Stage. Sure, said *Ragotin*, you won't pretend to teach me, I would have you to know, that my mother was Seamstress to the Poet *Garnier*, and I my self have one of his Ink-horns at home. *Destiny* replied, that even *Garnier* would get no Reputation by it, if he was to do it himself. But what Difficulty do you find in it, ask'd *Ragotin*. The Difficulty, answer'd *Destiny*, is in that it cannot be brought into a regular Play, without committing a great many Faults, both in Point of Decorum and Judgment. As for that, said *Ragotin*, a Man of my Parts, may make new Rules whenever he pleases. Pray consider, added he, What a new and magnificent Thing it would be, to represent a great Church-Gate in Front of the Stage, before which twenty Beaux more or less, with as many Ladies, should appear and speak a Thousand fine Things to one another, would it not ray sh all the Spectators with Admiration think you? I am so far of your Opinion, continued he, that one ought to observe Decorum and good Manners, and therefore would not make my Actors talk in the Church. *Destiny* interrupted, to ask him where they could get so many Gentlemen and Ladies? And how do they in Colleges, said *Ragotin*, where they fight pitch'd Battles? I my self plaid at *La Flesche*, the Overthrow at the Bridge of *Se*, added he; above a hundred Soldiers of the Queen-Mother's Party appear'd on the Stage, besides those of the King's Army, which was more numerous: And I remember, that by Reason of a great Shower that fell that Day and spoil'd the sport, 'twas reported, that all the Feathers of the Country-Gentry, which had been borrow'd on this Occasion,

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Occasion, would never come to themselves again. *Desi-ny*, who took great delight in hearing him utter all these judicious Things, reply'd, that Colleges had Scholars enough for that Purpose, whereas their Company did never consist in all of above seven or eight Persons: *Rancour*, who, you know, had ever been a malicious Dog, sided with *Ragotin* in this Matter, the better to help to make him ridiculous, and told his Comrade, he was not of his Opinion; that he had been a Player before him, that a Church-Gate wou'd be the finest Scene that ever was seen; and as for the necessary Number of Gentlemen and Ladies, that they might have some Flesh and Blood, and represent the rest with Pastboard. This fine Expedient of pastboard, invented by *Rancour*, set all the Company a laughing: *Ragotin* laugh'd with the rest, and swore he knew that Contrivance well enough, but had a Mind to keep it to himself. As for Coaches, added he, will it not be a Novelty in a Play? I formerly personated *Toby's* Dog, and did it so to the Life, that the whole Audience was highly pleas'd with my Performance, taking me to be a real Dog. As for my Part, continued he, if we may judge of Things by the Effects they work upon our Minds, I never saw *Piramus* and *Thisbe* acted in my Life, but I was less concern'd at *Erasmus's* Death, than frighted by the roaring of the Lion. *Rancour* back'd *Ragotin's* Reasons with others as ridiculous, and by that Means ingratiated himself so far into him, that *Ragotin* took him to Supper. All the other Impertinents left likewise the Players at Liberty; who 'tis probable had much rather go to Supper, than entertain these idle Coxcombs of the Town.

CHAP. XI.

Which contains what you'll find, if you'll but take the Pains to read it.

R *Agotia* carried *Rancour* to a Tavern, where he call'd for the best Things the House could afford. 'Tis thought he would not carry him to his own House, because

cause his Commons were but indifferent; but I will say nothing about that, for fear of passing rash Judgment; neither did I care to enquire much into the Truth of the Business, because I did not think it worth my while, especially having Matters of far greater Importance to relate. *Rancour*, who was a Person of great Discernment, and knew his Men at first Sight, no sooner saw a Brace of Partridges and a Capon serv'd up for two People, but he began to think that *Ragotin* had some Design or other, and did not treat him so well either upon Account of his own Merit, or to repay the Civility he had receiv'd from him, in maintaining his Story to be a good Subject for a Play. He therefore expected to hear some new Extravagance from *Ragotin*, who, however, did not discover his Thoughts at first, but continued talking about his Novel. Notwithstanding he at length repeated several Lam-poons he had made upon most of his Neighbours, some Cuckolds that were nameless; and other Women: He sung drunken Catches, and shew'd *Rancour* abundance of Acrosticks and Anagrams; which are generally the first Things with which your paltry Rhimers begin to plague Men of Sense. *Rancour* made him a compleat Coxcomb; by crying up all he hear'd, with Eyes lifted to Heaven, and swore like a losing Gamester, that he never heard any Thing so fine in his Life: Nay, he was so transported, that he made a shew of pulling off his Hair in an Extasie of Pleasure. He told him now and then, 'tis a great Misfortune both for you and us, that you do not leave off all other Business and write for the Stage; for in such Case, in two or three Years Time, *Corneille* would be no more talk'd of, than *Alexander Hardy* is now. I am, added he, an absolute Stranger to Flattery; but to encourage you, must needs own, I no sooner saw you, but I read in your Face that you were a great Poet; and you may be satisfi'd by my Comrades what I told 'em about it. I am seldom mistaken: I can smell a Poet at two Miles distance; and therefore as soon as ever I cast my Eyes on you, I was acquainted with your Genius, as well as if I had brought you up. All this fulsome Stuff went down with *Ragotin* as

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glib as several Glasses of Wine, which he drank at the same Time, and which intoxicated his Brain, as much as *Rancour's* Commendations swell'd his Vanity. As for *Rancour* he eat and drank very heartily, crying out now and then, for God's sake, Monsieur *Ragotin*, improve your Talent: Once more let me tell you, you are much to blame, not to make your Fortune and ours. For my Part, I scrawl a little Paper sometimes as well as other People, but if I could make Verses half so good as those you have been reading to me, I should not have been so hard put to it to keep Life and Soul together, but would live upon my Income as well as *Monclery*. Therefore, Monsieur *Ragotin*, once more pray write; and if this next Winter we do not eclipse the Companies of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, and *des Marez*, may I never tread the Stage more without breaking one of my Arms or Legs. I'll say no more, and so let's drink. He was as good as his Word; for having put a double Quantum into a Glass, he drank Monsieur *Ragotin's* Health to Monsieur *Ragotin* himself, who pledg'd him after the same manner, and return'd his Civility with drinking the Health of the Women players. This he drank Cap in Hand, and in such a Rapture, that as he set the Glass down on the Table, he broke its Foot, without taking Notice on't; however, he afterwards attempted three or four Times to set it upright but finding it impossible, he at last flung it over his Head; when puling *Rancour* by the Sleeve, he let him know he had had the Honour of breaking a Glass in drinking the Players Health; It vex'd him a little that *Rancour* did not laugh at it; but, as I said before, he was rather an envious than a risible Animal. *Rancour* ask't him, What he thought of their Women? ——— The little Man blush'd without giving an Answer: But *Rancour* putting the same Question to him again, at last, what by his Stuttering. Blushing, and broken Speech, he gave *Rancour* to understand, that he lik'd one of the Players extreamly. But which of 'em, quoth *Rancour*? The little Man was so disorder'd for having said so much, that he answer'd, I don't know ——— Nor I neither, said *Rancour*. This Reply cast him into a greater Disorder, insomuch, that with a bewilder'd

bewilder'd Look, he said, 'Tis, 'tis — He repeated the same Words five or six Times over again; at which the Stroller growing impatient, cry'd I like your Choice, she's a very beautiful Person. This put him quite out of Countenance, insomuch that he could never tell which he lov'd most; tho' it may be he knew nothing of the Matter himself, or that his Passion was rather Lust than Love. At last *Rancour* naming Mrs. *Star*, he said, 'Twas she with whom he was in Love: For my part, I verily believe, that had he nam'd either *Angelica*, or her Mother *Cave*, he would have forgot the Blow he had receiv'd with a Busk from the one, and the Age of the other, and given himself Body and Soul to the very first that *Rancour* had nam'd. so great was the Confusion of Goatish *Ragotin*. The Stroller however made him drink a good Bumper, which carrying off Part of it, pledg'd him with another; which done, looking about the Room, he whisper'd, as tho' it were a great Secret he was about to tell, tho' there were no Body. Well your Wound is not mortal, quoth *Rancour*, and you have address'd your self to one who is able to cure you, provided you will be but rul'd by him, and keep Counsel; not but your Enterprize is a little difficult; for Mrs. *Star* is a very Tygress, and her Brother *Distiny* a Lion: But still she does not see Men every Day like you, and I know not what I can do; let's drink out our Liquor, and to Morrow will be Day; they drank each a Glass of Wine, which interrupted their Conversation for a while. After this *Ragotin* recounted all his Accomplishments and Riches, and told *Rancour*, that a Nephew of his was Clerk to a *Financier*; that this Nephew had contracted great Friendship with the *Parzifan de Ralliere*, during the Time he was at *Mans*, to settle an Excise-office there, by the Means of which Nephew's Interest he endeavour'd to give him Hopes that he would procure him such a Pension from the King as his Players in Ordinary had. He told him likewise, That if any of his Relations had Children, he could prefer them in the Church, by Reason his Niece had married the Brother of a certain Miss, kept by the Steward of an Abbot of that Province, who had good Livings in his Gift.

Whilst

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Whilst *Ragotin* was thus relating what great Interest he had, *Rancour*, who, the more he drank, the more Thirsty he grew, was still filling both the Glasses, which were emptied in an Instant, *Ragotin* not daring to refuse any Thing from the Hands of a Man from whom he expected such a great Piece of Service. In short, they swill'd it about, till they had both their fill. *Rancour*, according to his Custom, grew more serious, but *Ragotin* became so dull and heavy, that he laid down his Head on the Table, and fell asleep. *Rancour* call'd one of the Maids to make a Bed ready for him, because no Body was up at his Inn. The Maid told him, she had as good make two, for she was sure Monsieur *Ragotin* wanted one as well as he. In the mean Time, he slept and snor'd as heartily as ever he had done in his Life, for all the Noise they made while they were putting clean Sheets on two of the three Beds that were in the Room: Put when the Maid came to wake him, and acquaint him his Bed was ready, he call'd her a thousand Whores, and threatned to beat her. At last *Rancour*, having turn'd him in his Chair towards the Fire, at which the Sheets were air'd, he rub'd and open'd his Eyes, and suffer'd himself to be undrest without repining. They got him into his Bed as well as they could; and *Rancour*, having first made the Chamber-door fast, went into his. About an Hour after, *Ragotin* got up, to what Purpose I never yet could learn. He rambled a long Time about the Room, not knowing where he was; and having overturn'd all the Chairs and Tables he met in his Way, and tumbled himself down several Times, without being able to find his Bed again; he went at last to *Rancour's*, and pulling his Bed-cloaths, made him to start out of his Sleep. *Rancour* ask'd him, What he would have? I am looking for my Bed, said *Ragotin*—Tis on the Left Hand of mine, reply'd *Rancour*. The little drunken Man however took to the right, and thrust himself betwixt the Rug and Matra's of the third Bed, which had neither Feather bed, Quilt, nor Sheets, and there he slept all Night very quietly. *Rancour* got up and dress'd himself before *Ragotin* wak'd; when he ask'd him, Whether 'twas to do Penance that he had left his Bed to sleep on

on Straw? *Ragotin* was positive that he never got up, and that the Room must be haunted. The Inn keeper hearing this stood up for the Reputation of his House, and picking a Quarrel with *Ragotin*, threatned to sue him for giving it an ill Name. But I have sufficiently exercis'd your Patience with this tedious Story of *Ragotin's* Debauch, and therefore let us return to the Strollers Inn.

CHAP. XII.

A Combat in the Night.

I Am too much a Man of Honour not to advertise the courteous Reader, that if he be offended at all the silly Trifles he has already found in this Book, he will do well not to go on with the reading of it; for upon my Conscience, he must expect nothing else, altho' the Volume should swell to the Bigness of that of the *Grand Cyrus*: and if from what he has read, he doubts what will follow, perhaps I am in the same Quandary as well as he: For one Chapter draws on another, and I do with my Book as some do with their Horses, putting the Bridle on their Necks, and trusting to their good Conduct. But perhaps I have a fix'd Design, and without filing my Chapters with Examples for Imitation, shall instruct with Delight after the same Manner as a drunken Man creates in us an Aversion for Drunkenness, and yet may sometimes divert us with his merry Impertinence. Let's end this Moral Reflection, and return to our Strollers, whom we left in the Inn. As soon as their Room was clear'd, and *Rancour* had got thither with *Ragotin*, the Door-keeper they left at *Tours* came into the Inn, with a Horse-load of Goods, and sat down to Supper with 'em. By this Person, and what they had learnt from one another, they understood how the Intendant of the Province cou'd do them no Harm, having had much ado to escape the Hands of the boistrous Mob, with his Fuziliers. *Destiny* told his Comrades how he had got away in his Turkish Habir, with which he design'd to represent *Merrets's Soliman*; and that being inform'd that the Plague was at *Alençon*, he was come to *Mans* with *Cave* and *Rancour*, with the same

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same Equipage we have describ'd in the Beginning of these most true, tho' little Heroical Adventures. Mrs. *Star* acquainted 'em also with the good Offices she had receiv'd from a Lady at *Tours*, whose Name never came to my Knowledge, and how by her Means she had been conducted as far as a Village near *Bonestable*, where she sprain'd her Foot as she alighted off her Horse. She added that hearing the Company was gone to *Mans*, she got her self carried thither in a Litter, which the Lady of that Village had lent her with a great deal of Civility. After Supper, *Destiny* alone stay'd in the Lady's Chamber; *Cave* lov'd him as if he had been her own Son; Mrs. *Star* was no less dear to her; and her Daughter and only Heiress *Angelica*, lov'd *Destiny* and *Star*, like a Brother and Sister. She did not yet exactly know who they were, nor upon what Account they had turn'd Players; but she had taken Notice, that though they call'd one another Brother and Sister, yet were they better Friends than near Relations; that *Destiny* paid to *Star* the greatest Respect imaginable; that she was extreme modest and virtuous: And as *Destiny* had a great deal of Wit, and seem'd to have a liberal Education, so Mrs. *Star* look'd more like a young Lady of Quality, than a Stroller. Now *Destiny* and *Star* were belov'd by *Cave* her and Daughter, because they really deserv'd their Love both by their good Qualities, and the mutual Friendship which they naturally had for two Players, who had as much Merit as any in *France*, tho' they never had the good Fortune to tread either of the two Theatres in *Paris*, which are the *Non plus ultra* of French Players. Those who do not understand these three little *Latin* Words (which come so Pat in my Way, that I could not refuse to place 'em here) may be pleas'd to ask some *Latinist* of their Acquaintance the Meaning of 'em. To end this Digression; *Destiny* and *Star* did not scruple to express their mutual Fondness before *Cave* and *Angelica*, and shew the extreme Joy they had to see each other after so long an Absence. They related, as pathetically as ever they could, how uneasie they were about each other; and *Destiny* acquainted Mrs. *Star*, that the last Time they acted at *Tours*, he thought he had spy'd their in-

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terate

terate persecutor amongst the Croud of their Auditors, altho' he had his Cloak about his Face: And that as he went out of the City, not finding himself able to resist him, if he had offer'd to attack him, he had disguis'd himself by putting a great patch on his Face. He told her afterwards, how many Litters they met with when they went to fetch her; adding, he was much mistaken if their common Enemy was not the same unknow Person, who had search'd so nicely all the Litters, as you have seen in the seventh Chapter. Whilst *Destiny* was speaking, poor Mrs. *Star* cou'd not forbear shedding some few Tears: *Destiny* was sensibly touch'd with 'em; and having comforted her as well as he cou'd, added, that if she would but suffer him to use the same Endeavours, in seeking out their Enemy, as he had us'd till then in avoiding him, he wou'd soon free her from his Persecutions, or lose his Life in the Attempt. These last Words redoubled her Grief: *Destiny* had not courage enough to forbear grieving likewise: and *Cave* and her Daughter, who were of a tender and compassionate Temper, grieved also either out of Complaisance, or thro' a Contagion. I cannot tell whether *Destiny* wept, but this I know, the Women and he were silent a long while; and in the mean time every one wept as they thought fit. At last *Cave* renew'd the Conversation which Tears had interrupted, and reproach'd *Destiny* and *Star*, that tho' during the Time they had liv'd together, they might have been convinc'd how much she was their Friend, yet they repos'd so little Confidence in her and her Daughter, that they were still unacquainted with their Birth and Quality; adding, she had not met with Crosses enough in her Life, to enable her to advise unfortunate Persons, such as they two seemed to be. To which *Destiny* answer'd, that their not discovering themselves to her, was not out of any Distrust, but because he thought the Recital of their Misfortunes could not but be very tedious; telling her withal, that he would be ready to entertain her with the Story of their Adventures, whenever she was willing to throw any Time away upon the hearing of it. *Cave* was glad of this Opportunity to satisfy her Curiosity; and her Daughter, who had

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had the same Inclination, being sat near her on *Star's* Bed, *Destiny* was about to begin his Story, when they heard a great Noise in the next Chamber. *Destiny* stood listning a while; but the Noise and Squabble increasing, and some Body crying out, Murther, Help, Murther.—He with three Leaps got out of the Chamber, at the Expence of his Doublet, which *Cave* and *Angelica* had torn as they were going to stop him. He went into the Chamber from whence the Noise came, which was so dark that he could not see his own Nose; and where the Fifty-cuffs, Boxes on the Ears, and several confus'd Voices of fighting Men and Women, together with the hollow Noise of naked Feet stamping on the Floor, made an hideous and frightful Uproar. He ran very rashly amongst the Combatants, and in one Moment receiv'd a Cuff on one Side, and a Box on the Ear on the other; which changed his good Intention of parting those Hobgoblins, into a violent Thirst of Revenge. He began to set his Hands a-going, and made a Flourish with his two Arms, by which many a maim'd Chops were be'labour'd, as it afterwards appear'd by his bloody Fists. The Scuffle lasted so long that he receiv'd twenty Cuffs more, which he however return'd with double the Number. In the Heat of the Fight, he felt himself bit on the Calf of the Leg, when clapping his Hands to the Place, he met with something hairy, which he for that Reason took to be a Dog; but *Cave* and her Daughter who appear'd at the Chamber Door at that Interim with a Candle, like the Fire of *St Helmo* after a Storm, discover'd to *Destiny* that he was amidst seven Persons in their Shirts, who having been in close Conflict before, began to let one another go, as soon as the Light appear'd: This Tranquillity however did not last long. The Inn-keeper who was one of the naked Combatants, grappl'd the Poet anew; *Olive*, who was also amongst them, was attack'd by the Innkeeper's Man another of the Combatants; *Destiny* went to part 'em whereupon the Hostess, who was the Animal that had bit him, and whom he had taken for a Dog, by Reason she was bare-headed, and had short Hair, flew at his Face, assisted by two Maids, as naked and bare-headed as her

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self. The Shrieks and Cries fill'd the Air once more, the Cuffs and Boxes made the Room to ring again, and the Fight grew still warmer and warmer. At last several Persons who wak'd at the Noise, came into the Field of Battel, parted the Combatants, and procur'd a second Suspension of Arms. Now the Question was to know the Occasion of the Quarrel, and what fatal Accident had brought seven naked persons into one Room. *Olive*, who seem'd the least concern'd, said, that the Poet being gone out of the Room, he saw him come running back as fast as he could, follow'd by the Inn-keeper, who seem'd to have a mind to beat him; that the Hostess following her Husband fell foul of the Poet; that as he was going to part 'em, a Servant and two Maids fell upon him; and that the Light happening to go out at the same Time, made the Fight last longer than 'twould otherwise have done. Now 'twas the Poet's Turn to speak for himself: He said, that having made two of the finest Stanza's that ever were written, since Stanza's were in Fashion; and fearing to lose them, he went to the Maid of the Inn for a Candle, which she scornfully refused to give him; whereupon the Inn-keeper call'd him Rope-dancer; which he return'd by calling him *Cuckold*. He had no sooner spoke this last Word, but the Host who was within reach, gave him a good Slap on the Chops; you would have thought they had made a fighting Consort together; for as soon as the Box on the ear was given, the Inn-keeper's Wife, his Man and his Maids rush'd upon the Strollers all together, who receiv'd 'em with sound Cuffs. This last Encounter was more fierce and obstinate than either of the other two. *Destiny* having clos'd with a lusty Wench, and tuck'd up her Smock, gave her a Thousand Flaps on the Buttocks; *Olive*, who saw the Company pleas'd with it, did the same to the other Maids. The Inn keeper was busie with the Poet; and the Hostess, the most furious of all the Combatants, was seiz'd by some of the spectators; which made her to fly into such a passion, that she cry'd out Thieves! Thieves! Her Cries awak'd *la Rappiniere*, who liv'd over-against the Inn. He caus'd the Door to be broke open, and judging by the Noise he heard, there could be no less
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than seven or eight people kill'd, he parted the Fray in the King's Name; and having learnt the Cause of all the Disturbance, exhorted the Poet not to make any more Verses in the Night-time, and was like to have beaten the Inn-keeper and his Wife for giving a hundred abusive Names to the Players, whom they call'd Jack-puddings and Tumblers, swearing withal, to turn them out of Doors the next Day; but *la Rappiniere*, to whom the Innkeeper ow'd Money, threatening to arrest him, his Mouth was soon stopp'd. *La Rappinier* after the Fray went Home, the rest return'd to their Chambers, and *Destiny* to that of the Players, where *Cave* desired him not to defer any longer relating the History of his, and his Sisters Adventures. He told her, he was ready to satisfy her Curiosity, and began his Relation after the Manner you shall find in the following Chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

The History of Destiny and Mrs. Star.

I Was born in a Village near *Paris*, and might make you believe I came of a very illustrious Family, since no Body can disprove what a Stranger says of himself; but I am too generous, and too much a Lover of Truth, to deny the Meanness of my Extraction. My Father was one of the topping, and most substantial Men in his Village, whom I have often heard to say, that he was a poor Gentleman's Son; that he had spent his Youth in the Wars, where having got nothing but dry Blows and empty Pockets, he betook himself to the Service of a rich *Parisian* Lady, in the Quality of her Gentleman-Usher; and that having scraped together a Sum of Money in this Place, (because he was also the Steward and Caterer of the House, and had the knack of emptying his Mistress's Purse to fill his own Pockets) he married an old Waiting-woman of the Family, who dy'd soon after, and left him all she had got in her Service. Being soon weary of the Condition of a Widower, and no less of that of a Servant, he married a Country-woman, who furnish'd his Lady's House with Bread: And 'tis to this last Marriage that I owe my

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Birth. My Father was call'd *Gariquet*; what Country he was of, I could never yet learn; and as for my Mother's Name, it signifies nothing to my Story. Let it suffice, that she was more covetous than my Father, and my Father more covetous than she, and that they had both a pretty large Conscience. My Father had the Honour of being the Inventor of the Piece of Flesh tied with a String to the Pot-handle, which having boiled a considerable Time, may be taken out again, and serve several Times to make Soop. I could tell a Hundred more Particulars of his good Husbandry, which gain'd him with Justice, the Reputation of a Man of Wit and invention; but for fear of being too tedious, I will content my self with relating only two, which may seem incredible, tho' they are most certainly true. He had bought up a great Quantity of Corn, with Design to sell it very dear, in Case the Year should prove bad; but the harvest being plentiful, and corn falling in its Price, he was so possess'd with Despair, and the Devil, that he had an Inclination to hang himself. One of his Neighbours who happen'd to be in the Room when he enter'd upon that noble Design, and had hid her self for fear of being seen, (for what Reason I know not) was not a little surpriz'd, when she saw him hang dangling on one of the Joists of the Cieling. She immediately ran to him, crying out, help, help, and began to cut the Rope; and by the Help of my Mother, who came in at the Noise, got it from his Neck: Perhaps they repented the doing of so good an Action, for he beat 'em both to Mummy; and made that poor Woman pay for the Rope she had cut, by stopping some Money he ow'd her. His other Prank is no less strange: He grudged himself whatever he eat, and his Wife being brought to Bed of a Boy, the Fancy took him in the Crown, that she had Milk enough to nourish both his Son and himself; and hoped, that by sucking his Wife he should save Bread, and live upon a Food of easie Digestion. My Mother's Wit was much inferior to his, tho' her Avarice was as great; but tho' she did not invent Things as my Father did, yet having once conceiv'd 'em, she put 'em in execution with more exactness than he could. She therefore try'd to nourish
both

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both her Son and Husband with her own Milk, and ventur'd also to feed upon it her self, with so much obstinacy, that the little innocent Creature was soon starv'd to Death; and my Father and mother were so weakned, and famish'd, that when they return'd to meat, they surfeited themselves and fell both sick upon it. Sometime after my mother went with Child with me, and having happily brought forth a most unhappy Creature, my Father went to *Paris*, to desire his mistress to stand Godmother to his Son, together with an honest Church-man, residing at his Village, where he had a Benefice. As he was returning Home in the Evening, to avoid the Heat of the Day, and pass'd thro' a great Street in the *Suburbs*, the Houses whereof were for the most Part a building; he saw afar off by the moon-shine, somewhat that glittered in his Eyes, as he was crossing the Street. He did not think it worth while to enquire what it was; but hearing the Groans of one in Pain, at the same Place where what he had seen vanish't out of his Sight, he boldly enter'd one of those unfinish'd Buildings, where he found a Woman sitting alone on the Ground. The Place she was in, receiv'd sufficient Light from the Moon, to let my Father perceive that she was very young, and very richly clad, having on a Gown of Silver Tissue, which was the glittering Thing my Father saw the Moment before. You must not question that my Father, who did not want Resolution, was less surpriz'd than the young Lady; for she was in a Condition, that nothing worse could happen to her. This Consideration gave her the Assurance to speak first and tell my Father, that if he was a Christian, he would take pity on her; that she was in Labour ready to be brought to Bed, and that the Maid she had sent for a trusty Midwife, not returning, she had slipt away from her House without waking any Body, her Maid having left the Door open, that she might come in again without making any Noise. She had scarce made an End of this Relation, but she was deliver'd of a Child which my Father receiv'd into the Lappet of his Cloak. He acted the Midwife as well as he could, and the young Lady conjur'd him to carry away the little Creature with all speed, to take care

of it; and not to fail two Days after, to go to an old Churchman she nam'd to him, who would give him Money, and all necessary Orders for nursing of the Child. At this Word Money, my Father who had a penurious Soul, was going to display all the Eloquence of a Gentleman-Usher, but she would not give him time; she put into his Hands a Ring, for a Token to the Priest he was to go to from her; caus'd him to swaddle the young Creature in her Neck-handkerchief, and sent him away in haste, notwithstanding his unwillingness to leave her in the Condition she was in. I am inclin'd to believe, she had much adoë to get Home again; as for my Father, he return'd to his Village, gave the Child to his Wife, and did not fail two Days after, to go to the old Priest, and shew him the Ring. He learnt from him, that the Child's Mother was a young Lady of a very good Family, and very rich; that she had had this Child by a *Scotch* Lord, who was gone into *Ireland* to raise Soldiers for the King's Service; and that this Foreign Nobleman had promis'd her Marriage. Moreover the Priest told him, that by Reason of her precipitate Delivery, she was fallen desperately sick, and being in that Extremity, had confest all to her Father and Mother, who instead of chiding her, endeavour'd to comfort her, by Reason she was an only Child: That the Thing was yet a Secret in the House, and therefore assur'd my Father, that if he would but take Care of the Child, and keep Counsel, his Fortune should be made. Thereupon he gave him fifty Crowns, and a Bundle of all Sorts of Things necessary for a Child. My Father return'd Home after he had well dined with the Priest. I was put out to Nurse, and the Stranger kept at Home in my stead. A Month after, the *Scotch* Lord came back, and having found his Mistress so very ill, that she could not live much longer, he married her one Day before she died, and so was no sooner a Husband, than a widower. He came two or three Days after to our Town, with the Parents of his Wife. There they began to weep a-fresh, and were like to stifle the Child with Kisses; my Father had Reason to be thankful to the *Scotch* Lord for his Generosity, and the Relations of the Child did not forget him

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him besides. They return'd to *Paris* very much satisfied with the Care my Father and Mother took of the Boy, whom they would not yet take Home with them, because the Marriage was still kept secret, for some Reasons which never came to my Knowledge. As soon as I was able to walk, my Father took me Home, to keep the young Earl of *Glaris* Company (for so he was call'd by his Father's Name.) The Natural Antipathy said to have been between *Jacob* and *Esaü* in the very Womb of their Mother, was never greater than that which was between the young Earl and me. My Father and Mother lov'd him tenderly, and had an Aversion for me, tho' I was the more hopeful Boy of the two: There appear'd nothing but what was mean in him. As for me, I seem'd to be what I was not, and rather an Earl's Son than *Garrigue's*; and if I am at last no more than a wretched Player, 'tis undoubtedly, because *Fortune* had a Mind to be reveng'd upon *Nature*, for designing to make me something without her help; or if you please, because *Nature* is sometimes willing to favour those whom *Fortune* is unkind to. I shall pass over in Silence, the Infancy of two young Clowns, (for *Glaris* was such by Education as well as my self) since our most memorable Adventures were nothing but abundance of Fifty-cuffs. In all the Quarrels we had, I always got the better of him, except when my Father and Mother sided with him, which they did so often and with so much Heat, that my Godfather, Monsieur Saint *Sauveur* by Name, was highly offended at it, and demanded me of my Father. He made him a present of me with great Joy, and my Mother had yet less Regret than he to part with me. Thus I was at my Godfather's well clad, well fed, much caress'd, and never beaten. He spar'd no Costs to make me read and write; and as soon as I was fit to learn *Latin*, he obtain'd of the Lord of our Village, who was a very civil Gentleman, and very rich, that I should study with two of his Sons, under a learned Man he had from *Paris*, and to whom he gave a very good Salary. This Gentleman, the Baron d' *Arques* by Name, took great Care to have his Sons well educated. The eldest call'd

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Saint *Far*, was a handsome Gentleman, but as untractably rough and brutish in his Nature, as ever Man was; to make amends, the younger Brother was both handsomer than Saint *Far*, and had a Vivacity of Mind, and Greatness of Soul equal to the Beauty of his Body. In short, I do not think there ever was a more hopeful young Gentleman than *Vervelle*, for this was the younger Brother's Name. He honour'd me with his Friendship, and as for me, I lov'd him like a Brother, and ever respected him as a Master. As for Saint *Far*, he had none but ill Inclinations, and I cannot better express the Sentiments he had both for Brother and me, than by telling you, that he lov'd not his Bother more than me, for whom he had a great indifference; and that he hated me no more than he did his Brother, whom he lov'd but little. His Diversions were different from ours, for he lov'd nothing but Hunting, and quoted Books of Morality; whereas *Vervelle* seldom went out a Hunting, and took great delight in Reading; wherein I agreed wonderfully with him, as I did in every thing else, without being put to the trouble of doing any thing out of Complaisance, as in duty I ought. The Baron *d' Arques* had a large Library of Romances: Our Tutor who had never read any in his College, and who at first forbad us the reading of 'em, having condemn'd 'em a hundred times before the Baron *d' Arques*, to render them as odious to him, as he found 'em delightful, grew at last so much in love with 'em himself, that having devour'd both the old and the new ones, he confess'd that the reading of good Romances, was as instructive as pleasant, and no less proper to inspire young People with noble Sentiments, than the reading of *Plutarch*. He therefore encourag'd us to read 'em, as earnestly as he had discourag'd us before, and first of all advis'd us to peruse the Modern; but these were not yet suitable to our Palates; and till we were fifteen, we were much more delighted with reading *Amadis de Gaul*, than *Astrea*, and other fine Romances that have been made since, by which the *French* have shewn to the World, as they have by a thousand things besides, that if they do not invent so much as other Nations, yet do they nevertheless bring the inventions of others

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others to a far greater Perfection. We therefore bestow'd upon the reading of Romances, the greatest part of the time we had allow'd us for Diversion. As for Saint Far, he called us the Ruyters, and went abroad every day either to hunt, or to beat the poor Country Fellows, which he did with wonderful Success. The Inclination I had to do well, gain'd me the Favour of the Baron d' Arques, who lov'd me no less, than if I had been his near Relation. He would not suffer me to leave his Sons, when he sent 'em to the Academy, but sent me thither along with 'em, and that rather as a Companion than a Servant. There we stay'd about two years to learn our Exercises, at the end of which a Man of Quality, related to the Baron d' Arques, raising Soldiers for the Venetians, Saint Far and Verville perswaded their Father to let 'em go to Venice with their Kinsman. The good old Gentleman desir'd I would still accompany 'em, and Monsieur de Saint Sauveur my Godfather, who lov'd me extreamly, gave me very generously Bills of Exchange for a considerable Sum, to make use of, in case those I had the honour to accompany, should be unwilling to bear my Charges. We went the longest way about on purpose to see Rome, and the other fine Cities of Italy, in each of which we staid a considerable time, excepting those which are in the Spaniards' Hands. I fell sick at Rome, and the two Brothers went on their Journey; the Gentleman under whose Conduct they were, being willing to lay hold on the Opportunity of the Pope's Gallies, which were putting out to Sea to join the Venetian Army near the Streights of the Dardanelles, where they waited for the Turks. Verville was extraordinary sorry to leave me, and I almost mad to part from him, at a time when by my Services I might in some measure have deserv'd the love he had for me. As for Saint Far, I believe he left me with as much indifference, as if he had never seen me; And I never thought on him, but only because he was Brother to Verville, who left me as much Money as he could spare; but whether Saint Far was consenting, I cannot tell. Thus I was left sick at Rome, having no other Acquaintance besides my Landlord, a Fleming Apothecary, who took extraor-

dinary care of me during my Illness, and who, as far as I can judge, had more Skill in Physick, than the *Italian* Doctor who lookt after me. At last I recover'd, and gather'd Strength enough to go and view the most remarkable Places in *Rome*, where Strangers find abundantly wherewithal to entertain their Curiosity. I took a singular Deight in viewing the Vines, (thus are call'd several Gardens, finer than the *Tuilleries* in *Paris*, which Cardinals and other Persons of Quality keep with much cost in *Rome*, rather out of Vanity than for their own Entertainment, since they never, or at least very seldom, go there themselves.) One Day as I was walking in one of the finest, I saw at the turning of the Wall, two Women very genteely drest, whom two young *Frenchmen* stopt, and would not let go, unless the youngest of 'em unvail'd her Face. One of those two *Frenchmen*, who look'd like the Master of the other, had even the Insolence to offer to unvail her by force, whilst his Man held the other, who was bare-fac'd. I was not long debating what I should do on this occasion, but presently told those rude Men, that I was resolv'd not to suffer them to offer Violence to those Ladies. They were both very much surpriz'd, for I spoke with such a Resolution, as would have daunted 'em, had they had their Swords as well as my self. The two Ladies came over to me, and the young *Frenchman* chusing rather to be baulk'd than beaten, told me as he went off; Sir, for all your hectoring, we shall meet you in some other place, where our Swords shall not hang all on one side. I answer'd, I would not hide my self: His Man follow'd him, and so I staid with the two Women. She that had no Vail on, look'd to be about five and thirty: She return'd me thanks in good *French*, without any mixture of *Italian*, and told me amongst other things, that if all *Frenchmen* were like me, the *Italian* Woman would not scruple to live after the *French* Fashion. After that, to reward the Service I had done 'em, she added, that since I hindred that rude *Frenchman* from seeing her Daughter against her Will 'twas reasonable I should see her of her own accord; therefore, said she, *Leonora*, lift up your Vail, and let the Gentleman

see that we are not altogether unworthy of the Honour of being under his Protection. She had scarce done speaking, but her Daughter put aside her Vail, or rather discover'd a Sun which dazzled my Eyes. I never beheld so beautiful an Object in my whole Life; she cast three or four times her Eyes on me, as it were by stealth, and as they still met with mine, the innocent Blushes which overspread her Face, made her to look as handsom as an Angel. I perceiv'd the Mother was very fond of her, for she seem'd to share the Pleasure I had in gazing upon her. Now by reason I was little us'd to these Adventures, and that young People are easily dash'd out of Countenance in strange Company, I made 'em but indifferent Complements when they went away, and gave 'em perhaps but an indifferent Opinion of my Wit. I was angry with myself for not asking their Habitation, and that I did not offer to wait upon them thither; but 'twas preposterous to run after 'em. I went to the Door-keeper to inquire whether he knew 'em, but we were a long while before we could understand one another, because he spoke no better *French*, than I did *Italian*. At last, rather by Signs, than otherwise, he gave me to understand, that they were unknown to him, at least he would not own he knew 'em. I return'd to my *Fleming* Apothecary, in a very different Disposition of Mind from what I was in when I came out; that is to say, very amorous, and very much in Pain to know whether that beautiful *Leonora* was a Courtesan or an honest Woman, and if she had as much Wit as her Mother, who seem'd to have a great deal. I abandoned my self to Thought, and flatter'd my self with a Thousand fair Hopes, which entertain'd me a while, but disquieted me much more when I consider'd that impossibility of my Wishes. Having fram'd a Thousand frivolous Designs, I resolv'd at last to seek 'em out, not thinking it possible for 'em to remain long invisible in *Rome*, (which is not a populous City,) especially to a Man so much in Love as I was. That very Day I look'd for 'em wherever I thought it most likely to find 'em, and return'd home at Night more tir'd, and uneasie than I was when I went out. The next Day I sought 'em still with more diligence

diligence, yet did nothing but tire and disquiet my self. By my peeping thro' the Lattice-windows and my hasty running after all the Woman that bore the least Resemblance of my *Leonora*, I was taken a hundred times, both in the Streets and in the Churches, for the greatest Fool among those *Frenchmen* who have contributed most to their disparaging their Nation at *Rome*. 'Tis Matter of Wonder how I could gather Strength at a time when I suffer'd like one in Hell: However my Body recovered, whilst my sick Mind remained so divided betwixt Honour and Love, which kept me at *Rome*, that I often doubted whether I should obey the frequent Letters I received from *Verville*, who conjur'd me by the Ties of Friendship, to come to him, without using the Rights he had to command me. At last, all my Endeavours to find out my unknown Lady, proving ineffectual, I paid my Landlord, and got my little Equipage ready, in order to depart. The Day before I was to set out, Signior *Stephano Vanberge* (for so was my Landlord call'd) told me, he designed to give me a Dinner at a Mistress's House of his, and at the same time make me confess, that he had not made an ill Choice for a *Fleming*; adding withal, that he would not carry me to her before I was to go away, because he was a little jealous. I promis'd to wait on him, rather out of Complaisance than Inclination; and accordingly we went about Dinner-time. The House we went into had neither the Appearance, nor Furniture of an Apothecary's Mistress. Having travers'd a very fine Parlour, we entered a magnificent Room, where we were receiv'd by *Leonora* and her Mother. You may imagine how much I was agreeably surprized. The Mother of that beautiful Daughter came towards me, to be saluted after the *French* way; and I must needs own, that she kiss'd me, rather than I her; I was so amaz'd, that I scarce could see any thing, neither did I hear one word of the Compliment she made me. At last I recover'd both my Senses and Sight, and saw *Leonora* more Beautiful and Charming than before, but had not the Assurance to salute her. I was sensible of my Fault as soon as I had committed it; but instead of repairing it, blush'd as much out of Shame, as she did out of

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of Modesty. Her Mother told me, she design'd to return me Thanks before I went away, for the Pains I had taken to find out their Habitation; and this still increas'd my Confusion. She pull'd me into a * *Ruelle*, adorned after the *French* Fashion, * *Bed-side*. where her Daughter did not follow us, because, I suppose, she did not think it worth her while to join Conversation with so dull a Fellow as I seem'd to be. She staid with Signior *Stephano*, whilst with her Mother I acted the part of a Clown to the Life. She was so civil to find Matter to keep up the Conversation her self; which she did very ingeniously; tho' nothing can be more difficult, than to shew one's Wit with those that have none. For my part I never was such a Block-head in my Life; and if she was not tir'd with me then, she never could be sure with any Body. Amongst other things, to which I scarce answer'd, Yes or No, she told me, she was a *French* Woman born, and that Signior *Stephano* would inform me of the Reasons which staid her in *Rome*. By this time, Dinner being ready, she was fain to pull me along to the Table, as she had pull'd me before to the *Ruelle*; for I was so disorder'd, that I did not know how to set one Foot before t'other. I was the same dull Loggerhead both before and after Dinner; during which, the only thing I did with Assurance, was to stare upon *Leonora*. I fancy she was uneasie at it, and therefore to punish me for it, never lifted up her Eyes all the while. Had the Mother been silent, the Dinner had been like a *Carthusian* Meal; but she discours'd Signior *Stephano* about the Affairs of *Rome*, at least I fancy so, for I am not very sure of it. At last we rose from Table, to the great Comfort of every Body, except my self, whose Distemper grew worse and worse every every Moment. When we went to take our leaves, they said a thousand obliging things to me, which I only answer'd with the ordinary Compliments us'd at the bottom of a Letter: However I did something more at Parting than I did when I came in, for I saluted *Leonora*, and by that means compleated my Ruin. *Stephano* was not able to get one single Word from me in all our Way home. I lock'd my self up in my Room, without pulling

pulling off either my Cloak or Sword. There I resolv'd in my Mind whatever had happen'd to me. *Leonora* presented her self to my Fancy more beautiful than ever she had appear'd to my Sight. I remembred how dull and filly I was before the Mother and the Daughter; and as often as I thought on it, was so asham'd that I could not forbear blushing. I wish'd to be rich, curs'd my mean extraction; and then fancy'd to my self a thousand lucky Adventures, advantageous both to my Fortune and Love. At last, having nothing in my Thoughts but how to frame a plausible Pretence to stay, and not finding any to my liking, I grew so desperate, as to wish to fall sick again, to which I had already no small Disposition. I design'd to write to *Leonora*; but all my Pen could produce did not please me, and so I put into my Pocket the beginning of a Letter, which perhaps I had not dar'd to send, had it been finish'd. Thus having disquieted my self to little purpose, and not being able to banish *Leonora* from my Thoughts, I resolv'd to go by the Vine where she appear'd to me first, to abandon my self entirely to my Passion, and pass by her Door once for all. This Vine was well situated in one of the remotest Parts of the City, and in the midst of several old uninhabited Buildings; as I pass'd along, pensive and melancholy under the Ruins of a Portico, I heard some body stalk behind me, and at the same time felt my self run through under the Reins. I presently fac'd about, and instantly drew my Sword; and finding I had to do with the Servant of the young *Frenchman* I mention'd before, I was like to return him at least as good a Pass as he had made at me by Treachery: But as I push'd at him without being able to close with him, because he maintained a running-Fight, and endeavoured to parry, his Master came out from among the Ruins of the Portico, and attacking me behind, dealt me such a stunning Blow on the Head, and a great Thrust in the Thigh, as made me to fall down. There was no likelihood of my escaping at so cheap a rate; but because in an ill Action People seldom preserve a presence of Mind, the Servant wounded his Master in the Right Hand; and at the same time two *Minime* Fryrs of the *Trinity* of the

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Mount passing by, and seeing me treacherously assaulted, ran to my Assistance, whereupon my Assassines made their escape, and left me wounded in three several Places. Those good Fryars happened to be *Frenchmen*, to my great Comfort; for in so remote a Place, had an *Italian* seen me in this Condition I was in, he would rather have avoided than succour'd me, lest being found doing me a good Office, he were suspected of being himself my Murtherer. Whilst one of these charitable Fryars received my Confession, the other ran to my Lodging, to acquaint my Landlord with my Disaster: He came instantly to me, and caused me to be carried, half dead, to my Bed. With so many Wounds, and so much Love, 'twas no wonder if I soon fell into a most violent Fever. My Life was despair'd of by all, and I had no Reason to hope better than the rest. In the mean time my Passion for *Leonora* was so far from abating, that it was rather increas'd, tho' my strength grew still weaker and weaker. Wherefore, not being able to support so heavy a Burthen, without easing my self of it, nor resolved to die, without letting *Leonora* know, that 'twas for her sake only that I wished to live, I called for a Pen and Ink. They thought I was Light-headed; but I was so earnest in protesting that they would drive me into Despair in case they should deny me what I requested, that Signior *Stephano*, who had taken notice of my Passion and was so clear-sighted as to guess at my Design, gave Orders that I should have all things necessary to write; and as he knew my Intention, he staid all alone in the Room. I perus'd what I had scribl'd a little before with Design to make use of some Thoughts which came then into my Head upon the same Subject, and then wrote thus to *Leonora*.

" I no sooner saw you, but 'twas out of my Power
 " to forbear loving you; my Reason did not oppose my
 " Passion, but told me, as well as my Eyes, that you
 " were the most lovely Person in the World; whereas it
 " should have represented to me, how unworthy I was
 " of your Heart. However, that would have serv'd only
 " to exasperate my Disease with unprofitable Remedies,
 " and after having struggled a while, I must at last have
 " yielded

“ yielded to the irresistible Necessity of loving you, which
 “ you impose on all that see you. Well, I love you, my
 “ charming *Leonora*, but with so much Respect, that you
 “ ought not to hate me for it, altho’ I have the Boldness
 “ to discover it to you: But how is it possible to die for
 “ you, without boasting of it? And how can you refuse
 “ to pardon a Crime, with which you cannot reproach
 “ me long? I own your being the Cause of a Man’s Death
 “ is a Recompence not to be merited but by a great Num-
 “ ber of services, and you will perhaps envy me an Hap-
 “ piness, which you procure me without Design. But do
 “ not grudge it me, lovely *Leonora*, since ’tis no more in
 “ your Power to make me lose it, and that ’tis the only
 “ Favour I ever receiv’d from Fortune, who will never
 “ sufficiently reward your Merit, but by procuring you
 “ Adorers as much above me, as all other Beauties in the
 “ World are below yours. Therefore I am not not so
 “ vain as to think that you will bestow the least Senti-
 “ ment of Pity on —

I was not able to make an end of my Letter; my
 Strength fail’d me on the sudden; the Pen fell from my
 Hand, for my Mind went so fast, that my Body could
 not keep pace with it; else that long beginning you have
 heard, had been but a small part of my Letter; so much
 was my Imagination warm’d by my Fever, and my Love.
 I was a long time in a fainting Fit, without giving the
 least Sign of Life; which Signior *Stephano* perceiving, he
 open’d the Chamber Door to send for a Priest: At that
 very Moment *Leonora* and her Mother came to visit me,
 having, it seems, been informed of my being wounded.
 Now as they thought this Accident beset me upon their
 accounts, and for that reason that they were the innocent
 Cause of my Death, they did not scruple to come to see
 me in the Condition I was in. My Trance lasted so long,
 that they went away before I was come to my self, very
 much afflicted, as one may imagine, and fully perswaded
 that I would never recover. They read what I had been
 writing; and the Mother, being more Curious than the
 Daughter, perus’d also the Papers I had left on the Bed;
 amongst which there was a Letter from my Father. I

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was a long time struggling betwixt Life and Death; but at length Youth getting the upper hand, in a Fortnight's time I was out of Danger; and in five Weeks time began to walk about the Room. My Landlord entertain'd me often about *Leonora*. He acquainted me with the charitable Visit she and her Mother had made me; at which I was over-joy'd: And if I was a little troubled at their reading my Father's Letter, I was highly pleas'd that my own had been read also. As often as I happen'd to be alone with *Stephano*, I could talk of nothing but *Leonora*. One Day calling to Mind what her Mother told me, that he could inform me who she was, and what Reasons oblig'd her to stay in *Rome*. I desir'd him to acquaint me with what he knew of the matter. He acquainted me, that she came to *Rome* with the *French* Ambassador's Lady; that a Man of Quality, a near Relation of the Ambassador's had fallen in Love with her; that in time she lov'd him too, and that being married clandestinely, she had the beautiful *Leonora* by him: He inform'd me likewise that that Nobleman had fallen out with all his Relations upon this Account, which oblig'd him to leave *Rome* and go to *Venice* with Madam *la Boissire* (for this was her Name) till the time of the Ambassy should be expir'd; that having brought her back to *Rome*, he furnish'd her a House, and gave her all Necessaries to live like a person of Quality, whilst he staid in *France*, whither his Father had call'd him back, and whither he durst not carry his Mistress, or, if you please, his Wife; well knowing that none of his Relations would approve his Match. I must confess I could not sometimes forbear wishing that *Leonora* were not the legitimate Daughter of a Person of Quality, that the Blemish of her Birth might excuse the meanness of mine; but however I soon repented so criminal a Thought, and wish'd her Fortune answerable to her Merit. This last Thought cast me into Despair; for as I lov'd her more than my Life, I plainly foresaw that I could never be happy without enjoying her, nor enjoy her without making her unhappy. When I began to recover, and that there was no other Remains of my Distemper, than a great Paleness in my Cheeks, occasion'd by the vast quantity of Blood I had lost, my young
Masters

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Masters return'd from the *Venetian Army*, the Plague which infected all the *Levant*, not suffering them to signalize their Courage there any longer. *Verville* had still the same Affection he ever had for me, and *St. Far* did not yet shew he hated me, as he has done since. I recounted to them all my Adventures, except my falling in Love with *Leonora*; both express'd a great desire of being acquainted with her, which my exaggerating the Merit both of the Mother and the Daughter increas'd. A Man ought never to commend the Person he loves before those who may love her also, since Love enters at the Ears as well as the Eyes. This Folly has often been pernicious to those who have been guilty of it, which my own experience will justify, as you shall see anon. *St. Far* ask'd me every Day when I design'd to carry him to *Madam la Boissiere*: One Day, when he was more pressing than ordinary, I answer'd, I could not tell whether she would admit of his Visit or not, because she liv'd very retir'd. Nay, reply'd he, I now plainly see you are in love with her Daughter; and adding, he knew how to go see her without me, after a very blunt manner. I was so daunted, that he then firmly believ'd, what he barely suspected before. Afterwards he pass'd an hundred silly Jest's upon me, and dash'd me so out of Countenance, that *Verville* pity'd me. He took me away from his unmannerly Brother, and carried me to the * *Course*, where I was extremely melancholy, tho' *Verville*, out of a Kindness extraordinary in a Person of his Age, and so much above me by his Quality, us'd all possible means to divert me. In the mean time, the ill-natur'd *Saint Far*, endeavour'd to satisfy himself or rather to ruin me. He went strait to *Madam la Boissiere*; where they took him at first for me, because he had my Landlord's Servant with him, who had often accompanied me thither; but had it not been for that, I believe he never had been admitted. *Madam la Boissiere* was very much surpris'd to see a Man she did not know: She told *Saint Far*, she could not imagine upon what Score, a Stranger did her the Honour of a Visit. *Saint Far* reply'd very humbly, that he was the Master

* *A Place to take
the Air in, in a Coach,
as in Hide Park.*

of

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of a young Fellow, who was so happy as to be wounded in her Service.

Having begun his Compliment with an account, which, as I was inform'd since, pleas'd neither the Mother nor Daughter; and these two ingenuous Persons, being unwilling to Hazard the Reputation of their Wit, with a Person who at first dash discover'd he had little, the rude Impertiment was meanly diverted by them, and they very much tir'd with him. But what made him almost mad, was his being deny'd the Satisfaction of seeing *Leonora's* Face, tho' he had begg'd her a thousand times to lift up the Vail she commonly wore, as all unmarried Ladies do at *Rome*. At last this accomplisht Courtier being tir'd with tiring of them, rid 'em of his troublesom Visit, and return'd to Signior *Stephano's* with little Advantage from the ill Office he had done me. Ever since that time, as 'tis ordinary with illnatur'd People to hate those whom they have injur'd, he despis'd me to that degree, and disoblig'd me so often, that I had a hundred times forgot the Respect I owed to his Quality, if *Verville* by his constant Friendship, and repeated Kindnesses, had not made me amends for his Brother's Brutality. I was not yet acquainted with the ill Office he had done me, tho I often felt the Effects of it; I found indeed, Madam *la Boissiere* more reserv'd to me, than when we were first acquainted; but being still as civil as before, I did not take notice of my being troublesom. As for *Leonora*, she appear'd very thoughtful before her mother, but when not observ'd by her, methought she was not so melancholy, and cast on me more favourable Looks than I could have expected. *Destiny* was thus relating his Story, and the Actresses listning very attentively, without shewing the least inclination to sleep, when they heard the Clock strike two (*in the morning*) Mrs. *Cave* put *Destiny* in mind, that the next Day he was to accompany Monsieur *la Rappiniere* to a House about two or three Leagues out of town, where he promis'd to give 'em the Diversion of Hunting. This made *Destiny* take his leave of the Players, and retire to his own Chamber, where in all probability he went to Bed: The other Players did the same, and the remaining part of the Night was spent

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spent in quiet; the Poet, as luck would have it, having made no new Stanza's to disturb the general Repose.

CHAP. XIV.

How the Curate of Domfront was carried away.

Those who have had so much spare time to throw away upon the reading of the foregoing Chapters, may remember, if they have not forgot it, that the Curate of *Domfront* was in one of those Litters, which met four in a Company in a little Village, by an Accident which perhaps had never happen'd before; tho every one knows four Litters may sooner meet together, than four Mountains. This Curate then, who lodg'd in the same Inn where our Players quarter'd, having had a Consultation of the Physicians of *Mans* about his Disease, and being told by those grave Doctors in very elegant *Latin*, that he was troubled with the Gravel, which the poor Man knew but too well before; and likewise having dispatched some Business which never came to my Knowledge: This good Priest, I say, having done all this, set out from that Inn about nine a Clock in the Morning, to return to the Spiritual Conduct of his Flock. One of his Nieces, dress'd like a Gentlewoman, but whether she was so or not, signifies little, plac'd her self at the fore part of the Litter, at the good Man's Feet, who was very thick and short. A Peasant, by Name *William*, led the Fore-horse by the Bridle, by special order from the Curate, for fear he should stumble; and the Curate's Servant, one *Julian*, took care to drive the hinder; which was however so restive, that he was often obliged to push him forward with his Shoulders. The Curate's Chamber-pot, which was of yellow Brass, and glister'd like Gold, having been newly scour'd in the Inn, hung on the right side of the Litter, which made it to look more magnificent than the left, which was only adorn'd with a Hat in a Pastboard Case, which the Curate had receiv'd from the *Paris* Messenger, for a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, who had a House near *Domfront*. About a League and half from the Town, while the Litter jogg'd leisurely on in a hollow way,

fenced

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fenced on both sides with thick Hedges, as strong as Walls, three Horsemen second by two Men on Foot, stoppt the venerable Caravan. One of them who seem'd to be the Captain of the rest, with a most terrible Voice cry'd, Death and Furies, the first Man that offers to speak a Word, I'll pistol him, and with that clapt the Muzzle of his Pistol within two Inches of *William*, the Country-fellow's Nose, who led the Horse-litter. Another did the like to *Julian*, and one of the Foot-pads levell'd his Gun at the Curate's Neck, whilst he slept very quietly in the Litter, by which means he was freed from the terrible Fight that had seiz'd his little peaceful Retinue. These Villanous Rogues drove the Litter with more hast than the dull Horses that carried it were willing to make. Never was silence better observ'd in so violent an Action: The Curate's Niece was more dead than alive; *William* and *Julian* wept, without daring so much as to open their Mouths, by reason of the terrible Apparition of Fire-arms; and the Curate slept on, as I said before. One of the Horsemen detach'd himself from the main Body, and went a full Gallop before. In the mean time the Litter reached a Wood, at the entrance of which, the Fore-horse, which perhaps was as much frightened as his Leaders, or else out of spite, because they had forced him to go a quicker pace, than his dull and heavy Constitution would permit him, put his foot into a Wheeltrack, when he fell a flouncing so fiercely, that the Curate wak'd at the Noise; and his Niece trundled down from the Litter on the lean Buttocks of the Jade. The good Man called *Julian*, who durst not so much as answer him; he then called his Niece, who was not such a Fool as to open her Mouth; and the Peasant being as hard-hearted as the rest, the Curate fell into a Passion in good earnest. Some relate he swore a great Oath, but I can hardly believe such a thing of a Curate of Lower *Mayne*. The Curate's Niece had by this time rais'd her self up again from the Horses Buttocks, and sat in her place without daring to look on her Uncle; and the Horse having with great vigour disingag'd his Feet, went on faster than ever he did, notwithstanding the Curate's screaming out with his Reading-desk Voice, stop, stop. His repeated Cries scared the Horses, who

who ran as if the Devil drove 'em, which made the Curate to cry still the louder. Sometimes he call'd *Julian*, sometimes *William*, and oftner than the rest his Niece, to whose Name he added the Epithet of double Whore and Carrion. However, she might have spoke if she had been willing; for the Man who made her to observe so religious a Silence, was gone to meet the Horsemen who rode before, about forty or fifty Yards from the Litter. But the fear of the Carabine, made her insensible of her Uncle's hard Words; who seeing himself so obstinately disobey'd, began at last to howl and cry out, Help, Help, Murther, Murther. Thereupon the Horsemen who rode before, and whom the Foot-men had call'd back, came to the Litter, and made it stop. When one of them cry'd in a terrible Voice to *William*, What Fool is that, that makes such a Noise in the Litter? Alas, Sir, answer'd *William*, with Fear and trembling, you know that better than I. The Horsemen gave him a sound knock on the pate with the But end of his pistol, and presenting the Muzzle to the Niece, commanded her to unmask, and tell him who she was. The Curate, who from his Litter beheld all these Passages, and who had a Law-suit with a Gentleman in his Neighbourhood, *de Laune* by Name, thought 'twas he that had a Mind to murther him. Whereupon he cry'd out, Monsieur *de Laune*, I summon you before God Almighty, to answer for my Murther if you kill me: I am a consecrated Priest, tho' an unworthy one, and I'll have you excommunicated like a *Cannibal*. In the mean time his Niece pull'd off her Mask, and shew'd to the Horseman a wild starting Face, which he did not know. This produced an unexpected effect. That passionate Gentleman discharg'd one of his Pistols into the Flank of the Horse that carried the forepart of the Litter, and with the other shot one of his Footmen in the Head; saying, let all that give false Intelligence have that for their pains. And now it was, that the Curate and his Retinue's Fears began to redouble: He demanded their Confession, *Julian* and *William* fell on their Knees, and the Curate's Niece kept close to her Uncle. But those who put them in that terrible Fright, were already gone from them, and made the best of their way, as fast

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as their Horses could drive, leaving to their Charge, the Body of the Fellow that was shot. *Julian* and *William* got up, still shaking with the remains of their Fear, and told the Curate and his Niece, that the Troopers were gone. Now they were fain to unharness the hindermost Horse, to set the Litter upright; and *William* was sent to the next Town to get another Horse. In the mean time the Curate was at a loss, what to think of these Accidents: He could not imagine, why they left him without robbing him; nor, for what reason that Horseman had kill'd one of his own Men; at which, however, he was not so much offended as at the loss of his poor murther'd Horse, which in all probability, had never quarrell'd with that Stranger. Upon the whole matter he concluded that 'twas *de Laune*, who had designed to murther him, and said, he would have his Revenge. His Niece maintained, that 'twas not *de Laune*, whom she knew very well; but the Curate had a mind it should be he, that he might have an occasion to indite him for an Assault, hoping to get him condemnaed upon the Deposition of some Knights of the post, whom he expected to find at *Goron*, where he had some Relations. At length *Julian* espying another Company of Men on Horseback making towards 'em, betook himself to his Heels as fast as he could. The Curate's Niece seeing *Julian* upon the Flight, thought he had some reason for it, and theretore scamper'd away also, which put the Curate entirely beside himself, not knowing what to make of so many extraordinary Accidents. At last he himself espy'd the Horsemen whom *Julian* had seen before, and what is worse, he saw them coming up directly towards him. This Troop was composed of nine or ten Horsemen, in the midst of whom there was a Wretch bound Hand and Foot on a little sorry Horse, with a pale downcast Look, like one that was carrying to be hang'd. The Curate began to say his prayers, recommending himself to God Almighty's Mercy, and not forgetting the Horse that was left alive: But he was very much surprized, and comforted at the same time, to find that 'twas *la Rappiniere* with some of his Men. *La Rappiniere* asked him what he did there, and whether 'twas he that had killed the Man that lay dead near the Horse's side. The Curate told him the

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whole Adventure, still affirming, that 'twas *de Laure* that had Way-laid him, of which *la Rappiniere* made a Verbal Proceſs at large. One of his Archers went to the next Village, to get the dead Body removed, and returned with the Curate's Niece and *Julian*, who by this time had recovered their Fright, and had met *William* with a freſh Horſe for the Litter. The Curate returned ſafe and ſound to *Domfront*, where as long as he lives, he will relate how he was ſet upon, and caried away. The dead Horſe was eaten up by the Wolves, or Maſſif Dogs; the Body of the dead Man was buried I know not where, and *la Rappiniere*, *Deſtiny*, *Rancour*, and *Olive*, *la Rappiniere's* Mirmidons, and the priſoner, went back to *Mars*. This is the Succeſs of *la Rappiniere*, and the Strollers hunting, who catcht a Man inſtead of a Hare.

CHAP. XV.

The Operator, or Mountebank's Arrival at the Inn. A Continuation of the Hiſtory of Deſtiny and Star. A Serenade.

YOU may be pleas'd to remember, that by the foregoing Chapter one of thoſe that ſate upon the Curate of *Domfront*, left his Companions, and went full Gallop I know not whither. Now as he was ſpurring on a main in a deep and narrow Way, he ſpyed aſar off ſome Men on Horſeback, making directly towards him; he would have wheeled about to ſhun 'em, but turning too ſhort, and with more haſt than good ſpeed, his Horſe ſprung up ſo ſuddenly, that he fell down backwards with his Rider under him. *La Rappiniere* and his Fellows obſerving this, thought it was very ſtrange, that a Man who came in ſuch poſt haſte towards 'em, ſhould endeavour to avoid 'em with the like Speed. It gave them therefore juſt cauſe of Suſpicion, eſpecially to *la Rappiniere*, who was very ſuſceptible in his own Nature; beſides that his Office oblig'd him to make the worſt Interpretation of things in dubious Caſes. His Suſpicion increas'd to a high Degree, for when he came near

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near the Man who had one Leg under his Horse, he took notice that he was not so much dismay'd at his Fall, as that it was before such a Person as he. Now considering it could be no prejudice to him to aggravate his Fright, and knowing how to discharge his Office, as well as any Provost in *France*, he drew near him, and said to him, What! are you caught in a Trap, honest Man? Well, I'll take care you shall not get such another Fall. This amazed the poor Fellow much more than the Fall had done; when *la Rappiniere* and his Harpies saw in his Countenance such visible Signs of a guilty Conscience, that any other Provost less forward than he, would have arrested him without any more ado: He therefore commanded his Men to help get him up, and bind him Hand and Foot on his own Horse. He soon afterwards met the Curate of *Domfront* in the Disorder you have read of, with a dead Person murder'd, and a Horse shot through, which confirm'd him still the more in his Suspicions, to which the Prisoner's great Disorder and change of Colour, was no small Addition. *Destiny* surveyed him more earnestly than the rest, imagining he knew him, tho' where he had seen him, he could not perfectly call to mind. He scratch'd his dull Pate all the way he rode, to awake his drowsie Memory; yet could not remember where he had seen this suspected person. At length they arrived at *Mans*, where *la Rappiniere* committed the supposed Malefactor to prison, whilst the Strollers who were to open their Stage the Day following, retired to their Inn, to get all things in a readiness for that purpose. They were reconciled to the Inn-keeper, and the Poet who was as generous as any poet in the World, would needs treat them at Supper. *Ragotin* who was then in the Inn, for he could not refrain coming thither, ever since he had been smitten with *Madam Star*, was invited by the Poet amongst the rest, who was so much a Fool, as to invite also those that had been Spectators of the Combat. Which had been fought the Night before betwixt the Players and the Inn-keeper's Family, in their Shirts and Smocks. A little before Supper began, the jolly Company was farther incens'd by the Arrival of an Operator, and his Retinue; which consisted of his Wife, an old Blackamore Maid, a

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Monkey, and two Footmen. *Rancour* was his Acquaintance, of a long standing, and therefore there past great Civilities betwixt them: Nor would the Poet, who was easily acquainted with people, part with him nor his Wife, before he had prevailed upon them by his high Compliments, which sounded loud, and signified little, only to come and honour him with their presence at Supper. Well, sup they did, where nothing happend that was remarkable, only they drank plentifully, and eat proportionably. *Ragotin* fed his Eyes on Madam *Star*'s Face, which intoxicated him more than the Liquor he had swallowed. He spoke but very sparingly all the while they were at Table, tho' the Poet gave him a fair Opportunity of wrangling, flatly condemning *Theophile*'s Verses, of whom *Ragotin* was a great Admirer. The *She*-players engaged a while with the Operator's Wife, a *Spanish* Woman, and pretty agreeable. They afterwards withdrew into their Chamber, whither *Destiny* waited on them, to prosecute and end his Story, which *Cave* and her Daughter died with Impatience to hear. *Star* in the mean time was studying her Part, when *Destiny* having taken a Chair near the Bed side, whereon *Cave* and her Daughter sat, went on with his History after the following manner.

Hitherto you have found me very amorous, and much in pain, to know what effect my Letter had wrought in *Leonora* and her Mother's Minds; you shall find me more in Love yet, and in the greatest Despair imaginable. I waited every day on Madam *La Boissiere* and her Daughter, so blinded with Passion, that I did not take notice of the coldness of their Reception, nor did I consider that my too frequent Visits might become importunate. Madam *La Boissiere* has been weary of my Company, ever since Saint *Far* acquainted her who I was: Yet she could not civilly forbid me the House, after what I had suffered on her account. As for her Daughter, if I may judge by what she has done since, I may say she pitied me, tho' contrary to her Mother's Will, who kept so watchful an Eye over her, that we could never have an Opportunity to meet in private. But to speak the Truth, tho' this fair Virgin was much less cold to me than her Mother, yet
durst

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durst not she shew me the least token of her Favour before her Mother; so that I was on the Rack, and my assiduous Visits, serv'd only to make me the more hateful to those whom I designed to please. One day Madam *la Boissiere* having received Letters from *France*, which oblig'd her to go abroad as soon as she had read the Contents of 'em, she sent immediately for a Coach, and Signior *Stephano* to accompany her, not daring to go alone after the unlucky Rencontre, wherein I had engag'd on her account. I was my self nearer at hand, and more fit to be her Squire, than the Gentleman she had sent for; however she would not accept of the least Service from a Person, whom she intended speedily to rid her self of. As luck would have it, *Stephano* was not to be found; so that she was compell'd to shew before me, how uneasie she was, that she had no body to go along with her, that I might have the opportunity to offer my self; which I did with as much Joy, as she could have Regret to be necessitated to take me along with her. I conducted her to a certain Cardinal, who was then Protector of the *French*, and who by good fortune gave her Audience, upon the first Motion she made. The Business was doubtless of great importance and no small Difficulty; for she was a long time with him in a private Grotto, or cover'd Fountain in the midst of a fine Garden, whilst all the Cardinal's Followers walked into those parts of the Garden they had more fancy to. Now was I got into a large Walk of Orange-Trees alone, with the Beautiful *Leonora*, a Blessing I had often wish'd for before in vain; and yet was now more modest and faint-hearted, than ever I had been. I cannot tell whether she took notice of it or not, or whether it was her Goodness which made her to speak first to me after this Manner. My Mother, saith she, will have just Reason to quarrel with Signior *Stephano* for failing us to day, and being the occasion of the trouble we give you to wait here so long. And I am infinitely obliged to him, reply'd I, for procuring me, tho' without Design, the greatest Happiness I ever hope to enjoy. I am too far upon the score of Obligations towards you, said she, to omit any thing that may prove your Advantage; therefore, pray let me know

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wherein the Happiness consists you mention to be procured by him, that I may share your Joy if it be such as will not offend a Maidens Ear. I fear, said I, you will make that joy to cease—I! answer'd she; No, I never was envious of any Man's Prosperity, much less of a Persons who has ventured his Life on my account. 'Tis not your Envy that I fear, answered I—What other Motive, returned she, can there be to make me oppose your Felicity? Your Disdain, said I. I shall be much perplexed, added she, till you let me know what I should disdain, and which way this Disdain may concern you. I could soon unfold this Riddle, said I, but I cannot tell whether you will be pleas'd to understand it. Do not let me hear it then, replied she; for when we have such Doubts, it shews the thing is not to be easily understood, or is such as may displease. I must confess I have admired a hundred times since, how I was able to answer her, my Mind being less intent upon what she said, than full of Fears of her Mothers return, and losing the Opportunity of entertaining her with my Love. However, at last I mustered up all my Assurance, and without prolonging a Conversation, which did not carry me fast enough to the Point I aimed at; I told her, not minding her last words, That I had long sought an Opportunity to speak with her thereby to confirm what I had presumed to express in my Letter; which yet I durst not have undertaken, but on the knowledge that she had seen that Writing. To this I added, a great deal of what I had written, and said moreover, that being upon my Departure to serve the Pope in the War he was making on some Princes of *Italy*, and resolved to die there, since I found my self unworthy to live for her; I would intreat her only to tell me, what Sentiments she would have entertained for me, had my Fortune been answerable to the Ambition I had to love her. She told me with a Blush, that my Death would not be indifferent to her; and therefore, added she, if you are still of the same obliging Temper towards your Friends, do not let us lose one who has been so serviceable to us; or at least, if you will needs die, for some greater reason than what you have just now expressed; yet defer your Death,

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Death, till we have seen one another in *France*, whither my Mother and my self are suddenly returning. I pressed her to explain more clearly the Sentiments she had for me, but her Mother was by this time come so near us, that she could not have satisfied me, if she had intended it. Madam *la Boissiere* looked but coldly upon me, perhaps because I had an Opportunity to entertain her Daughter, who likewise seemed somewhat uneasie, which made me to stay but a little while with them, after their being returned home. I left 'em highly pleased with my Adventure, putting the best Interpretation on *Leonora's* Answer I could. The next day I omitted not to wait upon them according to my Custom: I was told they were gone abroad, and the same answer I received for three days together, for I was not discouraged by the first or second Denial. In fine, Signior *Stephano* advised me to go no more, because Madam *la Boissiere* would not suffer me to see her Daughter; adding, he took me to be a Man of more Sense, than to expose my self to a Refusal. Then he acquainted me with the reason of my Disgrace. *Leonora's* Mother had caught her writing a Letter to me, it seems; having severely reprov'd her for which, she afterwards gave strict Orders that her People should always deny their being within, whenever I came to pay my Visit to 'em: And, then I likewise discovered the ill Office Saint *Far* had done me, and that ever since that time, the Mother had been very much displeased with my Visits. As for the Daughter, *Stephano* assur'd me, my Personal Merit would have made her to wave my mean Birth and Fortune, could she but have gained her Mother's Consent; who was too haughty and covetous to be perswaded to it. I shall not trouble you with the desperate Thoughts this unwelcome News put me into: I was as much concerned at it, as if I had Injustice done me in being refused by *Leonora*, tho' I never durst hope to have the least possession of her Heart: I railed at Saint *Far*, and had some thoughts of Fighting him; but then considering how much I had been obliged to his Father and Brother, I had no other Refuge but my Tears. I wept like a Child, and was ever uneasie, but most of all in Company. Now came on the

sad moment of our Departure, and I was forced to go away without taking my last Farewel of *Leonora*. We made a Campaign in the Pope's Army, where I courted Death as much as I could; but wherein Fortune disappointed me, as she had ever done in my other attempts. I could not meet that Death which I sought for, but gained Reputation I aimed not at, tho' I had been proud of it at any other time: whereas then I could cherish nothing, but the pleasing remembrance of *Leonora*. *Verville* and *Saint Far* were at length recalled to *France* by the *Baron d'Arques*, who received 'em like a Father that doted on his Children. My Mother gave me a very indifferent Reception; and as for my Father, he dwelt at *Paris* with *Count Glaris*, who had chosen him Governour to his Son. The *Baron d'Arques*, who had been made acquainted with my feats of Arms in the War of *Italy*, where I had saved *Verville's* Life, would needs have me to live with him in the Quality of a Gentleman, and Companion. He gave me leave to visit my Father at *Paris*, where I almost found less welcome, than I had done from my Mother. Any other Person in his Station, that had had a Son so accomplished as my self, would certainly have presented him to the *Scotch* Earl, but my Father carried me out of his House in great haste, as if he feared I should disgrace him: As he went about the Streets, he reproached me for being too fine and gallant; and told me, I seemed proud, and that 'twere better for me to learn a Trade, than thus to strut about with a Sword by my side. You may imagine, this Discourse sounded but harsh in a young Man's Ears, that had been well educated, and gained some Reputation in the Wars, and who besides had dared to love a handsome young Lady, and declare his Passion to her. I must freely own, the Sentiments of Love and Respect, which a Son owes to his Father, could not make me refrain from looking on him as a very troublesome old Man. He led me about through three or four several Streets, with the same Civility and caressing Expressions, and then shook me off abruptly, charging me not come to near him any more. I was willing enough to obey this last Injunction, and therefore quitted him, to go and wait upon

Monfieur

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Monfieur de Saint Sauveur, who received me like a Father indeed, and blamed my own Parents for their unnaturalness; promifing withal, never to abandon me. The Baron *d'Arques* had fome Buſineſs, which obliged him to go and dwell at *Paris*. He took up his Lodgings at the farther end of *Saint Germain's* Suburb, in a very ſtately Houſe, that had been lately built with many others, which have rendered that Suburb, the fineſt part of the City of *Paris*. *Saint Far* and *Verville* made their Court to the King, went to the * *Park*, or *As the Ring in Hide Park*. a Viſiting, as all young Men of Quality are wont to do in that vaſt City, which makes the Inhabitants of all other Cities in the Kingdom that never come there, be accounted Clowns. For my own part, when I waited not on them, I frequented all the Fencing-Schools to keep my hand in ure, or went to the Play-Houſe, which is perhaps one reaſon why I am now a tolerable Actor. *Verville* took me aſide one day, and told me he was fallen deeply in Love with a young Eady that dwelt in the ſame Street. He informed me ſhe had a Brother, by Name *Saldagne*, who was as jealous both of her, and another Siſter under his Tuition, as if he had been their Husband. Moreover he told me, he had made no ſmall progreſs in his Amours, having perſwaded her to give him Admittance by Night into their Garden, the back Door whereof opened into the Fields, as ours did likewiſe. Having made me his Confident, he deſired me to accompany him, and uſe all my Rhetorick to gain the Favour of the Woman that was to attend her. *Verville* had ſhewed me all along ſuch Friendſhip, that I could not reaſonably reſuſe him any thing: So we went out of our Garden Back-door about ten a Clock at Night, and ſoon after were admitted into the Garden, where the Miſtreſs and the Maid waited for us. Poor Madam *Saldagne* trembled like an Aſpen Leaf, and durſt not ſpeak; *Verville's* Courage was little better; the Waiting woman was as mute as a Fiſh; and I who only came to accompany *Verville*, ſpoke not a word, neither had I any deſire of prating. At laſt *Verville* ſummoned his Courage to his Aid, and led his Miſtreſs into a cloſe Walk having firſt laid a

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wont to do in that vast City, which makes the Inhabitants of all other Cities in the Kingdom that never come there, be accounted Clowns. For my own part, when I waited not on them, I frequented all the Fencing-Schools to keep my hand in ure, or went to the Play-House, which is perhaps one reason why I am now a tolerable Actor. *Verville* took me aside one day, and told me he was fallen deeply in Love with a young Lady that dwelt in the same Street. He informed me she had a Brother, by Name *Saldagne*, who was as jealous both of her, and another Sister under his Tuitjon, as if he had been their Husband. Moreover he told me, he had made no small progress in his Amours, having perswaded her to give him Admittance by Night into their Garden, the back Door whereof opened into the Fields, as ours did likewise. Having made me his Confident, he desired me to accompany him, and use all my Rhetorick to gain the Favour of the Woman that was to attend her. *Verville* had shewed me all along such Friendship, that I could not reasonably refuse him any thing: So we went out of our Garden Back-door about ten a Clock at Night, and soon after were admitted into the Garden, where the Mistress and the Maid waited for us. Poor Madam *Saldagne* trembled like an Aspen Leaf, and durst not speak; *Verville's* Courage was little better; the Waiting woman was as mute as a Fish; and I who only came to accompany *Verville*, spoke not a word, neither had I any desire of prating. At last *Verville* summoned his Courage to his Aid, and led his Mistress into a close Walk having first laid a

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strict Charge upon the Waiting-woman and my self to play the Centinels part, which we observed so religiously, that for a long time we walked together, without speaking one word to each other. At the end of the Alley we met the young pair of Lovers: *Verville* asked me aloud, whether I had entertained Mistress *Maudlin* as she deserved? I replied, I thought she had no reason to complain. No, in truth, answer'd she, for he has not yet spoke one word to me. *Verville* laugh'd at her words, and assur'd Mrs. *Maudlin*, that I was worth her Conversation, tho' I were somewhat melancholy. Likewise Madam *Saldagne* said, that her Woman was not to be despised; and there-upon those happy Lovers left us again, only bidding us be sure that no Body came to surprize them. I then prepar'd my self to be plagued with the Chat of a Waiting-woman, who I expected would now examine me about my Wages, what Acquaintance I had among the Chamber-Maids in that Parish, how many new Catches I could sing, and what Vales I had with my Master. After this, I imagined she would acquaint me with all the Secrets of *Saldagne's* Family, and tell me both his Faults, and his Sister's; for there are few Servants that meet, without giving one another a full Account of all they know of their Masters and Mistresses: But I was not a little surpris'd, to find my self in Discourse with a Waiting-woman, that began thus: I conjure thee, thou dumb Spirit to tell me whether thou art a serving Man, or not; and if thou art one by what admirable Virtue hast thou forborn thus long flandering thy Master? I was amazed to hear a Chamber-maid talk at that extraordinary rate; and so asked her, by what Authority she took upon her to exercise me? I perceive, said she, thou art a stubborn Spirit, and that I must repeat my Conjunction. Tell me therefore, rebellious Spirit, by the Power God has given me over all proud and self-conceited Serving-men, tell me who art thou? I am a poor young Fellow, answered I, that would fain be now asleep in my Bed. I find, replied she, it will be no easie Matter for me to know who thou art: Yet thus much I clearly discover that thou hast little of a Courtier in thee. For, continued she, shouldest thou not first have broken
Silence

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Silence in an humble Address; then have taken me by the Hand, entertain'd me with abundance of amorous fiddle-faddle, suddenly struggled for a Kiss, attempted to storm my Breast, till thou hadst been beaten off with three or four Cuffs on the Ear, as many Kicks on the Breech, and numberless Scratches on the Face; and then have return'd home with Scars of Honour, and the Marks of an amorous Adventurer? There are some Maids in *Paris*, said I, interrupting her, whose Marks I would be proud to bear; but there are others whom I should dread to look upon for fear of dreaming afterwards of the Devil. What! thou thinkest me then, said she, perhaps one of those Scarecrows. But good Master *Squeamish*, dost thou not remember the old saying, *That in the Dark all Cats are Grey*? True, replied I, but I'll never do that in the dark, which I may repent when the light appears. But if I be handsom, said she, what then? Then I have shewed you less respect than you deserve, reply'd I: For if your Beauty be equal to the Charms of your Wit, you deserve to be served and courted after the nicest Rules of Gallantry. And couldst thou serve a Lady according to the nicest Rules, said she? Better than any Man living, replied I, provided I loved her. What matters that, said she, so she loved you? Nay, both must join Issue, where I engage in an Amour, replied I. Truly, said she, if I may judge of the Master by his Man, then has my Mistress made no indifferent Choice in Monsieur *Verville*; and that Waiting-Maid, whom thou shouldst condescend to love, would have no little Cause to be proud of her self. 'Tis not enough to hear me talk, said I, you must see me too—I believe both may be better let alone, replied she—Our Conversation was fain to end here: for Monsieur *Saldagne* knockt hard at the Street Door, which they made no great haste to open, that his Sister might have time to slip up into her Chamber. The poor Lady and her Woman went away in such haste and disorder, that they did not so much as bid us adieu when they shut us out of the Garden. *Verville* would needs have me go into his Chamber; when we got home I never saw a Man so much in Love, and so well pleas'd: He extoll'd the Wit of his Mistress,

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Mistress, and told me, he should never be satisfied till I had seen her. In fine, he kept me there all Night, repeating every thing she had said over and over so often, that I could not get to Bed till break of Day. For my own part, I admired to have met with so much Wit in the Conversation of a Waiting-woman; and must confess I had a sort of itching Desire to know whether she was handsom or not, tho' the Memory of my *Leonora* made me very indifferent towards all the good Faces I saw every Day in *Paris*. *Verville* and I slept till Noon; and as soon as he wak'd, he wrote to Madam *Saldagne*, and sent the Letter by his Footman, who was acquainted with her Woman. This Fellow was of *Lower-Britany*, of a very disagreeable Figure, and a worse Brain. When I saw him going, it came into my Head, that if the Party, whether Waiting-woman, or Chamber Maid, whom I had entertain'd with Chat over Night, should see him in that rugged manner, and discourse him a while she certainly would not mistake him for the Person that waited on *Verville*. This great Looby did his Message well enough for a Looby; having found out Madam *Saldagne* with her other Sister, call'd Madam *Lery*, whom she had entrusted with *Verville's* Love to her. As he was waiting for an Answer, they heard Monsieur *Saldagne* humming upon the Stairs. He was coming to his Sister's Chamber, who hastily conveyed the *British Mercury* into a Close Press. However the Brother made no long stay with his Sister, and so the *Britain* was restored to the open Air again. Madam *Saldagne* lock'd her self up in her Closet a while to answer *Verville's* Letter, whilst Madam *Lery* discoursed the *Britain*, whose Conversation, I doubt, was not very entertaining. Her Sister, having made an end of her Letter, released her from our Clown, by sending him back with a Billet, wherein she promised to meet *Verville* that Night, at the same Time and Place as before. As soon as it was Night, you may imagine, *Verville* was ready to go to the Place of Affignation: We were admitted into the Garden, and it fell to my Lot to cope with the same Person I had entertained before, and whom I found to be very witty. She expressed more Wit this second

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cond time than she had done the first; and both her Accent and manner of Speech was so charming, that I confess I wish'd she might be as handsom as she was ingenious. In the mean time she could not believe me to be the *Britain* she had seen before; nor could she apprehend why I should have so much more Wit by Night than by Day: for having heard the Fellow relate that Monsieur *Saldagne's* coming into his Sister's Chamber had put him into a great Fright, I took it upon my self, and plaid upon her with it, assuring her, that I was not then in so much fear for my self, as for Madam *Saldagne*. This put it out of all Dispute, that I was the same ill-favour'd Rogue; and I observ'd afterwards, that she began indeed to discourse like a Chamber Maid. She then inform'd me that Monsieur *Saldagne* was a terrible Man; that having lost both Father and Mother in his Youth, being Master of a great Estate, and having only few of his Kindred, he exercis'd a great deal of Tyranny over his Sisters, to make 'em turn Nuns; using them not only like an unjust Father, but like a jealous insupportable Husband. I was about to take my turn, and tell a Story of the Baron *d' Arques* and his Sons, when the Garden-door, which we had not made fast, was of a sudden thrown open; when in comes Monsieur *Saldagne*, attended by two Footmen, one of which carry'd a lighted Flamboy in his Hand. He came from a House which stood in the same Row with his and ours, where they gamed every Day, and which St. *Far* frequented to pass away the time. They had both plaid there that Evening, and *Saldagne* having soon lost his Money, was coming home by his Garden, contrary to his Custom, and there surprized us, as I told you, finding the Door open. We were at that time all four together in a cover'd Walk, which gave us opportunity to shun his and his Mens View. The Gentlewoman remained in the Garden, upon pretence of taking the fresh Air; and to give it the better Colour began to sing, tho' she had little Inclination to it, as you may easily imagine. In the mean time *Verville* having scaled the Wall, by the help of a Vine-Arbour, jumped down on the other side; but a third Footman of *Saldagne's* that was then coming in, seeing him

him leap, fail'd not to run and give his Master notice he had seen a Man leap from the Garden-wall into the Street. At the same instant I fell down with a great Noise into the Garden; the same Arbour, by means of which *Verville* had made his escape, unfortunately yielding under me. This Noise, together with the Fellow's Tale, alarmed all that were in the Garden. *Saldagne* runs to the Place from whence the Noise came, followed by his three Men; where spying a Man with his Sword drawn, (for as soon as I could get up I put my self in a posture of Defence,) he attack'd me at the Head of his Company; but I soon made him to know that I was no easie Conquest. The Fellow that carried the Flamboy advanced faster than the rest, which gave me opportunity to see *Saldagne's* Face, whom I presently knew to be the same *Frenchman* that would have murdred me at *Rome*, for having hindred him from being rude to *Leonora*, as I have before related. He knew me likewise at first sight, and making no doubt but that I was come thither to take my just Revenge, he cryed out, You shall not escape me now, I assure you; And then I was hard put to it indeed; besides that, I had almost broken one of my Legs with the Fall. I maintained a running Fight, till I retreated into a Summer-house, whether I saw *Verville's* Mistress run in just before in a woful Condition. She staid within, tho' she saw me enter, whether she wanted time or courage to go out, I know not. For my part, my Resolution encreased, when I considered they could attack me only before at the Summer-house Door, which was very narrow. I wounded *Saldagne* in one of his Hands, and the boldest of his Footmen in his Arm, which procured me a little Respite; yet could not I have any Hopes of escaping, believing they would at last make shorter Work with me, and dispatch me with Pistols, having found it too difficult to be done with Swords. But *Verville* came to my Relief: He would by no means go Home without me; and having heard the bustle and clashing of Swords, ventured to bring me off from the Danger he had brought me into, or at least to share it with me. *Saldagne*, with whom he had already made an Acquaintance, thought he came to his Aid,

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as a Friend and Neighbour. He took it as a great Obligation, and accosting him, said, You see, Sir, how I am set upon in my own House. *Verville*, who understood his meaning, immediately replied, He would be his Servant against any other Man, but that he came to protect this against all the World. *Saldagne* enraged to find himself mistaken, swore desperately he did not doubt but to make his Party good against two such Villains himself; and at the same time charged *Verville* most furiously, but was however repulsed by him with a great deal of Gallantry. Then I thought it high time to get out of my Summer-house to join my Friend; when having seized the Lacquey that carried the Flamboy, I was loth to kill him, and contented my self with giving him only a Back stroke over the Pate, which put him into such a Fright, that he ran off from the Garden into the Fields, crying out all the way, Thieves, Thieves. The other Footmen fled likewise; and as for *Saldagne*, I saw him fall into an Hedge at the same instant that the Light left us, either wounded by *Verville*, or by some other Accident. We did not think fit to help him up, but minded our own escape with all the haste we could. *Saldagne's* Sister, fearing some Violence from her rash Brother, stept out of the Summer-house, where I saw her, and begged of us softly, melting into Tears, that we would take her along with us. *Verville* was over-joyed to have his Mistress in his Power, and under his Protection. We found our Garden-door half open as we left it; nor would we make it fast as yet, lest we should have a new occasion to go out again on the sudden. There was in our Garden a pretty Summer-house, painted, and neatly adorn'd, where we used to eat in hot Weather, and which stood at some distance from the Body of the House. My young Masters and my self did sometimes practice Fencing there, and this being the most delightful Place about the House, the Baron d' *Arques*, his Sons, and my self, had each of us a Key to it, that we might go in at Pleasure, and keep out the Servants, lest they should make havock of the Books and Goods that were there. In this place we lock'd up our Gentlewoman, whose Grief would admit of no Comfort

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fort. I told her we would only leave her for a few Moments to consult her safety and our own, and then return immediately to her. *Verville* was a quarter of an Hour before he could wake his *British* Footman, who had been fuddling. As soon as he had got a Candle lighted, we consulted a while where we should bestow *Saldagne's* Sister, and at last resolved to lead her to my Chamber, in the upper part of the House, as being frequented by no Body but my self and a Servant that belonged to me. We returned back to the Summer-house in the Garden with our Light. *Verville* started back at his going in, which very much surprized me, I had not the time to ask what ail'd him, hearing some Voices just at the Summer-house Door, when I put out the Candle, *Verville* cry'd, Who goes there? His Brother, *St. Far*, answer'd, 'Tis I, what the Devil do you do here in the dark at this time of Night? I was talking with *Garigues*, said *Verville*, because I am not yet sleepy. I am here upon the same account, returned *St. Far*; therefore pray let me have the Room a little to my self. We did not trouble him to ask twice; but I stealing out the Lady as dextrously as I could, by thrusting my self betwixt her and *St. Far*, who went in at the same time, carried her off to my Chamber, bemoaning her self at a desperate rate; then I went down to *Verville's* Room, where his Man was striking a Light. *Verville* told me with Grief in his Face, that he must of necessity return again to *Saldagne's*. What to do, said I, would you kill him outright? Alas! my poor *Garigues*, said he, I shall be the most unhappy Man in the World, if I do not get Madam *Saldagne* from out of her Brother's Hands. What! can she be there still, and in my Chamber too, reply'd I? Would to God that were true, reply'd he, sighing. I fancy you dream, returned I. No, no, I do not dream, said he, we have brought away her eldest Sister instead of her. Why, reply'd I, were you not both in the Garden together? Nothing more certain, said he. Why then will you return to her Brother's to endanger your selves afresh, since that Sister you are in pain about is now safe in my Chamber? Ah! *Garigues*, cries he again, I knew well enough what I saw: And so do I likewise,

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wife, quoth I; and to prove your Mistake, do but come up and see Madam *Saldagne*. He told me I was a Madman, and followed me with the greatest Concern in the World. But my Astonishment equall'd his Grief, when I found in my Chamber a Gentlewoman I never saw before, and not the same with her I brought from the other House. *Verville* was as much amazed as my self, but more satisfied by far, finding himself with his Mistress, contrary to Expectation. He then confess'd his own Mistake: But I could make him no Answer, neither was I able to comprehend by what Enchantment a Lady whom I had been with all the while, should on a sudden be transformed to another, in the time we went from the Summer-house to my Chamber. I looked earnestly upon *Verville's* Mistress, who certainly was not the same Person we brought from *Saldagne's*. *Verville* perceiving me in a Quondary. What's the matter, says he? I tel you once more that I my self was mistaken, Nay, said I, 'tis I that am in an Error, if Madam *Saldagne* came hither along with us. With whom could she come else, reply'd he? I know not, nor no body else, said I, unless it be the Lady her self. Nor can I tell with whom I came my self, said Madam *Saldagne*, unless it were with that Gentleman, pointing to me: For, continued she, 'twas not Monsieur *Verville* that brought me away from my Brothers, but a Man that came into the Garden immediately after you went out, and summoned thither, I suppose, either by my Brother's Groans, or the Footmens Outcries. He caused my Brother to be carried into his Chamber; which my Waiting-woman having inform'd me of, and withal, assur'd me that he was of my Brothers Acquaintance, and a Neighbour; I went and staid for him in the Garden, where I conjur'd him to take me away with him till the next Day, when I designed to retire to a Lady's of my Acquaintance, where I would stay till my Brothers Fury was over; which I told him, I had all the Reason in the World to dread. This Person was so civil as to offer to conduct me whither I pleased, and promised to protect me even against my Brother, at the hazzard of his Life. 'Twas under his Conduct I came to this
House

House, where *Verville*, whose Voice I knew, spoke to the same Man; and immediately after I was brought up to this Chamber, where you now see me. This Account from Madam *Saldagne*, tho' it did not clear all my Doubts, yet it help'd very much to make me guess how the Thing had been brought about. As for *Verville*, he was so intent upon viewing his Mistress, that he scarce minded what she said. He began to tell her a Thousand soft Things, without troubling himself to know which way she came into my Chamber. I took a Candle, and leaving them together, went back to the Summer-house in our Garden, resolving to speak to St. *Far*, tho' he should be as blunt and captious as he us'd to be.

But I was not a little surpriz'd to find, instead of him, the same Gentlewomen, whom I was certain I had brought my self from *Saldagne's*: And what yet increas'd my Wonder was, to see her in great Disorder, like one to whom some Violence had been offered; her Commode was torn off, and her Steenkirk bloody as was likewise her Face: *Verville*, said she to me as soon as I appeared, approach me not, unless it be to take away my Life, wherein you will find less Difficulty than in offering Violence a second time to my Honour; and as Heaven has given me Strength to resist your first Attempts, so I doubt not but I shall be able to scratch your Eyes out, if I cannot be the Death of you: Is this, added she weeping, that passionate Love you profess'd to my Sister? Oh! how dear I pay for my Compliance with her Follies! But when we act contrary to our Duty, it is but just we should undergo what we stand most in fear of. But what do you now meditate upon, pursued she? perceiving my Astonishment; Do you feel a Remorse of Conscience for your base Action? If so, I can forget it with all my Heart: You are young; and I must own 'twas a great piece of Folly in me to trust my self to the Discretion of one of your Years: Conduct me therefore to my Brothers again, I conjure you; for as passionate and severe as he is, I dread him less than I do you, who are a brutish Monster, or rather a mortal Enemy to our Family, being not satisfied with seducing a young Lady, and murdering a Gentleman, but a more wicked Act must com-
pleat

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pleat your Crime. Having made an end of her Speech, which she utter'd with great Vehemence, she fell a weeping so bitterly, that I never in my Life saw one so afflicted. This, I must confess, made me to forfeit all the Judgment I was till then master of, amidst so much Confusion, and if she had not ceased to speak of her own accord, I never should have interrupted her, so much was I astonished at the Authority of her Expostulations. But perceiving she had done speaking; Madam, replied I, neither am I *Verville*, nor is he, I can assure you, capable of such a base Action as you complain of. What! said she, are you not *Verville*? Did not I see you engag'd with my Brother? Did not a Gentleman come to your Assistance? And did not you bring me hither on my entreaty, where you have offered a Rudeness impious both to my Honour and Youth; She could say no more, so much her Grief oppress'd her Heart. For my Part, I never was so perplex'd, and could not apprehend how she should both know *Verville*, and not know him at the same time. I told her I was an absolute stranger to the Rudeness she complain'd of; and that since Monsieur *Saldagne* was her Brother, I wou'd conduct her, if she pleased, to the same Place where her Sister was. These Words were scarce out of my Mouth, when I espied *Verville* and Madam *Saldagne* coming into the Room where we were, she being absolutely resolved to go back again to her Brother's; but how this dangerous Freak came into her Head I know not. The two Sisters embraced each other as soon as they met, and renewed their flowing Tears, as if they were contending who should weep most. *Verville* earnestly entreated them to return to my Chamber, laying before them the Difficulty of getting into their House after the great Allarm the whole Family had been in; adding withal, the Danger of exposing themselves to their Brothers present Fury, the Safety of the Place they were in, and how near it was to break of Day; which being once come, they would enquire how all things went at *Saldagne's*, and accordingly might resolve what was most convenient to be done. *Verville* easily perswaded them to condescend to this Proposition; they now finding themselves secure in one anothers Company, we went up to my Chamber; where

where having examin'd the strange Accidents which perplexed us, we were as apt to believe, as if our Eyes had been Witnesses, that *St. Far* had certainly made an Attempt upon *Madam Lery's* Honour, *Verville* and my self knowing him capable of the like and worse actions. We were not deceiv'd in our Conjectures. *St. Far* had been gaming in the very House where *Saldagne* had lost his Money, when passing by his Garden a little after the Scuffle, he met *Saldagne's* Footman, who related to him what had befallen his Master, who, they said, had been set upon by seven or eight Rogues, thereby to excuse their own Cowardise, in leaving him in the Lurch. *St. Far* thought himself oblig'd to offer him his Service as a Neighbour, and did not leave him till he had seen him carried to his Bed-chamber; after which *Madam Saldagne* intreating him to protect her against her Brother's Fury, she came along with him, as her sister had done with us. He intended to secure her in the same Summer-house where we were, as I said before; and I being as much afraid lest we should see his Lady, as we were careful he should not see ours, the two Sisters by this Accident meeting, just as he was coming in, and we going out, I hapned to catch his Lady by the Hand, whilst he laid hold by a like mistake upon mine; and thus the Ladies were exchanged. This was the more easily done, by reason I had put out my Candle, and the Ladies were so terribly dismay'd as well as we, that they did not know what they did in the Hurry. As soon as we had left the Summer-house, *St. Far* finding himself alone with a very handsome Lady, and having more Instinct than Reason, or, to describe him in his natural Colours, being indeed a very Brute, he took Advantage of the Opportunity, never minding the Consequence, or what an irreparable Affront he offered to a Lady that had thrown her self into his Arms for Protection. His Brutality was rewarded as it deserved. *Madam Lery* defended her self like a Lioness, bit him, scratched him and made him bloody all over. After all which, he went up to Bed, and slept as soundly as if he had done the best Action in the World. You may wonder perhaps how *Madam Lery* happened to be in the Garden at the time we were surprized by her Brother, since there was no Body there

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there but her Sister and her Waiting-woman. This at first puzzled me as well as you; but at last I learn't from them both, that Madam *Saldagne*, not daring to trust her Waiting-woman with the Secret of her Amours, had perswaded her Sister to attend her in the Garden; and this was the Person I entertained under the Title of *Maudlin*. Here my Wonder was at an end, how a Chamber-maid could be Mistress of so much Wit as I found in her Conversation: Madam *Lery* told me, she was no less puzzled to find me so witty in the Garden by Night, and such a Blockhead by Day, when she mistook me for the dull *Britain*. Ever after that we entertained Sentiments for each other something above a bare Esteem; and I dare say she was not less satisfied than I, to find our Conditions more equal, than if either of us had been a mercenary Servant. The Day appeared while we were yet talking together. We left our Ladies in my Chamber, were they might sleep if they pleas'd, whilst *Verville* and I went to consult what was next to be done. For my part, having no Love-fancies to disturb my Breast, as *Verville* had, I died almost for Want of Sleep; but there was no reason I should abandon my Friend with such a load of Business on him. I had a Footman as subtile and witty, as *Verville's* *Valet de Chambre* was dull and blockish; I gave him what Instructions I could, and sent him to make Discovery how Affairs stood at *Saldagne's*. He performed his Message very discreetly, and brought us account, that *Saldagne's* Servants reported, the Thieves had desperately wounded their Master; but as for his Sisters, there was no more mention made of them, than if there had never been any such; whether he little cared for 'em, or because he gave positive Orders to his Servants not to speak of 'em, to stifle scandalous Rumors. I see here must be something of a Duel after all, said *Verville*; nay perhaps something of a Murther, reply'd I: Whereupon I acquainted him that *Saldagne* was the same Hector that had endeavour'd to murther me at *Rome*, and how we came to know one another in the Garden; adding withal, that if he did but imagine, as there was all the likelihood in the World, that I lay there in wait to take my Revenge of him; then certainly he could not at all suspect the intelligence between his Sister and us. I went to
give

give an account to those fair Ladies of our Discoveries; and in the mean time, *Verville* visited *Saint Far*, to sound his Sentiments, and discover the truth of our Suspicions. He soon perceived his Face full of Scratches; but whatever question *Verville* put him, he could get no other answer then, that as he came from the Gaming-house, he found *Saldagne's* Garden-door open, his House in an uproar, and himself very much wounded in the Hands of his Servants who were carrying him to his Chamber. A very strange Accident, said *Verville*, no doubt but his Sisters will take it very much to Heart: They are very handsom Ladies, and I must go and give 'em a Visit. What's that to me, said this Brute: who then fell a whistling, not minding nor giving any answer to whatever his Brother afterwards desir'd to know. *Verville* left him, and return'd to my Chamber, where I was employing all my Eloquence, to Comfort our fair distress'd Ladies. They were Disconsolate even to Desperation; and apprehended the roughest Treatment from their Brothers Jealousie and savage Temper, as being a Man wholly enslaved by his Passions. My Lacquy brought 'em some Meat from the next Cook, which he continu'd to do for fifteen Days together; so long were they conceal'd in my Chamber; which was above the rest, and so much out of the common Road and passage, that no Body disturb'd 'em in the least. They could willingly have put themselves into some Nunnery for shelter; but after their sad Adventure, had just reason to apprehend their Brother would have confin'd 'em longer there than they would have car'd for. In the mean time, *Saldagne's* Wounds were in the fair way of curing, and *Saint Far*, as we observ'd, went every day to visit him. *Verville* stirr'd not out of my Room, which was not taken much notice of in the Family, he being wont to pass many whole days in it, either Reading, or in Discourse with me. His Love for Madam *Saldagne* encreas'd every day, neither did she love him less. Her elder Sister lik'd me pretty well, nor was she indifferent to me in her Behaviour. Not that my passion for *Leonora* was a whit abated, but I had no manner of hopes from her. Some time after *Verville* receiv'd a Note from *Saldagne*, wherein he challeng'd him to meet him with a Second in the Plain of *Grenelle*, to decide there

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there their Quarrel with the Sword; by the same Note, he desir'd *Verville* to bring no other Person but my self with him, which made me to suspect he intended to take us both in the same Trap. My suspicion was not altogether groundless, having already experienced his Treachery; however, *Verville* would not mind it, resolving to give him any just satisfaction, and to offer a Marriage with his Sister. He sent for a Hackney Coach, tho' there were three Coaches belonging to the Family. We went to the place appointed, where *Saldagne* waited for us, and where *Verville* was much astonish'd to find his own Brother, his Enemy's Second. We omitted neither Submissions nor Intreaties, to bring things to a fair Accommodation, but nothing less than fighting would serve the turn of those two unjust and irrational Men. I was about to protest to Saint *Far*, how much it was against my Will to draw my Sword against him; but he told me bluntly, he never lik'd me in his Life, nor could any thing endear me to him, till he had open'd a passage or two in my Body with his Sword's point, for his good will to enter at. With these words he came fiercely towards me: I only put by his Thrusts for some time, resolving if possible to grapple with him, and so disarm him, tho' with apparent danger of being wounded my self. Fortune befriended my good Intention, for he soon after slipt down at my Feet; I gave him time to rise, but that which should have made him my Friend, did but encrease his Enmity. In fine, having given me a slight Wound in the Shoulder, he vapour'd like a Bully, and cry'd, I think you feel me now.——My patience being worn out, I prest upon him and having put him into Disorder, got so happily within his Sword, that I seized on the Hilt. The Man you hate so very much, said I, will now however give you your Life.——He struggled a while to no purpose, and would not reply a Word, like an obstinate rash Brute as he was, tho I represented to him it was our Duty to go and part his Brother and *Saldagne*, who were grappling, and rowling over one another upon the Ground. But I perceiv'd I must be more rough with him; therefore wrenching his Hand, I forc'd away his Sword, which I threw at a great distance from him. Then I ran immediately to assist

assist *Verville*, who had closed with his Antagonist. I was no sooner come up to 'em, but I saw afar off several Horsemen galloping towards us; *Saldagne* was soon after disarm'd, and at the same instant, I found my self run through the back by Saint *Far*. I could no longer master my Resentment, and therefore return'd him a thrust, that made no little Wound. The Baron *d'Arques* his Father, who came in at that Moment, and saw me wound his Son, did now hate me as much as he had loved me before. He spurred his Horse up towards me, and gave me a swinging blow on the Head. Those that came with him, followed his Example, and joyntly set upon me. I defended my self most happily against so many Enemies, but must needs at last have fallen a Sacrifice to them, if *Verville*, the most generous Friend on Earth, had not thrust himself betwixt them and me, at the hazard of his own Life. He gave his Footman a good cut over the Pate, because he found him more forward than the rest. I yielded up my Sword to the Baron, but that could not appease him; he called me Rascal, ungrateful Villain, and gave me all the injurious Names his Anger could suggest, and even threatned to have me hanged. I boldly replyed, that as much Rascal and ungrateful Villain as I was, I had given his eldest Son his Life; nor had I offered to hurt him, till he had treacherously wounded me behind. *Verville* maintained to his Father, I was in the right; but he said, he would never see my Face again. *Saldagne* went with the Baron *d'Arques* into the Coach, where they had already put Saint *Far*; and *Verville*, who would by no means leave me, took me into another with himself. He set me down at one of our Princes Houses, where he had many Friends, and returned to his Father's soon after. Monsieur *de Saint Sauveur* sent a Coach for me that very Night, and carried me privately to his own House; where he took as great care of me, as if I had been his only Son. *Verville* came to see me the next day, and told me, his Father had been informed of the Challenge by *Saldagne's* Sisters, whom he happened to find in my Chamber. He afterwards assured me with a great deal of Joy, that the Business was made up by an Agreement for a double Marriage to be consummated as soon

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soon as his Brothers Wounds wear healed, which were not in any dangerous part. That it lay in my power to be made Friends with *Saldagne*; and that his Father's Anger was appeased, who was very sorry he had misused me. He added, he wished I might soon recover, to be a sharer in their Joy; but I replied, I could not find in my Heart to stay in a Country, where I must be continually reproached with the meanness of my Birth, as his Father had done to me just before; but would soon leave the Kingdom, either to lose my Life in the Wars, or raise my self by my Sword, to a condition proportionable to the Sentiments of Honour, his noble Example had inspired me with. I am apt to believe, he was concern'd at my Resolution; but a Man in Love cannot mind any thing long but his own Passion. *Destiny* was thus pursuing his Story, when the Report of a Gun was heard in the Street, and presently after one playing upon a pair of Organs. This kind of Musick having never perhaps been used at the Gate of an Inn before, called all those People to their Windows, that had been wak'd with the Gun. In the mean time the Organs plaid on, and those who were no strangers to such sort of Instruments, took notice they plaid a Church-Tune. No Body could apprehend the design of so devout a Serenade, which however, was not yet acknowledged for such. But the doubt was soon clear'd by two pitiful Voices; whereof one squeal'd out a Treble, and the other roared out a rumbling Base. These two Catter-wauling Voices were accompany'd by the Organs, and all together made such a horrible Harmony, as set all the Dogs a howling round about. They sung

*Our Wrabbling Notes, and Ivory Lutes,
Shall Ravish every Soul, &c.*

with the rest of that old Ditty. After these harsh Notes, they over-heard a Person whispering as loud as ever he could, and scolding at the Singers for singing so Cukoo-like, always in one Tune. The Poor Choristers reply'd, they knew not what the Devil he would have them to sing? Sing what you will else, said he, speaking a little louder, for I will
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have singing for my Money. Upon this peremptory Sentence, the Organs changed their Tone, and another pious Anthem was sung, as devoutly as before. None of the Hearers had yet dared to speak, for fear of interrupting the Musick; when *Rancour*, who could not for his Life hold his Tongue on this Occasion, haul'd out aloud: What! do they use here to perform Divine Service in the Street? One of the Company said, they were singing *Tenebra* in good earnest: 'Tis a Nocturnal Procession, adds a third: In fine, every merry Fellow in the Inn, had his Jest upon the Musick; neither could any one guess, who was the Serenading Fool, nor whom he design'd to Complement. In the mean time the Anthem was carrying on towards a Conclusion, when ten or a dozen Dogs which had followed a proud Bitch, ran in betwixt the Musicians Legs; and because many Rivals cannot be long together without quarreling, after some Grumbling, Snarling, and Grinning of Teeth; they fell together by the Ears of a sudden, with so much Fury and Animosity, that the poor Musicians to save their Shins, betook themselves to their Heels, leaving the Organs to the mercy of the Dogs. These immoderate Lovers were so uncivil, in the heat of their scuffle, as to throw down the harmonious Machine, with the Frame that supported it; and I should be loath to swear, that some one of them did not lift up a Leg and piss upon it, those Creatures being very diuretick in their Natures; especially where some Bitch or other of their Acquaintance is disposed to proceed to the Multiplication of her species. The Consort being thus out of Tune, mine Host order'd the Inn door to be open'd, intending to secure the Organs, with the Table and Trestle on which they stood, from farther Mischiefe. Whilst he and his Servants were busie about this charitable office, the Organist returned accompany'd by three Persons, amongst whom were a Woman, and a Man muffled up in his Cloak: This Man was the very *Ragotin* in Person, who designing to Senerade Madam *Star*, had address'd himself for that purpose to a little Eunuck, Organist of a Church. 'Twas this Monster, neither Man nor Woman, that sung the treble part, and play'd on the Organs which his Maid had brought; an overgrown Chorister sung the Base, both for the sum
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of two Testers, such was the scarcity of provisions at that time in the plentiful Country of *Mayne*. As soon as the Inn-keeper found out the Author of the Serenade, he cry'd out aloud, on purpose to be heard by all that were at the Window, Is it then you, Monsieur *Ragotin*, that have come with your Vespers to my Door? You had best go to Bed, and not disturb my Guests at this time of Night. *Ragotin* replied, that he was mistaken in his Man, and yet spoke it so, as if he intended to discover what he seem'd to deny. In the mean time, the Organist finding his Instrument much batter'd, and being a very cholerick Creature, as all beardless Animals are wont to be, swore to *Ragotin*, he would make him pay for it; *Ragotin*, replied, he did not care a straw for what he could do: Ay, but I'll make you care, said the Eunuch, I will be paid my Damages. Mine Host and his Servants gave their Votes for the Organist; but *Ragotin* made them to understand, like a parcel of ignorant Fools as they were, that this was never the Custom in Serenades, and so went away not a little proud of his Gallantry. The Musicians laid the Organ on the back of the Eunuch's Maid, who carried it home to her Master's House. He in a very melancholy Mood, following her with the Table on his shoulders, and attended by the Chorister with the two Trestles. The Inn Doors were lock'd up again, *Destiny* wish'd the Ladies good Night, and referred the remainder of his Story to the next Opportunity.

CHAP. XVI.

The Opening of the Stage, with other Matters of no less Consequence.

NEXT Day the Players assembled betimes in the Morning in one of those Chambers they had at the Inn, in order to rehearse the Play they were to act that Afternoon. *Rancour*, whom *Ragotin* had made Confident of his Serenade, which he seemingly made difficulty to believe, told his Comrades, that the little Fellow would not fail to be there suddenly, to receive their Applause for his refined piece of Gallantry. He also maliciously entreated them, that whenever he hinted at it, they would take no notice of it, but put him off

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with some other Discourse. *Ragotin* came into the Room at the same instant, and having saluted the Players in general, began to mention his Serenade to Madam *Star*, who at that time prov'd a meer wandring planet to him; for she still changed place, and never answer'd his Questions about what time she went to Bed, and how she had past the last Night? This made him to leave her, and address himself to Madam *Angelica*; who instead of entertaining him, studied the Part she had in the Play. He next went to *Cave*, who would not so much as look upon him. Every one of the Players in their turns exactly observing *Rancour's* Directions, neither answer'd any thing to *Ragotin's* Questions, shifting the Discourse as often as he began to mention what past the last Night. At length press'd by his Vanity, and impatient to suffer his Reputation to linger any longer, he thus spoke aloud to them all; Will you give me leave to tell you a great Truth, cry'd he? You may do as you please, reply'd some body: Why then, added he, 'twas I that gave you the last Night's Serenade. What! do they give Serenades with Organs in this Country, said *Destiny*? But whom did you intend it for? Was it not, continued he, for the fair Lady that set so many honest Dogs together by the Ears? No doubt on't, said *Olive*, for those snarling Curs would never have disturb'd such harmonious Musick, had they not been Monsieur *Ragotin's* Rivals, and jealous of him. Another of the Company would needs have his Jest, and therefore said, without doubt he is in his Lady's Favour, and meant nothing but honourable Love, since he could court her in the open Street. In short, every one in the Room had a fling at *Ragotin*, about his Serenade, except *Rancour*, who spar'd him, as having the Honour of being his Confident; and 'tis probable, this currish Raillery had still employed the whole Company, if the Poet (who, in his Nature, was as vain and ridiculous a Coxcomb as *Ragotin* could be, and who in every thing endeavour'd to gratifie his pride,) had not taken them off, by saying to them in the tone of a Man of Quality, or rather of a false Pretender to it; Now you talk of Serenades, I remember that when I was married, I had one bestow'd upon me, which lasted a Fortnight together, and consisted of a
hundred

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hundred several sorts of Instruments: It ranged all over the *Marais*: The genteelest Ladies in the *Place Royal*, took it upon their Accounts; several *Beaux* assum'd the Honour of it; nay, a Man of Quality took such a Fit of Jealousie upon it, that he order'd his Men to fall foul upon those who bestowed it on me only. But they met with their match, for these were all my own Country-men, and as brave Fellows as ever piss'd; and besides, most of them had been Officers in a Regiment I rais'd, in the late Insurrection of the Commons in our parts. *Rancour*, who checked his bantering Humour in favour of *Ragotin*, could not be so civil to the Poet, whom he continually plagu'd. Wherefore taking up the Cudgels against this Darling of the Muses, he said to him, Your Serenade, as you describe it, favour'd more of Bedlam, or a Procession of Rams-horns, than any of Gallantry; and therefore probably proving troublesome to the Person of Quality, he sent out his Footmen either to silence, or drive away the horrid Noise. And what confirms me in my Opinion, proceeds *Rancour*, is, the Case of your Bride, who died for Age, within six Months after your hymeneal Solemnity, as you term it, was over: Nay, but she died of a Fit of the Mother, said the Poet,—Say rather, of a Fit of the Grandmother, or Great Grandmother, replied *Rancour*: For added he, in the very beginning of *Henry the Fourth's* Reign, she was past having any Fits of the Mother, to my Knowledge; and to let you see that I am better acquainted with her, than ever you your self were, tho' you tell us daily such Wonders of her, I will now relate to you a passage of her Life, which I'm positive never yet came to your Knowledge. *In the Court of Queen Margaret*.——This beginning of a History drew all the Company in a Ring about *Rancour*, whom they knew to be furnished with malicious Memoirs enough against all human Kind. But the Poet who dreaded him exceedingly, interrupting him, cry'd out, I'll lay a hundred Pistoles to the contrary: Which abrupt Defiance made the Company so merry, that they laugh'd him out of the Room. This was his usual Way, by offering such Wagers of considerable Sums, to maintain his daily Hyperboles, which amounted to the weekly *Quantum* of a thousand or twelve hundred

Impertinencies, besides the innumerable downright Lies he vented into the Bargain. Now *Rancour* was the Comp-troller-general both of his Words and Actions, and the Ascendant he had over him was so great, that I dare compare it to the Genius of *Augustus* over *Anthony*; that is to say, like to like, without putting a Brace of Strollers in the Scale against two famous *Romans*. *Rancour* having thus begun his Story, and being interrupted by the Poet, as I said before, every one earnestly intreated him to pursue it: But he excus'd himself, promising to give them another time, a faithful account of the Poet's whole Life, where-with his Wife's should be likewise interwoven. It was now high time to rehearse the Play that was to be acted the same Day in a neighbouring Tennis-Court. Nothing worth Observation occurred at the Rehearsal. After Dinner they acted their Play, and came off with great Applause: *Madam Star* charm'd the whole Audience with her Beauty; *Angelica* did not want Admirers, and both of 'em acted their Parts to the general Satisfaction. *Destiny* and his Comrades did wonderfully well, insomuch that many of the Audience who had often seen Plays acted at *Paris*, confess that the King's Players could hardly have outdone them. *Ragotin* in his Heart and Mind ratified the Donative he had made of his Body and Soul to *Madam Star*, in the presence of *Rancour*, who promis'd him every Day to persuade his Mistress to accept it. Without this promise, Despair had soon made this little pitiful Lawyer the noble Subject of some great tragical Story. I cannot tell whether the Men pleas'd as well the Ladies of *Mans* in their Acting, as the Women did the Men. Nay, if I did know the Truth of it I think I should hardly discover it; but because the wisest Man is not able at all times to keep his Tongue betwixt his Teeth, I will conclude this present Chapter, to avoid all farther Temptation.

CHAP. XVII.

The ill Success of Ragotin's Civility.

AS soon as *Destiny* had stript himself of his old Embroidery, and put on his ordinary wearing Apparel, *la Rappiniere* carried him to the common Goal, because the Man they had taken that Day the Curate of *Domfront* was set upon, desir'd to speak with him. In the mean time the Actresses went home to their Inn with a numerous Attendance of Citizens. *Ragotin* happening to be near *Cave*, as she came out of the Tennis-Court where they had acted, offer'd her his Hand, to lead her home, tho' he would rather have paid that civil Office to his dear *Star*; he did the like to *Angelica*, so that he was Squire upon the right and left. This double Civility occasion'd a treble Inconveniency; for *Cave*, who had the upper hand, as in all reason she ought, was crowd'd to the Wall by *Ragotin*, that *Angelica* might not be forc'd to walk in the Kennel. Besides, this little Dwarf reaching no higher than their Waists, pull'd down their Hands so much, that they could scarce keep themselves from tumbling over him. But that which most troubled them was, his often looking behind to stare on *Madam Star*, who was talking to a Brace of Country *Beaux*, that would by all means lead her to her Lodgings against her Will. The poor Actresses endeavour'd many times to get loose from their Gentleman-Usher, but he held so fast, that they thought themselves in Fetters. They desir'd him a hundred times to spare himself that trouble; but he only answer'd, your Servant, your Servant, (his ordinary Compliment) and grip'd their Hands still harder and harder. Therefore they were fain to be patient, till they came to their Chamber-stairs where they hop'd to be set at Liberty; but *Ragotin* was better bred: And repeating only your Servant, your Servant, to all they could say, he endeavour'd at first to go up with 'em abreast, which he found impossible: Then *Cave* turn'd her Back to the Wall, and crept up side-ways, dragging *Ragotin* after her, who dragg'd *Angelica* in like

manner, she dragging nothing but laughing like a Fool. Now as an additional Inconveniency, when they were within four or five Steps of their Chamber-door, down comes a Servant belonging to the Inn, with a huge Sack of Oats on his Back of an excessive Weight, who with much ado, so heavy was his Load, bid them go down, for that he could not get up again with his Burthen. *Ragotin* would needs argue the case with him; the fellow swore bluntly, he would let fall his Sack upon 'em. This made them to go down again much faster than they had come up; but *Ragotin* would not however let go his hold. The Man with the Oats prest hastily upon 'em, which caus'd *Ragotin* to miss a Step, so that he hung in the Air, holding still the Players by the Hand, till he pull'd down *Cave* upon him, who supported him more than her Daughter, by reason of the Advantage of the Place. Thus she tumbled down upon him, lighting with her Feet on the Pigmy's Belly and Breast, and knock'd her Head so fiercely against her Daughter's, that they lay all three tumbling on the Floor. The Fellow thinking they could not easily get up time enough, and being no longer able to support his Load, lets his Sack down upon the Stairs, swearing and cursing like an Ostler. The Sack burst open with the Fall, and then came in mine Host, who scolded like mad at the Ostler. But as he was mad at the Fellow, so the Fellow was mad at the Players, and they as mad at *Ragotin*, who was as mad as the maddest of 'em all; because *Madam Star*, coming not far behind, was Witnesh of this Disgrace, not much inferior to the late Adventure of the deep-crown'd Hat; wherein his Head had been most unmercifully pent up, not to be recover'd till a pair of Cizars had broke the Incantment. *Cave* swore a great Oath, that *Ragotin* should never lead her again, and shew'd *Madam Star*, how black and blew he had squeez'd her Hands. *Star* told her, 'twas a just Judgment upon her, for robbing her of Monsieur *Ragotin*, who had engag'd himself to bring her back to her Lodgings after the Play; adding she was glad of the Mischance that had befallen him, for breaking his Word. However, he heard nothing of this, being all the while in Dispute

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pute with mine Host, who threatned to make him pay the Waste of his Oats, and had already offer'd to beat his Servant on the same account, who for that reason beat *Ragotin*, and call'd him Petty-fogger. *Angelica* began to banter him in her turn, and reproach'd him with his Infidelity to Mrs. *Star*: In fine, Fortune plainly shew'd how little she was yet concern'd in the Promises made to *Ragotin*, of making him gain her Affection to that Degree, as would render him more happy than any Lover in the whole Country of *Mayne*; Nay, *la Parche* and *Loyal* added to it. The Oats were swept up again, and the Actresses went into their Chamber, one by one, without any farther Misfortune. *Ragotin* did not follow them, nor can I exactly tell what became of him. Supper-time at last came, and to Supper they went: After Supper, every one withdrew to their respective Appartments, and *Destiny* lock'd himself up with the Actresses, in order to pursue his Story.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Continuation of the History of Destiny and Star.

I Made the foregoing Chapter a little of the shortest: Perhaps this will prove somewhat longer; however I am not sure of it; but we shall see. *Destiny* took his usual Seat; and resum'd his Tale after this manner. I shall finish my Story as briefly as I can, fearing I have already tir'd you too much with the Account of my Life and Fortune. *Verville* having given me a Visit, as I said before, and not being able to persuade me to return to his Fathers, left me, in all appearance, much troubled at the Resolution I had taken, and went home; where a while after he married Madam *Sallagne*, as *St. Far* did Madam *Lery*. She had as much Wit as *St. Far* had Dulness; and I wonder how two Persons of such unequal Talents have been able to live together in the matrimonial Society. In the mean time, I presently recover'd, and the generous Monsieur *de Saint Sauveur*, approving of my Design of leaving the Kingdom, furnish'd me with

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Money for my Journey; and *Verville*, who did not forget me, tho' now married, presented me with a good Horse, and a hundred Pistoles. I took my Journey towards *Lyons* to pass that way into *Italy*, with design to go once more to *Rome*, and after having taken my last Farewel of *Leonora*, to repair with Speed to *Candy*, there to put an end to my wretched Life. At *Nevers* I lodg'd at an Inn which stood near the River; and coming thither very early, and not knowing how to spend my time till Supper, went to take a Walk on a great Stone-bridge, built over the River *Loire*. There were a couple of Women walking there at the same time; one of which, that look'd as if she were sick, lean'd on the others Shoulder, and had much ado to crawl along. As I pass'd by I pull'd off my Hat to them, without taking notice of their Faces, and continued walking for some time on the said Bridge, still keeping my Thoughts employed upon my Misfortunes, and chiefly about my Amours. I was well enough clad, as all those ought to be, whose Quality cannot excuse an indifferent Habit. When I came again near these Women, I over-heard one of them say, For my part, I should believe it too, had we not heard he was dead. I cannot tell how I came to look behind me, having no Reason to think they talk'd of me, and yet no Man but my self was the Subject of their Discourse. I presently found the first Lady to be *Madam la Boissiere*, grown very pale and wan, and who then rested upon her Daughter *Leonora's* Shoulder. Thereupon I made directly towards them, with more assurance than I had in *Rome*, having improved my self, both as to my Person and Wit, during my Stay in *Paris*. I found 'em so surprized and amazed, that I verily believe they would have fled from me, had *Madam la Boissiere* been able to run; and this surprized me no less. I ask'd them what happy Chance brought me into the Presence of two Persons whom I esteemed above all the World. These Words dispelled their Fears. *Madam la Boissiere* told me, I ought not to wonder at seeing them look upon me with some Astonishment, since Signior *Stephano* had shewed them a Letter, from one of those Gentlemen I waited on at *Rome*, by which he was

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informed of my being killed in the War of *Parma*; adding she was over-joyed to find that News false, which had been so unwelcome to her. I replied, That Death was not the greatest Misfortune could befall me, and that I was going to *Venice* to court it; and, if possible, to spread the Report of my Death with greater Certainty than before. They grew sad at my Resolution; and the Mother began to express a great deal of Tenderness for me; the Cause of which I could not well guess at. At last I learnt from her self the Ground of her Civility. I was now in a Capacity to serve her, and her present Condition would not allow her to despise and look coldly on me, as she had done in *Rome*. They had met with a Misfortune which had put them to great Streights: For having turn'd all their Furniture into ready Money, they had left *Rome*, with a *French* Maid that had served 'em a long time, and Signior *Stephano's* Man, a *Fleming* like himself, who would needs return to his native County. This Fellow and the Wench, it seems, loved each other well enough to venture a Match; and yet they kept their Amour so private, that no body ever discovered it. Madam *la Boissiere* being come to *Ravenna*, went thence by water. At *Nevers* she found her self so very ill, that she could go no farther. During her sickness she was somewhat hard to be pleas'd, and her Maid more unwilling to humour her than ever she had been before. One Morning the Wench and her Paramour were missing; and, which was more grievous still, the poor Lady's Money was missing also. Her grief encreased her Distemper, and she was forced to stay at *Nevers* till she had received Letters from *Paris*, from whence she expected a Supply to proceed on her Journey. Madam *la Boissiere* told me this sad Adventure in few Words. I led 'em back to their Inn, which was the same where I had taken up my Quarters. After I had brought 'em to their Chamber, and stood a while with 'em, I retired to my own, leaving 'em to their Supper. For my part, I could not eat a Bit, but thought it was at least five or six Hours while I was at Table. I waited upon 'em as soon as they had given me notice that I should be welcome. I found the Mother in Bed, and

and the Daughter received me with a Countenance as sad as it appeared joyful a Moment before. The Mother was still more sad than the Daughter, and I griev'd for Company. We stared a while upon one another without speaking a Word. At last Madam *la Boissiere* shewed me a Letter she had newly received from *Paris*, which cast both her and her Daughter *Leonora* into the deepest Affliction in the World. She express'd the Reason of her Grief with a Flood of Tears, and her Daughter *Leonora* wept also most bitterly; which mov'd me so sensibly, that I thought I did not express my Sense of it enough, tho' I proffer'd 'em all I could possibly do for their Assistance, with such a Freedom, as put my Sincerity out of all doubt. I am as yet unacquainted with the Cause of your Grief, Ladies, said I; but if my Life can any ways contribute to your Relief, you may set your Minds at rest. Tell me therefore, Madam, said I, applying my self to the Mother, what must I do to serve you: Money I have, if you want any; and Courage likewise if you fear any Enemies; and the Satisfaction of having serv'd you, is the only Recompence I expect. My Words and Countenance gave 'em so full Assurance of the Reality of my Sentiments, that their Affliction was somewhat abated. Madam *la Boissiere* gave me a Letter to peruse, wherein a Gentlewomen of her acquaintance inform'd her, that a certain person, who was nameless, but whom I judg'd to be *Leonora's* Father, was commanded to leave the Court, and had retir'd into *Holland*. Thus this poor Lady found her self in a strange Country, without either Money, or the least Hopes of getting any. I made her a second proffer of the small Stock I had, which might amount to about Five hundred Crowns; and told her withal, that I would wait upon her into *Holland*, or any other Part of the World she had a mind to go to. In short, I assur'd her, she had found in me a Person that would do her all the Service she could expect from a Valet, and serve and honour her like a dutiful Son. I blush'd extremely at the word Son: But I was no more the hateful Man, that had been denied Admittance into their House in *Rome*, and to whom *Leonora* was invisible; for now she was much more civil, and her Mother less severe. At every Offer I made

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made she still replied, *Leonora* would be very much oblig'd to me. All was scor'd upon *Leonora's* Account, insomuch that one would have taken her Mother to have been only a Waiting-woman that spoke in her Mistress's Behalf: So true it is, that the Generality of the World respect People only so far as they are subservient to their own Interest. I left 'em very much comforted, and retired to my Chamber the most contented Man that could be. I past the Night very pleasantly, tho' waking frequently, which kept me somewhat late in Bed, for 'twas break of Day before I began to sleep. *Leonora* appear'd to me the next Day more nicely drest than she had the Day before; and she could not but observe that I had taken a little more care of my self. I led her to Mass without her Mother, who was as yet too weak to go abroad. We dined together, and from that time forward were but as one Family. Madam *la Boissiere* very thankfully acknowledged the good Offices I had tendred them, and often assur'd me, that she would not die in my Debt. I sold my Horse; and no sooner had the sick Lady recover'd her Strength, but we took a Tilt-boat, and went down the River to *Orleans*. During the time we were on the Water, I enjoy'd my *Leonora's* Conversation; nor was so great a Felicity interrupted by her Mother. I found her Wit as sprightly and Charming as her Looks; nor had she Reason to think mine so dull as she had found it in *Rome*. What can I say more? In short, she was as much taken with me, as I was captivated by her; and you may witness ever since you have seen us together, how little our reciprocal Affection is diminish'd.—What, said *Angelica*, interrupting him, is then Madam *Star* that *Leonora*? Who else? answer'd *Destiny*. At which Madam *Star* was pleas'd to say, her Friend had reason to question whether she were that *Leonora*, whom *Destiny* had made the Heroine of a Romance. 'Tis not upon that Score I start the Question, replied *Angelica*, but rather because we are ever in doubt of what we most desire. Madam *Cave* said, that for her part she had been confident it was so, even from the beginning, but desir'd them to wave any farther Discourse till *Destiny* had made an end of his Story; who went on thus. We arriv'd at *Orleans*; where our Entrance was so pleasant,

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pleasant, as well deserves a particular Relation. A Pack of Scoundrels, who always wait at the Water-side in expectation of Strangers, to carry home their Goods, croud-ed into our Boat. There were at least thirty that offer'd to take up two or three little Bundles betwixt 'em, which however the weakest of these lazy Rogues might have carried singly under his Arm. Had I been alone, perhaps I might not have been so wise as to bear calmly with their Insolence. Eight of them seiz'd upon a little Bundle, not weighing much above twenty pounds, which they seem'd to lift up from the Ground with much trouble; and having got it betwixt them, held it aloft above their Heads, upon their Fingers ends. All the Mob that stood by on the River-side fell a laughing, and we were fain to do the like. However I blush'd as red as Scarlet to go through the whole Town with such a Retinue: As for the rest of our Goods, which would not have loaden one porter, they employ'd twenty at least, my very Pistols being carried in State by four lusty Rogues. The Order of our March at our Entrance into the Town was as follows: First eight Hang-dogs, either drunk, or such as ought to have been so, carried the little Box behind 'em, as I told you before. Next follow'd my Pistols and Holsters, each carried by two Fellows. Madam *la Boissiere*, no less vext than my self, went immediately after: She was sitting in a great Wicker-chair, fastned to a couple of Cowl-bats, and carried by four Watermen, who relieved one another by Turns, and had a hundred impertinent Jestts as they went along. The rest of our goods came after her, being only a little Portmantle, and a Bundle cover'd with Canvas, which seven or eight of these Rascals tossed from one to another all the way. I brought up the Rear of this Triumph, leading *Leonora* by the Hand, who laughed so heartily, that I could not but be delighted with their Roguery in spite of my self. As we marched along, the Passengers stood still, gazing upon us; and the Noise they made on this occasion drew all the people to their Windows and Doors. At last we arrived at the Suburbs, which is the Road towards *Paris*, attended by abundance of Mob, and took up our Lodgings at the Sign of the Emperor. I put the Ladies into a Parlour, and afterwards
threatned

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threatned the Rogues so seriously, that they were contented to take a small Piece of Money for their Pains, the Inn-keeper, and his Wife taking my part against 'em. Madam *la Boissiere*, whom the Money I had furnished her withal sooner cured than any Cordials besides could have done, found her self strong enough to bear the Coach; wherefore I took up three places in one that was to go the next Morning; and within two Days after we arriv'd safe at *Paris*. As we alighted at the Inn, I made Acquaintance with *Rancour*, who came from *Orleans* in another Coach at the same time with ours. Hearing me enquire for the Inn to which the *Calais* Coach came, he told me he was just going thither himself, and if we had not hired a Lodging, he would carry us to a Woman of his Acquaintance who let Lodgings ready furnish'd, where we should have a very good Accommodation. We took him at his Word, and found it as he had told us. This Woman was the Widow of one that had all his Life-time belong'd to a Play-house, sometimes as a Door-keeper, and sometimes as a Scene-man, and even had often tryed to act Under-parts, but was generally hiss'd off the Stage. Having scraped some Money together at the Play-house, he furnished a House, let Lodgings, took Boarders, and by all this made a shift to gain considerably. We took a couple of Rooms, which were pretty convenient. Madam *la Boissiere* received a Confirmation of the ill News she had concerning *Leonora's* Father, and heard so much besides, tho' which she concealed from us, that it made her to relapse into her former Disease. This put off our Journey to *Holland* for a while, whither she resolv'd to go under my Conduct; and *Rancour*, who was going to the same Country to a Company of Players, was contented to stay for us, upon my promising to defray his Charges. Madam *la Boissiere* received frequent Visits from one of her Friends, that had waited at the same time with her upon the Ambassadors Lady at *Rome*, and had likewise been her Confident, whilst *Leonora's* Father made Love to her. This Woman acquainted her with her pretended Husband's Retirement, and did us several good Turns during the time we staid in *Paris*. I went out of Doors as seldom as I could, for fear of being seen by some of my Acquaintance; nor did I
find

find it a great Trouble to stay within, so long as I enjoy'd my *Leonora's* Company; whose Favour I gained more and more by my constant Care of her Mother. Upon this Woman's Perswasion, who, as I told you, came often to visit us, we went one Day to *St. Clou*, to air and refresh our sick Lady. Our Landlady came in for one among us, and *Rancour* for another. We took a Boat when we came to the Water side; afterwards walked in the best Gardens; and having had a small Collation, *Rancour* reconducted the Women towards the Boat, whilst I staid behind to scan the Reckoning with an unreasonable Hostess, who kept me longer from 'em than I intended. I got off as cheap as I could, and hastned to rejoin my Company. But I was not a little astonished, to find the Boat gone a good way off from the Shore, carrying my Company towards *Paris*, and leaving me behind, without any notice, or so much as my Foot-boy that had my Sword and Cloak. Standing at the Water-side, very much troubled at their not waiting for me, I heard a great Uproar in another Tilt-boat that lay hard by, when drawing somewhat near, I perceiv'd two or three Gentlemen, or persons that looked like such, who would needs fall foul on a Waterman because he would not follow our Boat. I leaped at a venture into that Boat, just as it was launching forth, the Waterman fearing he should be roughly handled. But if I was troubled that my Company had left me at *St. Clou*, I was no less perplex'd to find that he that had offer'd this Violence was the same *Sal-dagne*, whom I had so much Reason to hate. At the Instant I discovered him, he removed from the Place he sat in, and came just by me. I did not know which way to look, and hid my Face from him the best I could. But finding him so near, that it was impossible to conceal my self long, and knowing I had no Sword, I took the most desperate Resolution that could be, which Hatred alone could not have suggested, had it not been attended with Jealousie. I seized him by the Middle at the same time he began to know me, and threw my self into the River with him. He was not able to keep hold of my Clothes, whether his Gloves hindred him, or his sudden Surprize, I cannot tell. Never was Man nearer drowning. A great many

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many of the neighbouring Boats came in to save us, every one thinking we had fallen into the Water accidentally, except *Saldagne*, who knew the Truth, but was not in a Condition to discover, or to pursue me. I got on Shore again without much difficulty, having only a thin Sute on, which did not much hinder my swimming; and thinking it worth my labour to make haste, I got far enough off from *St. Clou* before *Saldagne* was fish'd up. As they had not a little ado to save him so, I dare say, they could hardly believe his Relation how I threw him into the Water, when he affirm'd I ventured my own drowning to procure his: For I cannot imagine why he should hide it from 'em. I was forced to go a great way about to get into *Paris*, and durst not enter the City till Night, having no need to dry my Clothes, the heat of the Sun, and my violent Exercise, having left but little Moisture in them. At length I got to my dear *Leonora*, whom I found in great Affliction; *Rancour* and our Landlady were overjoy'd to see me again, and so was *Madam la Boissiere* likewise, who the better to make her think I was her Son, acted the part of a distress'd Mother: She excus'd her self in private to me for their not staying; assuring me the fright *Saldagne* had put 'em into, hindred them from thinking on me; besides, that except *Rancour*, the rest of our Company would have rather embarrass'd than help'd me, if I had engag'd *Saldagne*. They told me that at their going from the Tavern, this Spark follow'd 'em to the Water-side, where he very uncivilly press'd *Leonora* to unmask; when her Mother discovering him to be the same Man that had attempted the like at *Rome*, shuffled into the Boat in a fright, and made the Water-man put off from the Shore, without staying for me. *Saldagne* in the mean time having a couple of Rakes like himself with him, got into the next Boat with his two Comrades, where I found him threatening the water-man, to make him follow *Leonora*. This Adventure made me to keep more within Doors than I had done formerly. A little while after *Madam la Boissiere* fell sick, her Melancholy contributing much to her Malady; which made us to remain part of the Winter at *Paris*. We were inform'd, that an *Italian* Prelate, who came from *Spain*, was going
to

to *Flanders* thro' *Peronne*; whereupon *Rancour* made Interest to have us comprehended in the Passport, in the Quality of Comedians. One Day, after we had waited upon this *Italian* Prelate, who lodg'd in the *Rue de Sein*, we supp'd in a Frolick in the Suburbs of *St. Germain*, with some Players of *Rancour's* Acquaintance. He and I going over the *Pont-neuf* afterwards very late, were set upon by five or six Rogues. I made the best Defence I could, and to give *Rancour* his due, he did as much as any brave Man could have done; insomuch that he sav'd my Life, tho' he could not keep me from being siezed by these Robbers, my Sword being unhappily fallen from my Hands. *Rancour* got very stoutly out of their Clutches, with the loss of a sorry Cloak only. As for me, I was plunder'd of all I had, except my Doublet and Breeches. And to aggravate my Misfortune, they rifled me of an enamell'd Box with *Leonora's* Father's Picture in it, which *Madam la Boissiere* had left with me, to try what I could get for some Diamonds it had round the Case. I found *Rancour* at the Bridge-foot, wounded in the Arm and Face, as I my self was, tho' slightly in the Head. *Madam la Boissiere* was very much concern'd for the loss of the Picture; but the Hopes of seeing the Original shortly comforted her. In fine, we went from *Paris* to *Peronne*; from *Peronne* to *Brussels*, and from *Brussels* to the *Hague*; from whence *Leonora's* Father had been gone about a fortnight before over into *England*, where he intended to serve the King against the *Parliamentarians*. *Leonora's* Mother was so deeply afflicted at his Departure, that she fell suddenly sick and died. As she was going to breath her last, and seeing me to grieve as much as if I had been her own Son, she recommended her Daughter to me, and made me to engage that I would not forsake her, but endeavour to find out her Father, and restore her to his Possession. Not long after, a *Frenchman* robb'd me of all the rest of my Money, which reduc'd both *Leonora* and my self to that Necessity, that we were forc'd to get into your Company, who, you know, accepted of us thro' the Recommendation of *Rancour*. You are acquainted with the rest of my Adventures, which since that time

have

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have been common to us all, at least as far as *Tours*, where I think I saw the Devil *Saldagne*; and, if I be not very much mistaken, I believe it will not be long before I meet him again in these Parts, which I fear less for my own part than for *Leonora's*, who would lose a most faithful Servant, if I should happen to miscarry, or be forc'd to part from her by my unlucky Stars. Thus *Destiny* ended his Story; and after having comforted *Madam Star* a while, whom the Relation had a little disordered, by renewing the Remembrance of her Misfortunes, which made her to weep exceedingly, as if they had but newly happened, he took his leave of the Actresses, and so went to Bed.

CHAP. XIX.

Some Reflections which are not amiss. Ragotin's new Disgrace, and other Things, which you may read if you please.

LOVE, which makes the young to undertake any Thing, and the old to forget every Thing; Love, which occasioned the Wars of *Troy*, and many others besides, which I do not think worth while to mention here, would needs make it known in the City of *Mans*, that he is as much to be dreaded in a pitiful Inn, as in the brightest Palace whatsoever. He was not therefore contented with depriving the amorous *Ragotin* of his Appetite, but likewise inspired *la Rappiniere* with a thousand irregular Desires, a Man very susceptible of them, and made *Roquebrune* likewise to languish for the Operator's Wife, adding a fourth Folly to his Vanity, Bravery and Poetry; or rather obliging him to commit a double Infidelity: For he had made his amorous Addresses a long while before, both to *Star* and *Angelica*, who often advised him to desist, and not throw away his Courtship. But all this is nothing to what I shall now relate: Love triumphed likewise over the Insensibility and Misanthropy of *Rancour*, who became enamoured of the Operator's Wife

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Wife too, and by Consequence a Rival to the Poet *Roquebrune*, a Punishment for his Sins, and an atonement for the cursed Writings he had published. This Womans Name was *Donna Inizella del Prado*, a Native of *Malaga* and her Husband, or he that was reputed such, *Signior Ferdinando Ferdinandi*, a Gentleman of *Venice*, born at *Caen* in *Normandy*. There were several others in the Inn besides the above-named, who were infected with the same Disease, as dangerously, if not more than those whose Secrets I have revealed; but they shall be discover'd too in due Time and Place. *La Rappiniere* fell in Love with *Madam Star* when she acted *Climene*, and intended then to have declared his Distemper to *Rancour*, whom he thought capable of doing any thing for Money. The Heavenly Bard *Roquebrune* designed the Conquest of a Spanish Lady worthy his Courage. But as for *Rancour*, I cannot imagine by what potent Charms this Foreign Lady could inflame the Heart of one with Love, who hated all the World. This worn-out Stroller, being in Hell before his time, I mean in Love before his Death, was still in Bed, when *Ragotin* troubled him with his Passion, as it were the Belly-ake, came to desire him to mind his business and take pity on him. *Rancour* assured him, that ere that day were over, he would do him a notable piece of Service with his Mistress. *La Rappiniere* entred *Rancour's* Chamber at the same time, who was still dressing himself. Having taken him aside, he confest his Infirmary to him, and vowed, that if he could bring him into favour with *Madam Star*, there was nothing in his Power, but he would do for him, even to the making him one of his Assistants, and bestowing his Niece in Marriage on him, whom he designed to make sole Heiress after his Death, because he had no Children of his own.

The cheating Rogue promis'd him yet more than he had done *Ragotin*, which put this Hangmans Purveyor in good Hopes. *Roquebrune* came likewise to consult the same Oracle: He was the most incorrigible presumptuous Coxcomb, that ever came from the Banks of *Garonne*, and one who thought every Body believ'd what he romanc'd about his good Family, Riches, Poetry and Valour;

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lour; infomuch, that he slighted all the dry Jests and Bobs that *Rancour* perpetually cast at him, presuming that what he did, was only for Conversation sake: And besides, he understood Raillery as well as any Man alive; and bore it like a Christian Philosopher, even when it touch'd to the very quick. He therefore imagin'd he was admir'd by all the Players, nay, even by *Rancour* himself, who had experience enough to admire but few things; and was so far from having a good Opinion of this poor Brother of the Quill, that he made a full enquiry into his Extraction, thereby to discover whether those Bishops and great Lords, his Countrymen, whom he quoted ever and anon for his Relations, were the true Branches of that Genealogick Tree, this Fool of Noble Alliances, and Coats of Arms, together with many other things, had caus'd to be drawn in an old Roll of Parchment. He was very sorry to find *Rancour* in Company, tho' he had less need to be troubled at that time than any one besides, it being his ill Custom, to be ever whispering in Peoples Ears, and to make a Secret of every thing, sometimes of nothing. However he took *Rancour* in a Corner, and at first very gravely desir'd to know whether the Operators Wife was a Person of a great deal of Wit, or not; because he had loved Women of all Nations but *Spaniards*, and if she were worth his Labour, he should not be much the poorer, if he presented her with a hundred Pistoles, which he as often mention'd upon every trifling occasion, as the great Family from whence he was descended. *Rancour* told him, he was not so well acquainted with *Donna Inizella*, as to answer for her Wit, tho' he had often met her Husband in the chiefest Cities of the Kingdom, where he sold his Antidotes; but if he desir'd so much to be informed about it, 'twas but joining Conversation with her, since she began to speak *French* tolerably well, and he might soon be satisfi'd. *Roquebrune* would needs entrust him with his Pedigree in Parchment, that he might dazzle the *Spanish Donna* with the splendor of his Race; but *Rancour* told him his Pedigree would sooner make him a Knight of *Malta*, than a happy Lover. Whereupon *Roquebrune* with a smiling Countenance added; Well, Sir, you know what I am,

I am. Yes, replied *Rancour*, I know well enough what you are now, and what you will ever be to your dying Day. The Poet went away as he came, and *Rancour*, his Rival and Confident at the same time, drew near to *La Rappiniere* and *Ragotin*, who were Rivals also, tho' unknown to each other. As for old *Rancour*, besides that we naturally hate any one that endeavours to rob us of what we design for our selves, and the general quarrel he had against all Mankind; besides all this, I say, he ever had a particular Aversion to the Poet, which this Discovery was not likely to abate. *Rancour* therefore absolutely resolv'd, from that time forward, to do him all the mischief he possibly could, to which moreover his apish Nature prompted him, and fitted him for it: And not to lose time, he began that very day, by basely borrowing Money of him, wherewith he new cloathed himself from top to toe, and besides stocked himself well with Linnen. He had before been a Sloven all his Life-time; but Love, which works far greater Miracles than any thing else, now made him more curious of his Dress in his declining Days. In a word he chang'd his Linnen oftner than became a Stroller, and began to wash, powder, and colour his gray Hairs, and likewise to trim himself so carefully, that his Comerades took notice of it. The Players had that day a Play bespoken, at one of the chiefeft Citizens of *Mans*, who made a great Treat, and gave a Ball at his Niece's Wedding, whose Guardian he had been. The Nuptials were kept at a very fair Country-House of his, about a League from the City; but whether *Eastward*, *Westward*, *Northward*, or *Southward*, I cannot tell. The Decorator belonging to the Strollers, and a Carpenter were sent in the Morning early to erect a Stage. The whole Company of Players followed in two Coaches, about a eleven a Clock, that they might get thither by Dinner-time. *Donna Inezilla*, the *Spanish* Lady, made one, at the earnest intreaty of the Actresses and *Rancour*. *Ragotin* being informed of the Business, went to an Inn at the end of the *Suburbs*, where he waited the coming of the Coaches, and tyed a very fine Steed which he had borrowed, to the Grate of the Parlour that lookt into the Street. He was
scarce

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scarce set down to Dinner, when word was brought him, that the Coach was in sight. He flew to his Horse on the wings of Love, with a great Sword by his side, and a Carabine dangling at his Breech like a Bandeleer. He would never confess what his fancy was, to go to a Wedding with such store of offensive and defensive Weapons; neither could *Rancour* his Confident ever perswade him to discover it. By that time he had untied his Horse's Bridle, the Coaches were so near, that he had not time to look for a Jossing-block, that he might appear in State on his Steed like pretty St. George. And being none of the best Horsemen, and unprepar'd to shew his nimble Disposition, he did it but very awkwardly; for his Horse's Legs were as much too long, as his were too short. However, he stoutly reared himself in the Stirrup, and threw his right Leg over the Saddle; but the Girts being loose, it occasion'd a strange Distaster; for this made the Saddle to turn round, while he was bestriding the Steed. Yet all things went hitherto well enough, but the cursed Carabine which hung on a Belt about his Neck like a Collar, got so unfortunately betwixt his Legs before he was aware, that his Breech could not reach the Saddle, which was an old-fashion'd one, the Carabine lying a cross from the Pummel to the Crupper. Thus he sat in a very uneasy Posture, as not being able with the tip of his Toe, so much as to touch the Stirrups: Therefore his Heels being armed with Spurs, he kicked the Horse's side in a place he was never used to be pricked in, which made him to start more briskly than was necessary for a little Rider in that Posture, having nothing but the Carabine to rest upon. This made him to cling his Legs close to the Horse's sides, which made the Horse to fling up his hinder Legs; when *Ragotin* following the Nature of all heavy Bodies, fell into the Horse's Neck, whereby he got a bruised Nose, the Steed lifting up his Head suddenly at a jerk he gave him with the Bridle very preposterously: Now thinking to repair his Oversight, he let go the Reins; but giving the Horse his Head, he at that very instant gave such great leap, and cast his Rider quite over the Saddle upon the Cruper, with the Carabine still be-

tween

tween his Legs. The Horse not being us'd to carry any thing behind, makes a *Croupade*, which places *Ragotin* in the Saddle again. The unskilful Horseman clapt his Heels close to his sides afresh, and then the Horse flung up his hinder Legs more then at first, which pitch'd the unfortunate *Ragotin*, just upon the Pummel, where we must leave him as on a Pinacle, to rest our selves a while; for upon the Honour of a Gentleman, this Description has cost me more Pains, than all the Books besides, and yet I am not well satisfied with it neither.

CHAP. XX.

The shortest in this present Book. Ragotin's Fall off his Horse, and something of the like Nature which hapned to Roquebrune.

WE left *Ragotin* planted on the Pummel of a Saddle, not knowing how to behave himself, and much perplex'd how he should get off. I scarce believe the de-funct *Phaeton*, of unhappy Memory, was ever more troubled with his Fathers four fiery Steeds, than was at this time our little Lawyer, with this one Titt, on which he nevertheless sat as quiet as a Lamb. That it did not cost him his Life, as it did *Phaeton*, he was beholding to Fortune, whose Caprices would be a fit Subject for me to expatiate on, were I not in Conscience oblig'd to release *Ragotin* from the imminent Danger he is in, having besides, many more things to treat of concerning our Strollers, during their Residence at *Mans*. As soon as the disastrous *Ragotin* felt what an uneasy Cushion he had under the two most fleshy parts of his Body, on which he us'd to sit, as all other rational Creatures are wont; I mean, as soon as he found how narrow his Seat was, he quitted the Bridle like a Man of Discretion, and laid hold of the Horse's Mane, who at the same time ran away full Speed. Thereupon the Carabine went off: *Ragotin* thought he had been shot, his Horse undoubtedly believed the same, and therefore made such foul Stumble, that the little Man lost his Seat; insomuch, that for a time, he hung by the Horse's

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Horse's Mane, with one Foot entangled by his Spur in the saddle-cloath, and the other with the rest of his Body, hanging dangling towards the Earth in expectation of a Fall, as soon as his Spur should break loose; together with his Sword, Carabine, and Bandaleer. At length his Foot being disingag'd, his Hands let go the Mane, and down he tumbled, tho' with more Grace and Skill than he had got up. All this happened in the Sight of the Coaches, that stopt on purpose to see what would become of him; or rather to have the pleasure of laughing at him. He cursed the Horse, who stood stock still, as soon as he had laid down his Load: But to comfort him, they took him into one of the Coaches in the Poet's room, who was willing to ride, that he might flutter about the Coach, and court *Inezilla*, who sat in the Boot. *Ragotin* resign'd his Sword and Fire-arms to him, which he put on as dextrously as any Son of *Mars* could have done. He lengthned his Stirrups, fitted the Bridle, and without doubt went to get up more methodically than *Ragotin* had done. But surely there had some Spell been cast upon that unlucky Horse that Day, for the Saddle being too loosely girted, as before, turn'd round with the Poet, as it had done with *Ragotin*; and the String of his Breeches breaking, the Horse ran a pretty way with him, whilst he had but one Foot in the Stirrup, his other serving the Beast as a fifth Leg, whereby his back-parts became expos'd to all the Company, his Breeches dangling all the way about his Heels. None of the Spectators laugh'd much at *Ragotin*'s Mishap, because they were afraid he would hurt himself, but *Roquebrune*'s Accident was attended with loud Shouts and Laughter from the Coaches: The Coachmen stopt to laugh their Bellies full, and all together hollowed at *Roquebrune*, which drove him, having disingag'd himself, into a House for Shelter, leaving the Horse to his own Discretion, who very wisely trotted back again to the Town. *Ragotin* knowing he was responsible for the Beast, alighted out of the Coach and went after him; when the Poet having cas'd up his Posteriors, return'd to the Coach much troubled, and no less troublesom to the Company by *Ragotin*'s Martial Equipage, who had undergone this third

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Disgrace in his Mistress's Presence, with which we shall conclude the twentieth Chapter.

CHAP. XXI.

Which perhaps will not be found very Entertaining.

THE Players were very well receiv'd by the Master of the House, who was a good honest Man, and one of the most considerable in those Parts. They had two Chambers allotted them to lay their Cloaths in, and make themselves ready for the Play, which was put off till after Supper. They dined in private, and after Dinner, those that had a mind to walk, had the choice of a Grove and a fine Garden to do it in. A young Counsellor of the Parliament of *Reenes*, and near Kinsman to the Master of the House, accosted our Players, having discover'd *Destiny* to be a Person of more than vulgar Judgment, and the Actresses, besides their great Beauty, to be such as could say more than just the Parts they had learnt by Heart. They discoursed of Matters relating to their Profession, as Plays, Dramatick Writers, &c. This young Counsellor said amongst other things, that there was scarce any remarkable Subject for the Stage, that had not been blown upon; that all History was almost exhausted, and that modern Authors would at last be constrained to wave those nice Rules of Unity of Time, and stretch it beyond four and twenty Hours: That the generality of People did not apprehend what those severe Rules of the Stage were good for, being rather pleased with Action and Representation than Recitals; and therefore such Plots might be contriv'd as would meet with Applause, without either falling into the Extravagancies of the *Spaniards*, or being tied up to the strict Precepts of *Aristotle*. From Plays, they proceeded to talk of Romances. The Counsellor said, that nothing could be more diverting, than our modern Romances; that the *French* alone knew how to write good ones; however, that the *Spaniards* had a peculiar Talent to compose little Stories, which they called *Novelas*, which are more useful, and more probable Pat-

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terns for us to follow, than those imaginary Heroes of Antiquity, who grow often times tedious and troublesom, by being over-civil, and over-virtuous. In short, that those Examples which may be imitated, are at least as beneficial, as those that exceed all probability and belief; from all which he concluded, that if a Man could write as good *Novels* in *French*, as those of *Miguel de Cervantes*, they would soon be as much in Vogue, as ever heroick Romances have been. *Roquebrune* was not of the same Opinion: He affirm'd very positively, that there could be no Pleasure in reading Romances, unless they contained the Adventures of Princes, nay, and of great Princes too, and that for that reason, *Astrea* only pleased him here and there. In what Histories can one find Kings and Emperors enough to make new Romances, said the Counsellor? We must feign 'em replied *Roquebrune*, as they usually do in fabulous Stories, which have no Foundation in History. I perceive then, return'd the Counsellor, that *Don Quixot* is very little in your Favour. 'Tis the silliest Book that ever I read, replied *Roquebrune*, tho' it be cried up by a great many Men of Wit. Have a care, said *Destiny*, it be not rather for want of Wit in you, than any Defect in the Book, that you entertain so indifferent an Opinion of it. *Roquebrune* would not have fail'd to answer *Destiny*, had he but heard what he had spoke: But he was so taken up with telling his Feats to some Ladies, who were come near the Players, that he minded him not, but promis'd that fair Sex, he would write a Romance in five Parts, every Part to contain five Volumes, which should eclipse all the *Cassandra's*, *Cleopatra's*, and *Cyrus's* in the World, tho' this last had the Sirname of *Great*, as well as the Son of *Pepin*. During this the Counsellor was telling *Destiny* and the Actresses, that he had writ some Novels in Imitation of the *Spaniards*, and promised he would communicate 'em to them. Thereupon *Inezilla* told them, in a sort of *French* that had more of the *Gascon* than the *Spanish* in it, that her first Husband had the Character of a tolerable Writer in the Court of *Spain*, having compos'd several Novels that were much esteem'd, some whereof she had in Manuscript, which, in her Opinion,

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deserv'd to be translated into *French*. The young Counsellor being extremely curious in such kind of Compositions, told the *Spanish* Lady, she would do him a great Favour in letting him have the Perusal of 'em, which she very civilly consented to do: adding withal, that no body was better stor'd with Novels than her self; for as some Women in her Country would sometimes attempt to write both in Verse and Prose, so she had made it her Pastime, and could entertain 'em with some Novels of her own making. *Roquebrune* confidently, according to Custom, offered to turn 'em into *French*. *Inezilla*, who was perhaps the sharpest *Spaniard* that had ever come over the *Pirenees*, replied, that to do as he pretended, it was not only requisite he should understand the *French* Tongue well, but be equally acquainted with the *Spanish* also; and that therefore she could not give him her Novels to translate, till she was so well acquainted with the *French*, as to be able to judge whether he was qualified for the Undertaking. *Rancour*, who had been silent all the while, said, there was no doubt to be made of his Ability, since he had been Corrector to a Printing-House: He had no sooner pop'd out these words, but he remembered *Roquebrune* had lent him Money, which made him pursue his Jest no farther; to which the Poet, dash'd out of Countenance at *Rancour's* Words, replied, that he could not deny but that he had corrected some few Sheets, but then they were nothing but what he had publish'd of his own. Madam *Star*, to shift the Discourse, told *Donna Inezilla*, that since she was Mistress of so many fine Stories, she could not be angry if she often importun'd her to relate some of 'em. The *Spanish* Lady replied, she was ready to give her Satisfaction presently: They took her at her Word, and all the Company having seated themselves round her, she began a Story, tho' not in the very same Words you will find in the following Chapter; yet so intelligibly, as made 'em to guess she was Mistress of a great deal of Wit in *Spanish*, since she discovered so much in a Language, to whose Delicacies she was a perfect Stranger.

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CHAP. XXII.

The Impostor Out-witted. A Novel.

A Young Lady of the City of *Toledo*, named *Victoria*, descending from the ancient Family of *Portocarrero*, had retir'd to a House she had on the Banks of *Tagus*, about half a League distant from that City, in the Absence of her Brother, who was a Captain of a Troop of Horse in the Low-Countries. She became a Widow at Seventeen, having been wedded to an old Gentleman that had got a great Estate in the *Indies*, but who six Months after his Marriage, perish'd in a Storm at Sea, leaving much Wealth to his Wife. This fair Widow after the Death of her Husband, kept House constantly with her Brother, where she liv'd in such Repute, that at the Age of Twenty, all the Mothers propos'd her for a pattern for their Children, the Husbands to their Wives, and the Lovers to their Desires, as a Conquest worthy their Ambition. But as her Retirement had cooled the Love of many, so on the other hand, it encreased the Esteem the whole World had for her. In this Country-house she enjoy'd at Liberty all the Innocent Pleasures of a rural Life; when one Morning her Shepherds brought to her a couple of Men, whom they had found stript of all their Cloaths, and bound fast to a Tree, to which they had been tied the whole Night. They had lent each of them a scurvy Shepherd's Coat to cover their Nakedness; and in this fine Equipage they appear'd before the fair *Victoria*. So mean a Habit did not hide from her the noble Mien of the younger, who made her a genteel Complement, and told her he was a Gentleman of *Cordova*, *Don Lopes de Gongora* by Name, who travelling from *Sevil* to *Madrid* about business of great Importance, and having over-stay'd his time at Play, about half a Days Journey from *Toledo*, where he had din'd the Day before, the Night surpriz'd them; and both he and his Man falling asleep, expecting a Mule-driver who staid behind; some Thieves finding them in that Condition, tied them to a Tree, having first stript them.

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Victoria doubted not the Truth of his Relation, his good Mien pleading in his Favour ; however thought it would be a great piece of Generosity in her to relieve a Stranger reduced to this sad Extremity. It happen'd by good luck, that amongst the Clothes her Brother had left in her Custody, there were some Suits, for the *Spaniards* never part with their old Clothes, tho' they make new ones. They chose the finest, and that which fitted best the Master's Shape; and his Man was also clothed with what they could find next at hand. Dinner-time being come, this Stranger whom *Victoria* had invited to her Table, appear'd so accomplish'd, and entertained her with so much Wit, that she thought the Relief she had afforded him, could never have been better bestowed. They conversed together the remaining part of the Day, and were so much taken with each other's Perfections, that neither of them slept so quietly that Night, as they had done before. The Stranger would needs send his Man to *Madrid*, to fetch him Money, and buy him some Clothes, or at least he pretended to do so ; but the fair Widow would by no means suffer him, promising to lend him as much as would carry him to his Journey's end. He made some Overtures of Love to her the very same Day, and she gave him a favourable Audience. In fine, in a Fortnights time, the Opportunity of the Place, the equal Merit of these two Persons, a great many Oaths and Vows on one side, too much Frankness and Credulity on the other, a Promise of Marriage tendred, and their reciprocal Faith plighted in the presence of an old Gentleman-Usher, and Waiting-woman, made her to commit a Fault she had hitherto been thought incapable of, and put this happy Stranger in Possession of the most beautiful Lady of *Tledo*. For eight days together it was nothing but Love and Dear, Fire and Flames, and the like, betwixt these two Lovers. But now part they must, and Tears will succeed : *Victoria* indeed had right to stay him, but the Stranger pretended he lost a great deal by not going ; however profess'd, that since he had been so happy as to win her Heart, he would mind no more either his Law-suit at *Madrid*, or his Preferment at Court. Hereupon she grew impatient to have him

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him gone; her Passion it seems not having blinded her Reason so much, as to make her prefer the pleasure of his Company, to that of his Advancement. She got new Clothes made for him and his Man at *Toledo*, furnished him with as much Money as he desired; and so he set forward on his Journey to *Madrid*, mounted on a good Mule, and his Man on another. The poor Laay was full of real Grief at his Departure, and he was no less afflicted, or at least pretended to be so, with the greatest Hypocrisie in the World. The same Day he took his Journey, the Chamber-maid making his Bed, found a Picture-case wrapt in a Letter; she carried them immediately to her Mistress, who found in the Case the Portraiture of a most beautiful young Lady, and reading the Letter, it contain'd these Words, or others to the same effect.

Dear Cousin,

“ HERE inclos'd I send you the Picture of the beautiful
 “ *Elvira de Sylva*, but when you shall see her, you will
 “ be apt to confess how infinitely the Resemblance falls short
 “ of the Original; and how much brighter her Beauty is
 “ than that the Painter could draw for her. Her Father *Don*
 “ *Pedro de Sylva* expects you with Impatience: The Arti-
 “ cles of Marriage betwixt you and her are already drawn up
 “ according to your Wishes, and in my Opinion, very much
 “ to your Advantage. All this, I hope, will be sufficient
 “ to hasten your Journey. Farewel.

Madrid, &c.

Don Antonio de Rebera.

This Letter was directed to *Ferdinand de Ribera* at *Sevil*. Now imagine, I beseech you, *Victoria*'s Astonishment at the reading of this Epistle, which in all probability, could be written to no other than her false *Leopez de Gongora*. She now perceiv'd, but too late, that this Stranger, whom she had so highly and so hastily oblig'd, had disguis'd his Name; and thereby was fully assur'd of his Infidelity and Treachery. The Beauty of the Lady in the picture made her to feel all the Torments of Jealousie, and the Articles of Marriage already drawn up, almost distracted her with Despair. Never was any mortal Creature more sensibly afflicted; her

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Sighs went near to burst her Heart, and she shed such a Flood of Tears, that her Head aaked most intolerably. Miserable, abandon'd Woman that I am, said she to her self, (and sometimes would also bemoan her self before her old Gentleman-Usher, and Waiting-woman, who had both been Witnesses of her Marriage) Have I thus long been so discreet and reserv'd, to commit at last a most irreparable Fault? And have I refus'd so many Men of Quality of my Acquaintance, who would have thought themselves but too happy in the Enjoyment of me, to throw my self away upon a Stranger, who perhaps laughs at my easie Credulity, now he has ruin'd my Fame, and made me for ever miserable? What will they say of me at *Toledo*? Nay, what will they say over all *Spain*? Can a young, base, cheating Pretender, be discreet? Why did I let him know I lov'd him, before I was assur'd of the Sincerity of his Heart? Would he have chang'd his Name, if he had meant to keep his flattering Promises? Or can I hope, after all this, that he will not reveal his easie Conquest over me? What will not my Brother be provok'd to do to me, for what I have done against my self? And to what purpose is he now courting Glory and Fame in *Flanders*, if I must disgrace him thus in *Spain*? No, no, *Victoria*, thou must do any thing to repair this Crime: But before I proceed to Vengeance, and desperate Remedies, I must try to regain by Craft, what I have lost by my Imprudence: It will then be time enough to have recourse to desperate Methods, when all other Means prove ineffectual. *Victoria* had, it seems, a great Spirit, and Presence of Mind, since she could fix on so good a Resolution at such a Plunge. Her old Gentleman-Usher, and her Waiting-woman, would have both given her Advice; but she told them, she knew as much as they could say, and that Actions, and not Words, must now do her Business. The very same Day, a couple of Carts were laden with Household-stuff and Necessaries, *Victoria* giving out amongst her Domesticks, that she had pressing Occasions concerning her Brother, which called her to Court. She took Coach with her Squire and Woman, and hastned to *Madrid*, whither her Goods were appointed to follow. As soon as she arriv'd there, she enquir'd for *Don Pedro de Sylva's* House, and being informed

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informed whereabouts it was, hired one for her self in the same Street. Her Gentleman-Usher's Name was *Roderigo Santillane*, who from his Youth had been bred up by *Victoria's* Father, which made him to love his Mistress, as if she had been his own Sister. Having much Acquaintance in *Madrid*, where he had spent his youthful Days, he soon discover'd that *Don Pedro de Sylva's* Daughter was to be wedded to a Gent'eman of *Sevil*, named *Ferdinand de Ribira*, which Match had been made up by a Cousin of his of the same Name, and was so near a Conclusion, that *Don Pedro* was already providing Servants for his Daughter. The very next Day *Roderigo Santillane*, in a plain, but decent Garb, *Victoria* in the Habit of a Widow of mean Condition, accompany'd by *Beatrix* the Waiting-woman, who was to personate her Mother-in-Law, and *Roderigo's* Wife, went altogether to *Don Pedro's*, and desir'd to speak with him. *Don Pedro* receiv'd them very civilly, whom *Roderigo* acquainted with much assurance, that he was a decay'd Gentleman of the Mountains of *Toledo*, and having but one only Daughter by his first Wife, which was *Victoria*, whose Husband died not long since at *Sevil*, and finding his own, and his Daughter's Fortune very low, he had brought her to Court to get some good Service; and moreover, having been inform'd that he was about settling his Daughter's Family upon Marriage, he hoped he would not take it unkindly, that he came to proffer the young Widow's Service to him, she being a person very fit to be a *Duenna* to the Bride; adding, his Daughters Merit gave him the greater Confidence to present her to him, not doubting but that her Breeding and good Qualities would procure her a little better Title to her Mistress's Favour, than the small stock of Beauty she had to recommend her. Before I proceed any further, I must advertise those that are unacquainted with it, that the Ladies in *Spain* keep *Duenna's* in their Houses, and that those *Duenna's* are much the same with our *Governantes* or Ladies of Honour belonging to persons of Quality: I must add to this, that the *Duenna's* in *Spain* are severe and troublesome Animals, no less dreadful than a domineering Mother-in-Law is esteem'd among us. To go on with my Story, *Roderigo* plac'd his part so well, and *Victoria* beau-

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tiful as she was, appear'd agreeable in her modest and plain Attire, and had such a promising Look in her Face, that *Don Pedro de Sylva* accepted of her immediately to govern his Daughter. He proffered *Roderigo* and his Wife an Employment in his House likewise; but he excused himself, and told him, he had some Reasons not to accept of the Honour he intended him; but having a House in the same Street, he would be ready to wait on him at any time he should command it. Thus was *Victoria* entertained in *Don Pedro's* House, infinitely beloved both by him and his Daughter, and no less envied by all the other Servants. *Don Antonio de Rabera*, who had contrived the Match between his faithless Cousin, and *Don Pedro Sylva's* Daughter, came often to bring *Don Pedro* News, that his Kinsman was on his Journey, and had written to him of his setting forth from *Sevil*; and yet this Cousin did not appear: This very much perplexed him, nor could *Don Pedro* and *Elvira* tell what to make of it: But still *Victoria* was the most concerned. However, *Don Ferdinand* was not able to come so soon: For the very same Day he parted from *Victoria*, Heaven had in some measure punished his Treachery; for as he passed thro *Illescas*, a fierce Dog running out of a House unawares, affrighted his Mule so terribly, that his Leg was sorely bruised against a Wall, he thrown down, and his Knee put out of Joint, which pained him so exceedingly, that he could not prosecute his Journey. He was seven or eight Days under the Surgeons Hands, who were none of the most skilful, when his Ailment growing worse and worse, he at length acquainted his Cousin with his Misfortune, desiring him withal to send him a Horse-Litter. The News of his Friends Fall afflicted no less, than the Knowledge of his being so nigh pleased them. *Victoria*, who still loved him, was not a little disquieted. *Don Antonio* sent a Litter to convey *Don Ferdinand* to *Madrid*, where being arriv'd. whilst they were providing Clothes for him and his Retinue, which was to be very magnificent, he being the eldest Son of the Family, and wealthy enough, the Surgeons of *Madrid*, more skilful than those at *Illescas*, cured him perfectly well. *Don Pedro de Sylva*, and his Daughter *Elvira* had notice of the Day when *Don Antonio de Ri-*
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bera was to bring his Cousin *Don Ferdinand* to them. It is probable the young *Elvira* did not neglect her self upon that Occasion, nor that *Victoria* was without Concern at this intended Interview. She saw her faithless Lover enter, trickt up like a Bridegroom; and if he was so charming in a poor naked *Deshabille*, what must he be now in his Wedding clothes? *Don Pedro* was very well satisfied with him, and his Daughter must have been very nice, had she not been fully pleas'd. All the Servants of the House stared with all the Eyes they had upon their young Lady's Bridegroom, and every one of the Family was over-joy'd at the Match, except the poor *Victoria*, whose Heart you may imagine was oppress'd with Grief. *Don Ferdinand* was charm'd with *Elvira's* Beauty, and confest to his Cousin, that she was yet more beautiful than her Picture, according to what he had hinted in his Letter. His first Compliments display'd a great deal of Wit, and he very skilfully avoid'd those impertinent Fooleries, and starched Nonsense, which most Men are guilty of, in their first Addresses to a Father-in-Law, and a Mistress. *Don Pedro de Sylva* lockt himself up in a Closet with the two Kinsmen and a Lawyer, to adjust somewhat that was left unfinished in the Articles. In the mean time *Elvira* staid in her Chamber, surrounded by her Women, who all express their Joy at the good Mien, and noble Air of her Lover: Only *Victoria* stood cold and silent, whilst the rest were in their Raptures. *Elvira* observ'd this, therefore took her aside to tell her, that she admir'd she said nothing of the happy Choice her Father had made of a Son-in-Law, who seem'd so deserving: Adding, that either out of Complaisance or Civility, she ought at least to wish her Joy. Madam, replied *Victoria*, your Lovers Mien speaks so much to his Advantage, that it were needless for me to add my Commendations; the Coldness you have taken notice of, does not proceed from any Indifference; and I were unworthy of the Favours you have vouchsafed me, should I not share in every thing that concerns you; and therefore should be no less transported with Joy at your Marriage, than all the rest about you are, were I not so well acquainted with the Gentleman you are about to wed. My own Husband was an Inhabitant
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of *Sevil*, whose House was not far off from your Lover's. He is, I confess, of a good Family, rich, handsom, and, I believe, a Man of Wit. In fine, he is worthy a Lady, such as you are: But withal, I must tell you, Madam, you desire a Mans entire Affection, which he cannot bestow on you, because his Heart is divided. I could wave a Discovery, which may perhaps displease you: But I should be wanting to my Duty, should I not reveal all I know of *Don Ferdinand*, in a Business which so nearly concerns the Happiness or Unhappiness of your whole Life. *Elvira* was amaz'd at her *Duenna's* Words. and intreated her, not to defer any longer the clearing those Doubts she had started. *Victoria* replied, it was neither to be done before her Women, nor in few Words. *Elvira* pretended she had some Business of Privacy in her Chamber, when as soon as they were alone, *Victoria* told her, That *Ferdinand del Ribera* was in Love at *Sevil*, with one *Lucretia de Monsava*, a very beautiful Lady, tho' of a very mean Fortune, by whom he had three Children, upon Promise of Marriage; and that during *Ribera's* Fathers Life, it was kept secret; after whose Death, *Lucretia* having claimed his Promise, he grew indifferent to her, whereupon she had left the Business to the Management of two Gentlewomen, her Relations, who had made so much noise in *Sevil*, that *Don Ferdinand*, thro his Friend's Persuasion, absented himself for a while, to shun the Rage of *Lucretia's* Kindred, who sought for nothing so much as Blood and Revenge. In this posture were his Affairs, added she, when I left *Sevil*, which is about a Month ago, at which time it was also reported, that *Don Ferdinand* was going to *Madrid* to be married. *Elvira* could not forbear asking, whether that *Lucretia* were a great Beauty? *Victoria* told her, she wanted nothing but a Fortune; so left her extreme pensive, and firmly resolved to give her Father instantly an account of the Discovery. At the same Moment, she was called to entertain her Lover, the Business for which he had retir'd into the Closet with her Father, being concluded. *Elvira* went to him, whilst *Victoria* staid in the With-drawing-room, where the same Fellow came to her that attended on him, when she so generously receiv'd them into her House near *Toledo*. This
 Servant

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Servant brought a packet of Letters for his Master, which he had taken up at the Post-Office from *Sevil*; and not knowing *Victoria*, so much her Widow's Weeds disguised her, he desired to be admitted to the Speech of his Master, to deliver him his Letters. She told him, it would be a good while before he could conveniently speak with him; but if he durst trust her with his Packet, she would be sure to give it him as soon as possibly she could. The Fellow made no Scruple in the Matter, but having left the Packet in her Custody, went about his Business. *Victoria*, who was resolv'd to leave no Stone unturn'd to revenge her self, goes up to her own Chamber, opens the Packet, and in a Moment seals it up again, together with a Letter of her own, which she writ in haste. In the mean time, the two Kinsmen made an end of their Visit, and took their Leave. *Elvira* espying the packet in her *Governante's* Hands, ask'd what it was? *Victoria* coldly answer'd, that *Don Ferdinand's* Servant had left a Packet of some Letters with her to deliver to his Master, which she was going to send after him, not being in the way when he went out. *Elvira* said, it would give 'em some farther Light about the Discovery she had made, and therefore she would open them. This being what was desir'd, *Victoria* breaks open the Seal a second time: *Elvira* lookt upon all the Letters, and fixing her Eye upon one which seem'd to be writ by a Woman, address'd to *Don Ferdinand de Ribera* at *Madrid*, she read the following Lines.

“ Your Absence, and the News I hear of your Marriage at Court, will soon deprive you of a Person that
 “ valued you above her own Life, unless you suddenly return, and make good your Promise; which you can
 “ neither defer any longer, nor deny me without a manifest
 “ Indifference, or Breach of Faith. If what I hear be true
 “ that you regard your Vows and Promises so little, which
 “ you have made both to me and our Children, I advise
 “ you to take care of your Life; which my Relations are
 “ resolv'd to take for your Treachery, whenever your ungrateful Usage shall prompt me to call upon 'em for my
 “ just Revenge, since you enjoy it now only at my Request.
Sevil, &c. *Lucretia de Monsalva.*

Elvira having read this Letter was thoroughly perswaded of the Truth of what her *Governante* had told her. Moreover she shew'd it to her Father, who could not but admire, that a Gentleman of his Quality could be so base, as to be treacherous to a Lady of equal Birth with him, after he had had so many Children by her. Thereupon he went to a Gentleman of *Sevil* for farther Information, being a Friend of his, and one that had before given him an account of *Ferdinand's* Wealth and Circumstances. He was scarce gone out of Doors, when *Don Ferdinand* came to enquire for his packet, attended by his Servant, who told him that his Mistress's *Governante* had promis'd to deliver it into his Hands. He found *Elvira* alone in the Parlour, and told her, that tho' the Engagement which was between her and him, might excuse two Visits in one Day, yet he now only came for the Letters his Man had told him he had left with her *Duenna*. *Elvira* freely told him, that she had taken them from her, and had had the Curiosity to break them open: not doubting but a Man of his Years had some amorous Engagements in so great a City as *Sevil*; and tho' her Curiosity afforded her but little Satisfaction, yet had she met with this Caution in Recompence; that it was dangerous for People to be married together, before they were thoroughly acquainted; adding, she would not debar him any longer of the pleasure of perusing his Letters; and therefore immediately restor'd him his Packet, together with the counterfeit Letter, and after making him a slight Curtesie, left him without waiting for his Answer. *Don Ferdinand* was strangely surpriz'd at his Mistress's Discourse. He perused the supposed Letter, and quickly perceiv'd it was a Trick to hinder his Marriage. He address'd himself to *Victoria*, who remain'd in the outward Room, and told her without taking much notice of her Face, that either some Rival, or malicious Person had contriv'd that Letter to abuse him. I a Wife in *Sevil*! cry'd he with Amazement: I Children! if this be not the most impudent Imposture that ever was set on foot, I'll forfeit my Head—*Victoria* told him he might possibly be innocent; however *Elvira* in common Discretion could do no less than make a farther enquiry into
the

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the Truth; and that therefore the Marriage would certainly be put off, till her Father *Don Pedro* could be convinc'd by a Gentleman of *Sevil*, a Friend of his, (whom he was then gone to seek on purpose;) that this was only a pretended Intrigue. With all my Heart, answer'd he; and if there be but a Lady of the Name of *Lucretia de Monsalva* in all *Sevil*, let me forfeit the Honour and Reputation of a Gentleman: And let me intreat you, added he, to let me know, if you are so far in your Lady's Favour, as I suppose you to be, that I may bespeak your good Offices on this Occasion. Truly answer'd *Victoria*, I believe, without Vanity, that she will not do a thing upon any Body's Account, that she has refused to do on mine: But withal I know her Humour to be such, that she is not easily pleas'd, when she thinks her self disoblig'd: And as all the hopes of mending my Fortune depend on the kindness she has for me, I shall never offer to contradict her out of Complaisance to you, nor hazard her Displeasure by endeavouring to work her out of the ill Opinion she has of your Sincerity. I am but poor, added she, and not to get any thing, were to lose a great deal: If what she has promis'd to give me in case I marry a second time, should fail, I might live a Widow all the rest of my Days, tho' I am yet young enough, and not so deform'd but that some body or other may like me. But 'tis an old Saying, and a true one, *That without Money* — She was thus going on with a true *Governante's* tedious Tale, for to act her Part to the Life, she must talk a great deal; When *Don Ferdinand* interrupting her, said: Do me but one piece of Service I shall require of you, and I will put you above the Hopes of your Mistress's Reward: And, added he, to convince you that my Promises are not empty Words, give me but Pen Ink and Paper, and you shall immediately have what you will under my Hand. Jesu! Signior, said the feign'd *Governante*, a Gentleman's Word is as good as his Bond — But to obey you, I will fetch you what you desire. She return'd again with Materials enough to have drawn a Bond for a Million of Gold, and *Don Ferdinand* was so gallant, or at least had such a Months mind to *Elvira*, that he signed her a Blank, leaving her to fill it up as she pleas'd, thereby to engage her to serve him
with

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with the greater Zeal. This rais'd *Victoria* up to the Clouds: She promis'd Wonders to *Don Ferdinand*, and moreover told him, she wish'd her self the unhappiest of all her Sex, if she did not act in this Business, as if she her self had been a party concern'd. In this she spoke a great Truth. *Don Ferdinand* left her full of hopes; and *Roderigo Santillane*, who went for her Father, being come to visit her, to learn how her Intrigue advanc'd, she gave him an Account of all, and shew'd him the Blank Paper subscribed; for which he with her gave Thanks to Heaven, finding now that all things seem'd to contribute to her Happiness. To lose no time, he went home to the House that *Victoria* had hired, not far from *Don Pedro's*, as I have before related, where he fill'd up the Blank *Don Ferdinand* had given, with a Promise of Marriage attested by Witnesses, and dated about the same time that *Victoria* received this faithless Man into her Country-House. He was as skilful a Pen-man as any in *Spain*, and had studied *Don Ferdinand's* Hand so exactly well in a Copy of Verses of his own Writing, that even *Don Ferdinand* himself would have been mistaken in the Forgery, and thought it to have been his own Hand. *Don Pedro de Sylva*, could not meet with the Gentleman he sought to be inform'd by, about *Don Ferdinand's* Amours, therefore left a Note for him, and so came back to his House; where that same Night *Elvira* unbosom'd her Secrets to her Governante, and vowed she'd sooner disobey her Father, than ever marry *Don Ferdinand*, confessing withal, that she had been pre-engag'd to one *Don Diego de Maradas* a long while before, and had in all reason complied enough with her Fathers Commands and her own Duty, by putting a Constraint on her Inclinations, to satisfy him; but since Heaven had order'd it so, that *Ferdinand's* Treachery was discovered, she thought, by refusing him, she obey'd the Divine Pleasure, which seem'd to allot her another Husband. You may imagine *Victoria* fortified *Elvira* in these good Resolutions, and spoke quite contrary to *Don Ferdinand's* Expectations. *Don Diego de Maradas*, said then *Elvira* to her, is much dissatisfied with me, for having paid this Obedience to my Father; but the least inviting Look from me will however be sure to bring him back, were he at

as

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as great a distance from me, as *Don Ferdinand* is from his *Lucretia*. Write to him, Madam, quoth *Victoria*, and I will willingly be your Messenger. *Elvira* was overjoy'd to find her *Governante* so favourable to her Designs; she commanded the Coach to be made ready for *Victoria*, who immediately went away with a Billet-doux for *Don Diego*; and being alighted at her Father *Santillane's*, sent the Coach back again, telling the Coachman, she would walk the rest of the Way, whither she design'd to go. Honest *Santillane* shew'd her the Promise of Marriage he had drawn up, whereupon she immediately wrote two little Notes, one to *Don Diego de Maradas*, the other to *Don Pedro de Sylva* her Lady's Father; wherein she entreated both of 'em to repair to her House about Business, with the Direction where she dwelt, and subscribed herself *Victoria Portocarrero*. Whilst these Notes were carrying, *Victoria* strips off her black Weeds, puts on very rich Clothes, pulls out her Locks, (which I have been told were of the finest colour'd Hair that could be) and dress'd her Head as nicely as if she had been going to Court. *Don Diego de Maradas* came a while after, to know what Concern a Lady, to whom he was a perfect Stranger, could have with him. She receiv'd him very civilly; and they were scarce set down, when it was told her, that *Don Pedro de Sylva* was come likewise to wait upon her. She entreated *Don Diego* to conceal himself in her Alcove, assuring him, it concern'd him very much to hear the Discourse she should have with *Don Pedro*. He easily comply'd with the Desire of a Lady of so much Beauty, and so good a Mien, and *Don Pedro* was admitted into *Victoria's* Chamber, not knowing her, so much had her Head-dress and rich Attire changed her Face, and heightned her majestick Air. She desir'd him to place himself in a Chair, whence *Don Diego* might easily hear all they said and then she began in these Words: I think, Sir, I ought in the first place to inform you who I am, because in all probability you are impatient to know it. I am of the Family of the *Portocarrero's*, born in the City of *Toledo*, where I was married at the age of Sixteen, and became a Widow about six Months after. My Father was a Knight of the Order of *St. Jago*, and my Brother of the Order

of

of *Callatrava*. *Don Pedro* interrupted her, to let her know her Father was his intimate Friend. What you tell me rejoices me extremely, answer'd *Victoria*, for I shall have occasion for a great many Friends in the Affair I design to acquaint you with. After this she inform'd *Don Pedro* of all that pass'd between her and *Don Ferdinand*, and put into his Hands the Promise of Marriage counterfieted by *Santillane*. He had no sooner read it, but she went on thus: You know, Sir, what Honour obliges persons of my Quality to do in these Cases: For tho' Justice should be partially denied me, yet have my Friends power and Credit enough to prosecute my Interest to the highest. I thought, Sir, it became me to let you know my Pretensions, that you might put a stop to that Match you had design'd for your Daughter. She deserves better than to be thrown away upon a faithless Man; and I believe you are more discreet, than to procure her a Husband, whom another has a right to dispute with her. Were he a Grandee of *Spain*, replied *Don Pedro*, I would have nothing to do with him if he were unjust and false, as you say he is: I shall therefore not only refuse him my Daughter, but likewise forbid him my House. As for your self, Madam, continued he, both my Friends and Interest are at your Service. I had notice given me before, that he was a Man that pursu'd his Pleasure, even to the Hazard of his Reputation; and being of that Temper, tho' you had no Title to him, yet should he never have my Daughter, who I hope in God, shall not want a Husband in the Court of *Spain*. *Don Pedro* took his Leave of *Victoria*, perceiving she had no more to say to him; and then she called *Don Diego* out of the Alcove, where he had over-heard all the Conversation she had with her Mistress's Father. This spared her the Labour of repeating her Story to him: She delivered *Elvira's* Letter to him, which transported him with Joy; and left he should be in Pain to know how she came by it, she entrusted him, with her Metamorphosis into a *Duenna*, knowing he was as much concern'd as her self to keep it secret. *Don Diego*, before he left *Victoria*, wrote an answer to his Mistress's Letter, wherein the infinite Joy he express'd for his reviv'd Hopes, plainly discover'd the real Affliction he had been

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been in ever since he thought them quite lost. He parted from the fair widow, who presently put on her *Governante's* Habit, and return'd to *Don Pedro's*. In the interim *Don Ferdinand de Ribera* was come to wait on his Mistress, and had taken his Cousin *Don Antonio* along with him to endeavour to set all to rights again, which had been charg'd against him by *Victoria's* teign'd Letter. *Don Pedro* found 'em with his Daughter, who knew not what to answer, when they both desir'd no better Justification, than only a due Enquiry whether there ever were in *Sevil* such a Lady as *Lucretia de Monsalva*. They renew'd the same Plea to *Don Pedro*, to clear *Don Ferdinand*; to which he answer'd, That if that Engagement with the Lady of *Sevil* was a Supposition, it was so much the easier to be cleared; but that he came from a Lady of *Toledo*, nam'd *Victoria Portocarrero*, to whom *Don Ferdinand* had promis'd Marriage, and to whom he was still more engag'd, by having been so generously assisted by her, when a meer Stranger to her; which he could not deny, since she had under his Hand and Seal a Promise of Marriage; adding withal, that a person of Honour ought not to court a Wife at *Madrid*, whilst he had one already at *Toledo*: At these Words he shew'd the two Cousins the promise of Marriage in due Form. *Don Antonio* knew his Cousin's Writing, and *Don Ferdinand* mistaking it, tho' he were confident he had never given any such, yet was quite confounded at the sight of it. The Father and Daughter withdrew, after they had coldly bid them farewell. *Don Antonio* quarrelled with his Cousin for employing him in this Treaty, when he had another on foot before. They took Coach together, where *Don Antonio* having made him confess his unhandsom proceeding with *Victoria*, reproach'd him a thousand times with the Heinousness of the Fact, and withal, represented to him the evil Consequence that was like to attend it. He told him, he must not think of getting a Wife either at *Madrid*, or in any part of *Spain* after this rate; and that he were happy if he could get off by marrying *Victoria*, without forfeiting his Life with his Honour, *Victoria's* Brother being a person not us'd to put up so foul Affronts without full Satisfaction. It was *Don Ferdinand's* part to be silent whilst

whilst his Cousin continued his Reproaches. His Conscience sufficiently accused him of Treachery and Falshood to a Lady that had so highly oblig'd him; but this Promise of Marriage however almost distracted him not knowing by what strange Inchantment they had made him to grant it. *Victoria* being come back to *Don Pedro's* in her Widow's Weeds, deliver'd *Don Diego's* Letter to *Elvira*, who told her how the two Kinsmen had been there to justify themselves; but that *Don Ferdinand* had been charged with other-guess Practices than his Amour with the Lady of *Sevil*; she afterwards related what *Victoria* knew better than her self; tho' she pretended to admire at, and detest *Don Ferdinand's* Baseness.

The same Day *Elvira* was invited to a Play at one of her Relations. *Victoria*, whose Thoughts still ran upon her own Affairs, hop'd, if *Elvira* would follow her Counsel, that this Play might prove favourable to her Design. She told her young Lady, that if she had a Mind to meet her Lover *Don Diego*, there was nothing more easie, her Fathers House being the most convenient that could be; and that since the Play was not to begin till Midnight, she might go out a little earlier, and have time enough to speak with *Don Diego*, and after go to her Relations. *Elvira*, who really lov'd *Don Diego*, and had consented to marry *Don Ferdinand*, meerly out of Respect to her Fathers Commands, shewed no Reluctancy to do what *Victoria* had propounded. They therefore took Coach as soon as ever *Don Pedro* was gone to Bed, and went to *Victoria's* House. *Santillane*, as Master of the Family, and *Beatrix*, who personated the Mother-in-Law, welcom'd them very kindly. *Elvira* wrote a Billet to *Don Diego*, which was delivered immediately; whilst *Victoria* dispatched another privately to *Don Ferdinand* in *Elvira's* Name, to let him know it was in his Power to complete the Match, on which his extraordinary Merit engag'd her to adventure, as not desiring to make herself unhappy for ever by losing him, only to please a Father's crabbed suspicious Humour. In the same Note she gave him such particular Directions how to find the House, that it was impossible he should miss it: This Note was carried a little while

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while after that other from *Elvira* to *Don Diego*. *Victoria* wrote a third likewise, which *Santillane* carried himself to *Don Pedro de Sylva*, by which she inform'd him, as a trusty *Governante*, that his Daughter, instead of going to the Play, would needs stop at her Fathers House, and had sent for *Don Ferdinand* to consummate her Nuptials with him; which she believing to be contrary to his Consent, thought her self oblig'd to give him notice of it, to the end he might be sensible he was not at all mistaken in the good Opinion he had entertained of her Honesty, when he chose her for his Daughter's *Governante*. *Santillane* likewise told *Don Pedro*, that his Daughter had charg'd him not to come thither by any means without bringing an *Alguazil* with him, which is an Officer much like to a *Commissary* in *Paris*. *Don Pedro* being then in Bed, hastned to put on his Clothes in a great Passion. But whilst he is dressing, and sending for a *Commissary*, let us go back and see what they are doing at *Victoria's*. By good Fortune the Notes came safe to the Brace of Lovers-Hands. *Don Diego*, who had receiv'd his first, came first to the Assignment. *Victoria* met him at the Door, and conducted him into a Chamber, where she left him with *Elvira*. I will not trouble you with the Relation of all the Endearments that passed betwixt these two young Lovers; and if I would, *Don Ferdinand's* knocking at the Door will not give me time to do it. *Victoria* lets him in herself, after having magnified the great Service she had done him on this Occasion; for which the amorous Spark returned her a Thousand Thanks, promising he would yet do more for her than all his former Promises engag'd him to. She leads him into a Chamber, where she desired him to stay a while for *Elvira*, who was coming, and so locked him in without Light; telling him, his Mistress would needs have it so, but that 'twould not be long before he should be visible again; adding, that a young Lady's Modesty would not suffer her to bear, without blushing, the Sight of a Man for whom she had committed so bold an Action. This done, *Victoria*, with all the haste she could, attir'd herself as well and as nicely as the short time would permit. She goes into the

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the Chamber where *Don Ferdinand* was, who had not the least suspicion but that she was *Elvira*, being no less young than she, and having such Perfumes about her, according to the *Spanish* Fashion, as would have made a Chambermaid pass for a Woman of Quality. In this interim *Don Pedro*, the *Alguazil*, and *Santillane* arrive. They enter the Chamber where *Elvira* was in private with her Lover; at which they both were not a little surpriz'd. *Don Pedro*, blinded by the first Transports of his Passion, was ready to run the Person thro' whom he took for *Don Ferdinand*. The *Commissary* discovering it was not he, but *Don Diego*, held his Arm, bidding him to have a care what he did, since it was not *Don Ferdinand de Ribera* that was with his Daughter, but *Don Diego de Maradas*, a Person of no less Quality and Riches. *Don Pedro* at this behav'd himself like a discreet Gentleman, and rais'd his Daughter, who had cast her self at his Feet. He wisely considered, that if he should cross her Inclination, by opposing this Match, he would create both her and himself a great deal of Trouble; and besides could not pitch upon a better Son-in-Law, tho' he had the chusing of one himself. *Santillane* desir'd *Don Pedro*, the *Alguazil*, and all that were with 'em in the Room to follow him, when he led them to the Chamber where *Don Ferdinand* was shut up with *Victoria*. They commanded the Door to be open'd in the King's Name: *Don Ferdinand* letting them in, and seeing *Don Pedro*, attended by the *Commissary*, told 'em, with a great deal of Confidence, that he was with his Wife *Elvira de Sylva*. *Don Pedro* answer'd, he was mistaken, his Daughter being married to another; and as for you, added he, you cannot deny but that *Victoria Portocarrero* is your lawful Wife. *Victoria* then discover'd herself to her faithless Gallant, who remained full of Confusion. She expostulated his ingratitude with him; to whom his Silence was his only Plea, as well as to the *Commissary*, who told him he could do no less than carry him to Prison. In short, his Remorse of Conscience, and Fear of Imprisonment, together with *Don Pedro's* Exhortations, who minded him of his Honour and Reputation, join'd to *Victoria's* Tears and Beauty, nothing inferior to that of *Elvira*,

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Elvira, and above all the rest, some Sparks of Generosity still remaining in his Heart, notwithstanding his Debaucheries and youthful Follies, made him at length, with Reason and Justice, to yield to *Victoria's* bright Charms. He tenderly embrac'd her, she being likely to swoon in his Arms, which no doubt but his warm Kisses preserv'd her from. *Don Pedro*, *Don Diego*, and fair *Elvira* shar'd in *Victoria's* Happiness, and *Santillane* and *Beatrix* were ready to dye for Joy. *Don Pedro* very much commended *Don Ferdinand* for thus nobly repairing the Wrongs he had committed. The two young Ladies embraced each other with as great Testimonies of Love, as if they had hugged their own Husbands. *Don Diego de Maradas* made a thousand Protestations of his Obedience to his Father-in-Law, or he that should be so in a short time. *Don Pedro*, before he went home with his Daughter, made them to promise that they would all come and dine the next Day at his House, where for fifteen Days together he endeavour'd, by solemn Rejoicings, to dispel the Thoughts of their past Troubles. The *Alguazil* was invited too, who promis'd to be there: *Don Pedro* took him along with him; and *Don Ferdinand* remained with *Victoria*, who now had as much reason to bless her good Fortune, as she formerly had to curse her evil.

CHAP. XXIII.

An unexpected Misfortune, which prevented the acting of the Play.

In *Nezilla* having recounted her Novel with so admirable a Grace, *Roquebrune* was so pleas'd with it, that he caught up her Hand, and kist it whether she would or not. She told him in Spanish, That great Men and Fools had the Liberty to do any thing; for which *Rancour* gave her Thanks in his Heart. This Spanish Lady's Face, began to break, yet there were many fine Remains of her former Beauty to be seen. But had she been less handsom, her Wit had made her to be preferr'd to a younger Person. All that heard the Story agreed in this, That she had made it very enter-

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entertaining in a Language she was yet but a Novice in, being often obliged to intermix *Spanish* and *Italian* with it, to express her meaning. Madam *Star* told her, that instead of begging Excuse for putting her to the trouble of speaking so long, she expected her Thanks for giving her so fair an occasion to shew her extraordinary Wit. The rest of the Afternoon was spent in Conversation, the Garden being full of Ladies, and many Citizens of Note, till Supper-time. They supped after the manner of *Mans*; that is to say, made very good Cheer; which being over, every one took their Places to see the Play: But Madam *Cave* and her Daughter were missing. They sent to seek them out; and it was above half an Hour before any Tidings came. At last they heard a greet Noise without the Hall; and presently after in comes *Cave*, with dishevelled Hair, her Face bloody, and bruised, and crying out, like a distracted Creature, that her Daughter had been stollen. Her Sobs and Sighs so interrupted her Speech, that it was a long time before she could make the Company understand how a couple of Strangers, being got thro' a Back-door into the Garden, where she and her Daughter were rehearsing their Parts, one of 'em seiz'd upon her, whose Eyes she had almost scratcht out, while two others took away her Daughter by force; the same Villain having put her into that sad Condition they saw, and who afterwards mounting on Horseback follow'd his Comrades, one of whom held *Angelica* before him. She told 'em likewise, she had pursu'd 'em as far as she could, crying out, a Rape, but finding no body to be within hearing, she had hasted back again to the House to beg their Assistance. With these last words she shed such a Flood of Tears, as moved all the Beholders with Pity. *Destiny* got presently on the back of a Horse, on which *Ragotin* was just then arriv'd from *Mans*, (but whether or no it was the same that threw him in the Morning, I cannot justly tell.) Many other young Men mounted the Horses they could lay their Hands on, and rode after *Destiny*, who was got a good way before 'em. *Rancour* and *Olive* marched on Foot, with their Swords in their Hands, in the Rear of the Horle; and *Roquebrune* staid with *Star* and *Inezilla*,

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who were endeavouring to comfort *Cave* as well as they could. Some found fault with him, for not going along with the rest, ascribing it to want of Courage; but others more favourable, have commended his Discretion, for staying with the Women while there was the least probability of Danger. In the mean time, the Guests were reduced to change their Comedy to Dancing, and having no Fiddlers, because they had expected a Play, they trip'd it about to the singing of some of the Company. Poor *Cave* found her self so disordered, that she went to Bed in one of their Dressing-chambers; *Star* took as much Care of her, as if she had been her own Mother, and *Inezilla* was likewise very officious. The indispos'd Woman at length desir'd they would leave her to her self; whereupon *Roquebrune* led the two Ladies into the Hall to the rest of the Company. They were hardly set down but one of the House-maids came and told *Star*, that *Cave* desired to speak with her; she promis'd the Poet and *Spanish* Lady to return immediately, and so went to her. 'Tis probable that if *Roquebrune* had any Wit in him, he made use of that Opportunity to acquaint the fair *Inezilla* with his Necessities. As soon as *Cave* saw *Star*, she desir'd her to make the Door fast, and come to her Bed-side. *Star* having seated her self as she desir'd, the first thing she did was to weep afresh, and then she laid hold on her Hands, bathing them with Tears, and groaning and sobbing after a lamentable manner. *Star* endeavour'd to comfort her, giving her hopes that her Daughter would soon be recover'd again, her Ravishers being pursued by so many People. I wish she may never return, said she, weeping still more and more; I wish she might never be found, repeated she again, and that this were all my Grief: But I must blame her most; nay I must, and curse the hour I brought her into the World. Look here, said she, putting a Paper into *Star*'s Hands: Look, and satisfy your self, what a fine Companion you have had, and read in this Letter the Sentence of my Death, and my Childs Infamy. *Cave* fell a weeping again, while *Star* perus'd the following Note, which you may read if you think fit.

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• You

‘ You ought not to doubt the Truth of what I have
 ‘ often told you, my Quality and Fortune, since there is no
 ‘ probability that I should deceive a Person, to whom I
 ‘ cannot recommend my self, but by my Sincerity. This,
 ‘ fair *Angelica*, is the only way by which I can merit
 ‘ your Favour. And therefore you may safely promise to
 ‘ grant my Request, which I cannot, nor shall not desire
 ‘ to obtain, till I have convinc’d you of my Reality.

As soon as she had perus’d the Letter, *Cave* ask’d her,
 if she knew the Hand? As well as my own replied *Star*:
 It is *Leander’s*, my Brother’s Servant, that writes out all
 our Parts. This is the Traytor that will break my Heart
 said the poor Woman; see if he have not contriv’d it fair-
 ly, add’d she, giving another Letter of the same *Leander’s*
 Writing into Madam *Star’s* Hands; which you may read
 as follows Word for Word.

‘ It rests only in you to complete my Happiness, by
 ‘ continuing in the same Resolution you were in two
 ‘ days since. My Fathers Tenant, who is us’d to supply
 ‘ me with Money has sent me a hundred Pistoles, and a
 ‘ Brace of good Horses, which will be more than suffi-
 ‘ ent to carry us both into *England*; and being there, I
 ‘ am much deceiv’d, if a Father, who loves his only Son
 ‘ more than his own Life, do not quickly condescend to
 ‘ all his desires, to make him return again.

Well, said *Cave*, what think you now of your Com-
 panion, and your Brothers Servant? What think you of
 that Girl, I had bred up with so much Care; and that
 young Fellow, whose Wit and Discretion we have so of-
 ten admired? My greatest Wonder is, that they were ne-
 ver observ’d to speak to one another; and that my Daugh-
 ter’s sprightly Humour seem’d not in the least to incline
 her to Love; and yet she’s in Love, my dearest *Star*, and
 so desperately, as argues as much Madness as Affection.
 I found her this very day writing to her *Leander*, in such
 passionate Expressions, that if I had not surpriz’d her my
 self, I could never have believ’d it. You never have heard
 her speak such Language yet: Ah! had I not torn her
 Letters in my Fury, you would have been convinced that
 at Sixteen she knows as much, as those who have prac-
 tis’d

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tis'd Cocquetry all their Lives. I carried her aside into the Grove, whence she was taken from me, to chide her for the ill Returns she had made me, for all the Pains and Trouble I had undergone on her Account. I will acquaint you with my sufferings, added she, and then judge you, whether ever any Daughter were more oblig'd to love her Mother. *Star* knew not what to answer to these just Complaints; and besides, 'twas Wisdom to let her Affliction take its Course. But, continued *Star*, if he were so fond of the Daughter, why should he abuse the Mother? Nay, I cannot tell, answer'd *Cave*; For one of his Company, who had laid hold on me, beat me unmercifully; nay, struck me several times, after I had done struggling with him. Moreover, if this unlucky Fellow be so rich as he brags, why does he spirit away my Child like a Thief? *Cave* thus bemoan'd her self for a long while, *Star* still comforting her as well as she could. The Master of the House came to know how she did, and to acquaint her that there was a Coach ready at her Service, if she desir'd to return to *Mans*: but however she begged the Liberty to remain there that Night, to which he readily condescended. *Star* staid there also to keep her Company, while some Ladies of *Mans* took *Inezilla* into a Coach with 'em, she being unwilling to stay longer from her Husband. *Roquebrune* who could civilly leave the two Actresses, was very sorry he could not wait upon *Inezilla*, but we cannot have every thing we desire in this World, therefore he must be contented.

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PART II.

CHAP. I.

Which is but an Introduction to the rest.



THE radiant Sun shone perpendicularly upon our *Antipodes*, and lent no more Light to his Sister, than she had need of, to guide her Steps in a very dark Night. A profound Silence o'er-spread all the Earth, unless it were those places where Criticks, Owls, or Serenading-Fops are found. In short, all Nature lay hush'd in Sleep, (or at least, all Nature ought to have been asleep) except some Poets, who had crabbed Verses to turn into Measure and Rhime, some of those unfortunate Lovers, whom we call damned Souls, and all other

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other Animals both rational and irrational, who had that Night any thing else to do. 'Twere needless to tell you, *Destiny* was one of those that did not sleep, no more than the Ravishers of Mrs. *Angelica*, whom he pursued as fast as he could gallop a Horse, whose Way was often obscured by the inofficious Clouds, which robb'd the Earth of the feeble Light of the Moon. *Destiny* had a tender Love for Mrs. *Cave*, both because she deserved it, and because he was secure of her Affections; nor was her Daughter less dear to him, for his Mrs. *Star* being necessitated to follow the Stage, he could not have found in all the strolling Companies throughout the Kingdom, two Women more virtuous than they, and fitter for her Companions. Not but that some of that Profession are virtuous, yet according to the general Opinion of the World, who perhaps however may be mistaken, they are more light of Vertue, than of old Embroidery or Paint. But to go on with our proper Business: Our generous Stroller gallop'd after those Ravishers, with more swiftness and animosity, than the *Lapithæ* did after the *Centaurs*. He first went thro' a long Walk, into which open'd the Garden door, from whence *Angelica* had been carried away, and having gallop'd a while, struck at a venture into a little hollow Lane, as are most Lanes in *Mayne*. This Lane was full of Wheel-tracks and Stones, and tho' 'twas Moon shine, yet the Darknes was such, that *Destiny* could not perswade his Steed to go faster than a broken Pace. He was inwardly cursing this crabbed Way, when he felt either a Man or a Devil leaping on horseback behind him, and clasping his Hands about his Neck. *Destiny* was terribly frighted, and his Horse so much startled, that he had certainly thrown his Rider, had not the Phantom who invested him within his Arms, kept him firm on the Saddle. His Horse rode away with him, like a Horse in a Fright, and besides *Destiny* put him on with Spurs, not knowing what he did, being very much dissatisfied, to feel two naked Arms about his Neck, and next his Cheek a cold face, which breathed Time to the cadence of the galloping Nag. The Race prov'd long, by reason the Lane was not a short one: At last, at the entrance upon

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upon a Heath, the Horse abated his impetuous Course, and *Destiny* his Fear; for Custom brings us by degrees to bear with the most frightful things. The Moon now shone with a clearer Light, on purpose to let him see, that he had a large Man stark naked behind him, and moreover a very homely Face next to his. He did not ask who he was, (whether out of good manners or not I cannot tell) but still kept his Horse on a gallop, tho' by this time he too began to breath short and thick; but when it was least expected, the Hind-Rider dropt off on the Ground, and fell a laughing. *Destiny* put on his Horse amain, and looking behind him, saw his Phantom running as fast as he could drive towards the Place from whence he came. *Destiny* confest since, that no Man could be more frightened than he was at that time. About a Hundred Steps farther, he came to a great Road, that led him to a Hamlet, where he found all the Dogs awake, which made him to think that those he pursued might have gone that way. In order to be inform'd, he did all he could to rouse the Inhabitants of three or four Houses that stood on the Road, but could not prevail, and was insulted and bark'd at by the Dogs to boot. At length, hearing a Child cry in the last House he met with, he caused the Door to be open'd with severe Threats, and there learns of a Woman, trembling in her Smock, that some Troopers had gone thro' their Town just before, carrying with them a Woman who wept like a Child, and that they had much ado to still her noise. He told the same Woman the Adventure he had with the naked Man, and she informed him, that he was a Peasant of their Village who was run mad, and roved up and down. What this Woman had told him about those Troopers who went thro' that Town, encouraged him to go farther, and made him to request his Steed to mend his Pace. I will not recount how often he stumbled, and was frightened at his own Shadow; 'Tis enough to inform you, that *Destiny* lost his Way thro' a Wood, and riding sometimes in the Dark, and sometimes in the Moon-shine, at last met with break of Day near a Country Farm, where he thought fit to let his Horse feed, and where we will for the present leave him.

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CHAP. II.

Of the Boots.

WHilst *Destiny* grop'd out his Way in the dark, in pursuit of those that had stolen *Angelica*, *Rancour* and *Olive*, who did not take that Rape so much to Heart, did not run so fast as he after the Ravishers; and besides, you must consider they were on Foot, and therefore could not be expected to go far; wherefore having found in the next Village, an Inn that was open, they went in there and asked for a Bed. The House being full, they were shewn up into a Room, where one lay, (either a Gentleman or Plebeian, I can't tell which) who had supp'd in the Inn, and being upon Business which required haste, (but which never came to my Knowledge) reckon'd to be gone by break of Day. The Arrival of our Strollers did not favour his Design of getting betimes on horseback; for they wak'd him out of his first Sleep, for which perhaps he curst 'em in his Heart; yet the sight of two Men that look'd something like, was undoubtedly the Reason why he did not complain aloud. *Rancour*, who had a genteel Behaviour, first begg'd his Pardon for their interrupting his Repose, and then ask'd him whence he came? He told them from *Anjou*, and was going to *Normandy*, about Business that required haste. *Rancour* went on with his Questions while he was undressing himself, and the Sheets airing; But as they were all impertinent, and of no Benefit to either, especially the poor Man whom they had waked, he was desired to forbear, and suffer him to go to sleep. *Rancour* begged his Pardon heartily, and at the same time Self-Love banishing the Love of his Neighbour out of his Breast, he resolv'd to appropriate to his use a Pair of new Boots, which the Ostler's Boy had brought into the Room, after having clean'd them. *Olive*, who at that time had only a mind to a sound Sleep, went into Bed, whilst *Rancour* sat by the Fire, not so much to see the Faggot they had lighted burnt out, as to satisfy his noble Ambition, of having a

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new Pair of Boots at another Man's cost. Now as soon as he thought the Man whom he was about to rob, was fast asleep, he took his Boots which stood at his Bed's -feet and having put them on without Stockings, not forgetting the Spurs, went thus Booted and Spur'd, into Bed to *Olive*. 'Tis probable he lay as near the Bed-side as he could, lest his armed Legs might touch the naked ones of his Bed-fellow, who would in such Case undoubtedly have rais'd a Noise about this new Way of lying betwixt two Sheets, and by that means make his Plot miscarry. The remaining part of the Night was pretty quiet: *Rancour* slept, or at least dissembled Sleep. The Cocks crew; Day came, and the Man who lay in the same Room, having order'd a Fire to be kindled, rose and began to dress. When he went to put on his Boots, a Maid offered him *Rancour's* old ones, which he flung down with Contempt; the Maid obstinately maintain'd they were his; whereupon he fell into a great Passion, and made a devilish Noise. The Inn-keeper came up upon this occasion, and swore upon the Faith of an honest Host, that there were no other Boots besides his, not only in his House, but also in all the Village, the Parson himself never going on Horseback. Thereupon he began to entertain him with the good Qualities of the Parson, and to tell him how he came by his Living, and how long he had been in Possession of it. The Inn-keeper's idle Talk, made him to lose all Patience. Now *Rancour* and *Olive*, who had waked at the Noise, took cognizance of the Matter; *Rancour* exaggerated the enormity and heinousness of the Fact, and told the Innkeeper, 'twas a very foul thing. I care no more for a Pair of new Boots, than for an old Pair of Shoes, said the poor Bootless Man to *Rancour*, were it not that I am upon a Business of great Importance, for a Man of Quality, whom I'd chuse to serve before my own Father; and if I could buy other Boots, I'd give any price for 'em, were they never so Bad. *Rancour* who sat up in the Bed, shrugg'd up now and then his shoulders, and answer'd him nothing, keeping his Eyes still fixt on the Inn-keeper and his Maid, (who lookt for the Boots to no purpose) and the Wretch that lost them, who in mean time

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time began to fret like a Mad-man, and perhaps design'd to hang himself, when *Rancour* out of an unexampled and unwonted Generosity cryed aloud, thrusting himself into the Bed, like one who was almost dead for want of Sleep, Zounds, Sir, don't keep such a Noise about your Boots, but rather take mine, upon Condition you will let us sleep, which is no more than what you desired last Night. The unfortunate Man, who now ceased to be so since he had found a Pair of Boots, had much ado to believe his own Ears. He mustred up a deal of Nonsense to return him Thanks, and which he uttered so passionately, that *Rancour* feared least he should come at last and embrace him a bed. Wherefore he cryed out in a great Passion, swearing most learnedly: Zounds, Sir, what a troublesome Man you are, both when you lose your Boots, and when you thank those that furnish you again. Once more, take mine in God's Name, and all I ask for 'em, is only that you would let me sleep, or else give me my Boots again, and after make as much Noise as you please. He began to open his Mouth in order to reply, when *Rancour* cry'd out, Good God! let me sleep, or let me have my Boots, one of the two. The Inn-keeper, who by this time had a great Respect for *Rancour*, from his imperious way of speaking, thrust his Guest out of the Chamber, well knowing that he would have the last word, like one who was highly thankful for a Pair of Boots so generously bestow'd: However he was fain to leave the Room, and go into the Kitchen to put on his Boots, when *Rancour* began to sleep with more Tranquility than he had done in the Night, his sleepy Faculty not being now disturbed either by his wakeful Desire of Stealing a Pair of Boots, or the Fear of being taken in the Fact. As for *Olive*, who had made a better use of his time, he got up betimes, called for some Wine, and fell a drinking, which was the best thing he could do. *Rancour* slept till Eleven of the Clock, and as he was dressing, *Ragotin* happened to come into the Room. He had been that Morning visiting the Actresses at their Toilet, and Mistress *Star* having told him she had but little Reason to think him one of their Friends, since he did not go after her Com-

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panion as well as the rest, he promised not to return to *Mans* before he had learnt News of her: But not finding a Horse, either for Love or Money, could never have kept his Promise, had not a Miller lent him his Mule, which he mounted without Boots, and so arriv'd (as I said before) at the Village where the two Strollers had lain. *Rantour* had a strange ready Wit; for he no sooner saw *Ragotin* in Shoes, but he thought Fortune had favour'd him with an opportunity of concealing his Theft, which he was before much in pain how to do. Wherefore he presently desired him to lend him his Shoes, and to take his Boots, which being new, hurt one of his Feet. *Ragotin* accepted his Proposal with much joy, for as he rid along, the Tongue of the Stirrup-buckle had torn his Stockings, which made him heartily to wish for a Pair of Boots. Now to acknowledge the Favour in some measure, he paid for the Player's Dinner, as well as his own and his Mules. And because since his late Fall, (when his Carabine went off betwixt his Legs) he had made an Oath never to bestride again the back of any Saddle beast, without first taking care of his Safety, he therefore made use of a jossing-block; yet with all this Precaution, had much ado to get into the Pack-saddle. His Brain was too full of Quick-silver to be judicious; a sign of which was his turning up the Tops of his Boots to his Waste, which hindred him from having the free use of his Hams, that were none of the most vigorous in the Province. However *Ragotin* being mounted, and the Strollers on Foot, they set forwards on their Journey, and followed the next Road they came at. As they were going along, *Ragotin* opened his Mind to the Strollers, and told them his Design by turning Player, and acting but in their Company; protesting that tho' he did not doubt in a short time he should prove the best Actor in the Kingdom, yet he did not expect any profit from his Profession, but what he did was only out of Curiosity, and to let the World know, that he was fit for any thing he had a mind to undertake. *Rantour* and *Olive* fortified him in his noble Design, and what with commending and encouraging him, they put him at last into so good a Humour, than from his

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his high Station, he began to repeat Verses out of *Theophilus's Piramus and Thisbe*. Certain Peasants who attended a loaden Cart, and were going the same way, hearing him speak with the Emphasis of an Enthusiast, thought he could do no less than preach the Word of the Lord; and therefore as long as he rehears'd his Heroicks, they walk'd Cap in Hand by his side, and respected him like a High-way Preacher.

CHAP. III.

The History of Cave.

THE two Women-Strollers, whom we left in the House from whence *Angelica* had been stolen, had no better Night's rest than *Destiny*. Mrs. *Star* went into the same Bed with Mrs. *Cave*; both not to leave her alone in her Despair, and to endeavour by gentle Persuasions to alleviate her Affliction. At last finding so just a Grief did not want Reasons to defend it self, she us'd no Arguments to oppose it; only to make a Diversion, began to complain of her own hard Fate, as much as her Bed-fellow did of hers; and thus cunningly engag'd her to relate her Adventures, the more easily, because at that Juncture *Cave* would not allow any body to be more unfortunate than her self. She therefore wiping of those Tears that trickled down her Cheeks in abundance, and fetching a sound and deep Sigh, that she might not have the trouble to sigh so soon again, thus began to tell her Story. I was born a Player, Daughter to a Player; of whom I never heard that he had any other Relations but Players. My Mother was Daughter to a Merchant of *Marseilles*, who had bestow'd her in Marriage on my Father, as a Recompence for venturing his Life to defend him against a Gally-Officer (as much in Love with my Mother, as he was hated by her) who had attack'd him to his Disadvantage. This was an extraordinary Fortune to my Father; for without being put to the trouble of suing and wooing, he married a Wife young, beautiful and richer than a Stroller could ever pretend to. His Father-in-Law endeavour'd to persuade him to leave his profession, and betake himself to the Business of a Merchant, as the
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more profitable and creditable Employment of the two. But my Mother, who was a great Lover of Plays, hindred him from leaving the Stage; tho' to give him his due, he was inclin'd to follow his Wife's Father's Advice, as one that knew much better than she, that a Player's Life is not so happy as it appears to be. My Father left *Marseilles* soon after his Marriage, and carried away my Mother to make her first Compagne, she being more impatient than he, and of whom, in a little time, he made an excellent Player. She proved with Child the first Year of their Marriage, and was brought to Bed of me behind the Scenes; A year after I had a Brother whom I loved dearly, and by whom I was much belov'd. Our Company was made up of our Family, and three other Players, one of which had a Wife who acted under Parts. Upon a Holy-day, going thro a small Town in *Perigord*, my Mother, the other Player and I, on the Cart that carried our Baggage, and our Men on foot to guard us, our little Caravan was on the sudden attack'd by seven or eight ugly Fellows, so very drunk, that meaning only to fright us with shooting off a Gun, I felt their shot all over me, and my Mother receiv'd a dangerous Wound in the Arm. They seiz'd my Father and two of his Companions, before they were in a Posture to defend themselves, and beat them unmercifully. My Brother, and the youngest of our Men fled away, and ever since I could never hear of my Brother. The Inhabitants of the Town joined with those that had offer'd us this outrageous Violence, and caused our Cart to go back. This eager Mob ran fiercely, like People who have got a great Booty, and are willing to secure it, and made such Noise that they did not hear one another speak. After an Hours March they carried us into a Castle, which we had no sooner entred but we heard several people cry out with great Joy, that the Gypsies were taken; whereby we found their Mistake, which gave us not a little Comfort. The Mare that drew our Cart fell down dead with Weariness, having been hard put to it, and soundly beaten. The Player to whom the Mare belonged, and of whom the Company had hired her, fell a roaring after as lamentable a manner as if her Husband had been dying: At the same time my Mother

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ther felt such violent Pain in her Arm, that she fainted away, which made me to roar also so loud, that my Cries drowned those of the Player's, upon account of her Mare. The Noise we made, together with the hallowing of the rude Rabble, and of the drunken Scoundrels who brought us thither, caused the Lord of the Castle to come out of a Parlour, attended by four or five ill-look'd Fellows in red Coats or Cloaks. His first Question was, *Where, where are the thieving Gypsies?* Which put us in a terrible fright; but seeing none but fair Faces among us, he then askt my Father who he was; and had no sooner hear'd that we were a wretched Company of Players, but with an impetuous Passion, at which we all wondred, and swearing after as furious a manner as ever I heard Man, he charg'd with his Sword those that had seized us, and caused them to disappear in a moment; some wounded, and the rest in a terrible Fright. The Mob being thus dispersed he commanded my Father and his Companions to be unbound, the Women to be carried into a Room, and our goods to be laid up safe. Some Chambermaids came to wait upon us, and got a Bed ready for my Mother, who found her self very ill of her Wound in her Arm. Soon after, a Man that looked like a Steward, came to express his Masters Concern for the rude Usage we had received. He told us that the Scoundrells who had made so unlucky a mistake, sneaked away most of 'em soundly beaten, or lame, and that a Surgeon had been sent for from the next Town to dress my Mothers Arm; afterwards he asked us very earnestly, whether they had taken any thing from us, and advised us to view our Goods, and see if there were any thing wanting. At Night they brought us our Supper into our Room; the Surgeon came, my Mothers Wound was dress'd, and she went to Bed in a violent Fever. The next Day the Lord of the Castle sent for the Players, enquired of them how my Mother did, and told them he would not suffer her to go out of his House before she was perfectly recovered. He was so obliging as to send Men up and down the Country to enquire after my Brother and the young Player, with whom he fled away, but, they could not be found: which Misfortune encreased my Mother's Distemper. A Physician and a Surgeon

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(more skilful than he who dress'd her Wound first) were sent for from a Neighbouring Town, and in a short time our good usage in the Castle made us to forget the Violence we had suffered. The Lord at whose House we were entertained, was a very rich Man, more fear'd than lov'd thro' all the Country; as Violent in all his Actions as a Governour of a Frontier Town, and one who had the Reputation of being as brave as *Hercules*. His Name was the Baron *de Sigognac*, at this present he can be no less than a Marquis, but in those Days he was only a petty Tyrant of *Perigord*. A Company of Gypsies who had lain in his Lordship's Barn, stole away some Horses out of a Park where he kept Mares for Breed, at a League distance from his Castle, and the Men that were sent to pursue them mistook us for 'em, to our cost. My Mother being now perfectly well, my Father and his Companions, to express their Gratitude for their kind Entertainment, as far as poor Strollers were able, offer'd to act in the Castle as long as the Baron *de Sigognac* should desire it. An over-grown Page, at least four and twenty Years old, who was undoubtedly the Dean of all the Pages in the Kingdom, and a sort of Gentleman Waiter, studied the Parts of my Brother, and of the Player with whom he ran away. And now busie Fame proclaim'd through all the Country, that a Company of Strollers were to act a Play at the Baron *de Sigognac's*; abundance of *Perigordine* Gentry were invited to the Show, and when the Page was perfect in his part, which he found so difficult to learn, that they were fain to cut and reduce it to two Lines; we acted *Garnee's Roger* and *Bradamante*. The Assembly was very fine, the Room well lighted, the Stage convenient, and the Scenes adapted to the Subject. We all endeavour'd to do our best, and we acted with a general Applause. My Mother in the Habit of an *Amazon* appeared as beautiful as an Angel, and tho' her late Indisposition made her to look a little pale, yet the Brightness of her Complexion obscur'd all the Lights in the Room. Tho' I have great Reason to be very melancholy, yet cannot I forbear laughing whenever I think how ridiculously the Page acted his part; neither must my ill Humour rob you of this pleasant Passage; perhaps you may not find it such,

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such, but I can assure you, it made all the Company laugh heartily, and I have laugh'd at it an hundred times since; but whether it were laughable, or because I am one of those who laugh at a very small matter, I shant pretend to determine. He acted the Duke of *Aymon's* Page, and had but two Lines to speak in all the Play; when the old Man reprimanded his Daughter *Bradamante* for refusing to marry the Emperour's Son, (because she was in Love with *Roger*) the Page says to his Master,

*Monseigneur, rentrons dedans, je crains que vous tombiez,
Vous n'êtes pas trop bien assuré sur vos PIEDS.*

This great Oaf of a Page, tho' his part was easie enough to remember, yet murther'd the second Verse, and said very aukwardly, and trembling like a Malefactor,

*Monseigneur, rentrons dedans, je crains que vous tombiez,
Vous n'êtes pas trop assuré sur vos J AM B E S.*

This false Rhime surpriz'd every Body; he that acted *Aymon's* part burst out a laughing, and was no longer able to represent an angry old Man. All the Audience laugh'd as well as he; and I my self, who was then peeping thro the Hangings to see and be seen, laugh'd also to that degree that I was ready to drop down. The Master of the House, who was one of those melancholy Persons who laugh but seldom, and never at a small Matter, found his Page's want of Memory, and his aukward way of reciting Verses so laughable a Subject, that he was like to burst by endeavouring to preserve his Gravity; but at last he was fain to laugh as well as the rest; and his Men told us since, that they never knew him so well pleased in all their Lives. Now as he was a Person of great Authority in that Country, there was not one person of the whole Audience but laugh'd as much as he, or perhaps more, either out of Complaisance, or a natural Inclination. I am very much afraid, added *Cave*, I have now done like those who tell People, *I'll tell you a Story that will make you die with laughing*, and who seldom or never are as good as their Words: For I must confess

confess I rais'd your Expectation too high about the filliness of my Page. Not at all, answer'd *Star*, I have found it such as you made me expect it; 'tis true, the thing might have seem'd more ridiculous to those that saw it, than it will to such as shall only hear it related, the awkwardness of the Page contributing much to make it so; and besides, the Time, the Place, and the natural Inclination we have to laugh for Company's sake, are all Advantages it cannot have now. *Cave* made no farther Apology, and resum'd her Story where she had left off. After, continued she, that both the Actors and the Audience had laugh'd as much as their risible Faculty would give them leave, the Baron *de Sigognac* order'd his Page to come again on the Stage, in order to mend his Fault, or rather to make new Sport for the Company: But the Page (the greatest Looby that ever I saw) refus'd to obey the positive Commands of the severest Master in the World. The Baron took his Denial as he was prompted by his hasty Temper, that is to say, very ill; and his Resentment, which ought to have been small, had he been rul'd by Reason, prov'd afterwards the fatal Cause of the greatest Misfortune that could befall us. Our Tragedy was honour'd with the Applause of the whole Audience; and the Farce was still better receiv'd than the Tragedy, as it generally happens every where, except in *Paris*. The Baron *de Sigognac*, and the rest of the Gentlemen his Neighbours, were so well pleas'd with it, that they desired to see us act again. All the Gentlemen clubb'd to make a Present to our Company, every one according to his Generosity; the Baron shew'd them the way, and the Play was given out for the next Holy-day. We play'd a whole Month before this *Perigordine* Gentry; during which time we were treated and caress'd both by Men and Women, and besides, our Company was presented with some old Clothes half worn out. The Baron entertain'd us at his own Table; his Servants were extremely officious in waiting upon us, and often told us how much they were oblig'd to us for their Master's good Humour, whom they found quite alter'd since Plays had civiliz'd his rough Manners. The Page alone look'd upon us as people that had blasted his Reputation for ever; and the Line he had

spoiled,

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spoiled, and which every body in the House, even in the very Scullion, repeated to him often in Raillery, was a cruel Stab to him, of which he at last resolv'd to be reveng'd upon some body or other of our Company. Upon a certain Day, when the Baron *de Sigognac* had assembled his Neighbours and Tenants, to rid his Woods of a great Number of Wolves that harbour'd there, and by which the Country was very much annoyed; my Father and his Fellow-Strollers accompanied him each with his Gun, as did also his Servants. The unlucky Page went along with them, and having found the opportunity he lookt for, to put his ill Design against us in Execution, he no sooner espy'd my Father, and his Comrades separated from the rest, and giving one another Powder and Shot to load their Guns; but he let fly his Piece at them from behind a Tree, and shot my unhappy Father with two Bullets: His Comrades were so busie in supporting him, that they never thought at first to pursue the Murtherer, who made the best of his Way, and has since run the Country. Two Days after my Father died of his wounds: My Mother resented her Loss to that Degree, that it almost broke her Heart; she fell sick again, and I was as much afflicted as 'twas possible for a Girl of my Years. My Mother's Illness proving a lingering Disease, the Men and Women that belong'd to our Company, took their Leaves of the Baron *de Sigognac*, and went to seek their Fortune with some other Strollers. My Mother lay sick for above two Months, but at last recover'd, having during that time receiv'd such Tokens of Generosity and Kindness from the Baron *de Sigognac*, as were little to be expected from a Man who had the Reputation of being the greatest Tyrant that ever made himself fear'd in a Country where every Squire pretends to huff and domineer. His Servants, who never found any Humanity or Civility in him before, wondred to see him converse with us, after the most kind and obliging manner in the World. One might have thought he was in Love with my Mother, but that he seldom spoke to her, and never came into our Room, (where we us'd to take our Meals) after my Father's Death, and only sent often to know how she did: However, the Country talked as if he

he was great with her, as we have been since inform'd. But at length my Mother, considering she could not with Decency stay any longer in the House of a Person of his Quality, had already design'd to leave it, and retire to her Fathers at *Marseilles*. She therefore acquainted the Baron with her Intentions; return'd him Thanks for all his kind Usage to us, and desired him to add a new Favour to those we had already received, which was, to lend us Saddle-horses for her self and me, till we come to a certain Town, and a Cart to carry our little Baggage, which she designed to sell to the first Man that would give her any thing for it. The Baron was much surpriz'd at my Mother's Request. Nor was she in a less Surprize than he, finding he would neither grant it nor deny her. The next Day, the Curate of one of the Churches within his Lordship, came to Visit us in our Chamber, accompanied by his Niece, a good-natur'd and agreeable Girl, with whom I was intimately acquainted. She and I went out to fetch a walk in the Garden of the Castle, and left her Uncle alone with my Mother: The Curate had a long Conversation with her, and did not leave her till Supper-time. When I came back I found my Mother melancholly and full of Thought; I asked her three or four times what was the matter, but could get no answer from her, only she fell a weeping, and so I wept for Company, not knowing why nor wherefore. At last she bid me shut her Chamber-door, and then told me, (weeping still more than before) that the Curate had inform'd her, that the Baron *de Sigognac* was desperately in Love with her, and assured her besides, that he had so great a Respect for her, that he never durst declare (either by himself or others) his Passion for her, without offering her Marriage at the same time. Here she stopt, being almost suffocated with Sighs and Sobs: I ask'd her once again, What ail'd her? What! Daughter, said she to me, have I not said enough to let you understand that I am the most wretched Woman in the World? I told her I did not think it so great a Misfortune for a Player to become a Lady of Quality. Alas! dear Child, said she, you talk like a young Girl that knows nothing of the World. What (added she) if he should deceive the Curate in order to deceive me?

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If he does not design to marry me, as he would persuade me he does, have I not reason to fear all manner of Violence, from a Man so much a Slave to his Passions? And if he really designs to marry me, and I consent to it, what Woman in the World can be more miserable than my self will in all probability be, when his Fancy is over? How great is his Hatred like to prove, if ever he should repent loving me? No, no, Daughter, continu'd she, Fortune is not so favourable as thou imaginest: Nay, rather she designs to aggravate my Load of Woe; for having depriv'd me of a Husband whom I lov'd, and by whom I was beloved, she now would force one upon me, who perhaps will hate me, and oblige me to hate him too. Her Grief, which I thought unreasonable, encreased to that Degree, that she was like to be stifled with it, whilst I helpt her to undress her self. I comforted her as well as I could, and endeavour'd to combate her Affliction, with all the Arguments a Girl of my years was able to frame, not forgetting to tell her, that the obliging and respectful Behaviour which the roughest of all Men had ever shewn in conversing with us, seem'd to be a good Omen, and especially his want of Assurance in discovering his Passion to a Woman, whose Profession is rather apt to embolden a Man in his Addresses, than inspire him with awful Respect. My Mother suffer'd me to speak all I thought fit, went to Bed very much afflicted, and cherish'd her Grief all Night long, instead of sleeping. I endeavour'd for the sake of good Manners to resist Sleep, but at last was fain to yield, and so I slept for us both; she got up early in the Morning, and when I awak'd I found her ready dress'd, and her Mind pretty well compos'd. I was in great Pain to know what Resolution she had taken; for to tell you Truth, I flatter'd my self with my Mothers future Greatness, in Case the Baron was sincere and honourable in his Addresses, and my Mother willing to grant his Sute. The Thoughts of hearing my Mother call'd my Lady Baronness, filled my Mind with Delight, and Ambition began to inflame my youthful Breast —

Cave was thus recounting her Story, and *Star* listning to her with great Attention, when they heard somewhat tread

tread in their Chamber, which startled them the more, in that they remembered they had made the Door fast with the Bolt. The Noise continued, and so they cried, Who's there? No Answer was made; but a moment after, *Cave* saw at the Bed's-feet, (the Curtains being open) the Figure of a Person whom she heard sigh, and who leaning on the Bed, rested on her Feet. She sat up, to view the thing nearer that had begun to fright her. Being fully resolved to speak to it, she reached her Head out of the Bed, when presently the thing disappear'd. The being in Company with any Body gives often an Assurance, but sometimes our Fears are never the less for being shar'd with another. *Cave* was frighted because she had seen nothing, and *Star*, because she saw her Companion frighted. They both thrust themselves into the Bed, cover'd their Heads with the Bed-clothes, and lay close, not daring almost to speak to each other for Fear. At last *Cave* told *Star*, that her poor Daughter must be dead, and that 'twas her Ghost that came to sigh by her. *Star* was perhaps going to reply, when they heard the Thing walk again in the Room. *Star* thrust her self deeper into the Bed than she had done before; but *Cave*, embolden'd by the Thought that it was her Daughter's Ghost, sat up again in the Bed, and seeing the same thing appear, sighing as before, and leaning on her Feet, reached her Hand and felt a very rough one; which made her to give a hideous Shriek, and struck her down with the Fright. At the same time they heard a barking in the Room, as when a Dog is afraid of any thing that he meets in the Night. *Cave* had once more Courage enough look what it was, and then she saw a great Grey-hound that barked at her. She threatned him with a loud Voice, at which time he retired barking towards the Corner of the Room, where he vanished out of Sight. The courageous Player rose out of her Bed, and by the Moon-shine which came thro' the Window, discovered in that Corner of the Room, where the Phantom and the Grey-hound had disappear'd, a little Door which opened unto a little Pair of Back-stairs. By that she easily imagin'd that a Grey-hound belonging to the House had crept thro' that Door into their Room; and that

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that having a mind to lay himself on their Bed, but not daring to do it without the consent of those who were in it, he had fighed like a Dog, and the Bed being high, as are all old Beds, he had lean'd his Fore-legs on her Feet, and afterwards crept under the Bed, when *Cave* first reached her Head out of it: However the Belief of a Ghost being in the Room, had so possess'd *Star's* frighted Soul, that 'twas a long time before she could persuade her that 'twas but a Grey-hound. As afflicted as *Cave* was, she jeer'd her Companion about her Cowardise, and reserv'd the Continuation of her Story to another time, when they should not want Sleep so much as they did then. 'Twas now Break of Day, they fell asleep, and got up about Ten of the Clock, when Word was brought them, that the Coach which was to carry them to *Mans* was ready to set out as soon as they pleas'd.

CHAP. IV.

Destiny meets with Leander.

D*estiny* in the mean time went from Town to Town, still enquiring after those he pursued, but could learn no News, nor Tidings of 'em. Thus he rambled up and down till two or three a Clock in the Afternoon, when Hunger and his Horse's Weariness oblig'd him to return to a great Village which he had left a while before. Here he found a pretty good Inn, because it stood upon the Road, and where he did not forget to ask whether they had heard of a Company of Horsemen who stole a young Woman. *There's a Gentleman above who can give you an account of 'em, said the Surgeon of that Village, who happen'd to be there; for, added he, I believe he has been a quarrelling with 'em, and has got many a Wound for his Pains. I just now applied to him an Anodyne and resolute Cataplasim on a livid Tumour he has on the Vertebrae of the Neck, and dress'd a great Cut he received in the Occiput. I would have let him Blood, because he is full of Contusions, but he would not let me, tho' he has great occasion for it. He must needs have got a heavy Fall, or else*
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have been beaten unmercifully. This Country Surgeon took such Delight in mustering the learned Terms of his Art, that tho' *Destiny* was gone from him, and no body left to give him the hearing, yet went he still on with his Discourse till he was fetch'd away to let a Woman Blood, who was dying of an *Apoplexy*. In the mean time *Destiny* went up to the Person's Chamber of whom the Surgeon had spoke, where he found a young Man well clad, with his Head bound, and lying upon a Bed to take his Rest. He was meditating a Complement to excuse his intruding into his Chamber, before he knew whether he was willing to admit of his Visit; but he was not a little surpriz'd when at the first Words he spoke, the other rose from his Bed, and ran to embrace him, discovering himself to be his Servant *Leander*, who was gone from him without taking Leave four or five Days before, and whom *Cave* had suspected to be the Ravisher of her Daughter. *Destiny* was at a stand, not knowing in what sort of Tone he should speak to him, by reason he saw him look like a Gentleman, both in Person and Dress. Whilst he was thus viewing him, *Leander* had time to compose himself, for he seem'd something disorder'd at first: I am ashamed (said he to *Destiny*) I dealt not so frankly and sincerely with you, as I should have done with one whom I value so much; but you must excuse an unexperienc'd young Man, who before he was well acquainted with you, thought you to be of the same Make, as are generally those of your Profession, and therefore upon that Score durst not to trust you with a Secret, on which depends the Happiness of his Life. *Destiny* told him, he could not imagine in what particular he had distrusted him, so desired he would let him know it. I have a great many things besides to tell you, if you are not already acquainted with 'em, answered *Leander*; but first of all let me know what brought you hither? *Destiny* told him how *Angelica* had been stolen, that he had pursued her Ravishers, and was informed as he came into the Inn, that he had met with one in him, that could give him an account of them: 'Tis true I met with 'em (reply'd *Leander* with a Sigh) and I did as much against 'em, as a single

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gle Man could do against many; but my Sword happening to break in the Body of the first Man I wounded, I could neither rescue Mrs. *Angelica*, nor die in her Defence, tho' I was fully resolv'd to do one. They left me in the Condition you see me, and thinking they had killed me with a Back-stroke they gave me on the Head, (but which did only stun me for a while) they went on their way in great haste. This is all I know of Mrs. *Angelica*, but we shall hear more anon from a Servant of mine, who is to meet me here, and whom I sent to follow them at a distance, after he had helped me to mount my Horse, which they left me, because, I suppose, they did not think him worth stealing. *Destiny* ask'd him, why he went from him without giving him Warning? from whence he came? and who he was? Not doubting but that he conceal'd his Name and Condition from him. *Leander* confess't there was some such thing, and having laid himself down, because the Blows he had receiv'd gave him cruel Pain, whilst *Destiny* sat at the Bed's-Feet, *Leander* recounted to him what you may read in the following Chapter.

CHAP. V.

The History of Leander.

I Am a Gentleman, of a Family pretty well known in the Province where I was born, and hope one Day to be worth at least four thousand Crowns a Year, provided my Father be at last pleas'd to die; for tho' 'tis now four-score Years since he has plagu'd all those who have any dependence upon him, yet he is so well in Health that I have more reason to fear he will never die, than to hope to inherit three fine Lordships, which make up his Estate. He design'd to make me Counsellor in the Parliament of *Brittany*, tho' against my Inclination, and for that purpose sent me to School betimes. I was at the College of *La Fleche*, when your Company came to act there; there I saw Mrs. *Angelica*, and fell in Love with her to that degree, that I could mind nothing else. Nay I went farther,

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ther, for I had the assurance to acquaint her with my Passion, at which she was not much offended; I writ to her, she receiv'd my Letter, and did not look more coldly than before upon me, the next time I saw her. Afterwards Mrs. *Cave* being fallen sick, and therefore oblig'd to keep her Chamber, whilst you were at *La Fleche*, her Daughter and I had frequent Opportunities of conversing, which she would have prevented had she not been ill; for you know how severe and reserv'd she is for a Woman of her Profession, which seems to dispense with its Followers not being over nice or scrupulous. From the first Moment I fell in Love, I never went to School more, nor mist a Play. The *Jesuits* endeavoured to bring me back to my Duty, but having chosen the most charming Mistress in the World, I refused to obey those troublesome Masters. Your Servant, you may remember was killed at the Play-house Door, by the Scholars of *Brittany*, who made that Year a great Disturbance at *La Fleche*, because they were very numerous, and that Wine happen'd to be cheap, which was in some measure the reason why you went from *La Fleche* to *Angiers*. I did not take my leave of *Angelica*, because her Mother was always with her; all I could do, was to appear before her as she went away, with Despair in my Face, and Tears in my Eyes. A pitying melancholy Look which she cast on me, was like to break my Heart. I lockt myself up in my Room, wept bitterly the remaining part of the Day, and all the Night, and the very next Morning changing Cloaths with my Man, (who was about my Size) I left him at *La Fleche* to sell my School-boys Equipage, and gave him a Letter for a Tenant of my Father's who supplies me with Money whenever I ask'd him for it, with orders to come to me at *Angiers*. I began my Journey thither after you, and overtook you at *Duretail*, where several Gentlemen who were then hunting a Stag, oblig'd you to stay seven or eight Days. There I offer'd my Service to you, and you entertain'd me as your Man, either because you were loth to be without one, or by reason my Face and Mien, which you seem'd to like, had engaged you to hire me. My Hair, which I had cut very short, hindred me from
being

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being known again by those who had often seen me with *Angelica*: Besides my Man's bad Coat, which I had put on to disguise my self, made me to look like quite another Man, than what I was in my own Cloaths, which were finer than a School-boy's generally are. However Mistress *Angelica* knew me at first sight, and has own'd to me since, that she did not doubt, but my Passion was very violent for her, since I could abandon all to follow her. She had the Generosity to dissuade me from it, and advis'd me to recall my wandering Reason. She made me to feel those Rigours, which would have been sufficient to have cool'd a Man less amorous than my self; but by my constant Love, I insensibly engag'd her to love me as much as I did her. As you had the soul of a Man of Quality, (of such a one, I mean as is truly Noble) 'twas not long before you found out that I was not of the Temper of a Servant; I soon gain'd your favour, and besides, the esteem of all the Gentlemen of your Company; nay, even *Rancour* did not hate me, tho' he had the Character among ye of loving no body. I shall not waste my time in relating all the fine things, which two Persons equally in Love might say to one another, as often as they happen'd to come together, you know that well enough from your own Experience. I will only tell you, that Mistress *Cave* suspecting our private Correspondence, or, rather having certain Proofs of it, charg'd her Daughter never to speak to me more; her Daughter however did not obey her; yet having surpris'd her writing to me. she us'd her so roughly, both before People and in private, that after that time, I found no great difficulty to persuade her to consent to be stolen. I am not afraid to make this plain Confession to you, knowing you to be as generous as any Man, and at least as amorous as my self. *Destiny* blusht at these Words of *Leander*; who went on with his Discourse, and told *Destiny*, that he had left the Company in order to put his Design in Execution; that one of his Father's Tenants had promis'd him to furnish him with a sum of Money, and that he hop'd to receive some more at St. *Maloes*, from a Merchant's Son, his intimate Friend, who was lately come to his Estate,

by the death of his Parents. He added, that by the Assistance of this Friend, he did not question but to get over into *England*, and from thence to make his Peace with his Father, without exposing to his Anger, either his Mistress *Angelica* or her Mother, whom in all probability he would otherwise prosecute, with all the advantage that a Man of Wealth and Quality could have over two poor Players. *Destiny* made *Leander* sensible, that by reason of his Youth and Quality, his Father would certainly have indicted Mrs. *Cave* for a Rape, in case he had not thought of this way to prevent it. He did not endeavour to make him forget his Mistress; for he was sensible, that Persons in Love, were not capable to follow any Counsel but what was suggested by their Passion, and in a word are more to be pitied than blamed; but he highly disapproved his Design of going over into *England*; and represented to him what People might think of two young Strangers in a foreign Country; the hazards and fatigue of a Sea-voyage; the difficulty of being supplied with Money, in case he should want, and lastly, the Attempts to which they will be exposed by Mistress *Angelica's* Beauty, and the Youth of both. *Leander* did not endeavour to defend a bad Cause: He ask'd once more *Destiny's* Pardon, for having conceal'd himself so long from him; and *Destiny* in return promis'd to use all his Interest with Mistress *Cave*, to incline her to be favourable to him. Moreover he told him, that if he was fully resolved never to marry any Woman but Mistress *Angelica*, he ought not to leave their Company; adding, that in the mean time his Father might die, or his Passion abate, or perhaps, be quite extinguish'd — Oh! never, never, cry'd *Leander*. Well then, (said *Destiny*) to secure your Mistress's Heart, your best way is never to lose Sight of her: Be a Player still with us, for you are not the only Man that treads the Stage, when he could follow a better Employment: Write to your Father; make him believe you are in the Army, and try to get Money from him; in the mean time I will converse with you as if you were my own Brother, and by that means endeavour to make you forget the indifferent Usage you receiv'd from me, whilst I was unacquaint-

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ed with your Quality and Merit. *Leander* would have thrown himself at his Feet, if the violent Pain be felt all over his Body, upon account of his Bruises, would have given him leave: However, he return'd him Thanks after so obliging a manner, and made him such hearty Protections of Friendship, that from that very moment he had as great an esteem for him as one Gentleman could possibly have for another. They discours'd afterwards which Way they should go in search of *Angelica*; but a great Noise interrupted their Conversation, and caused *Destiny* to go down into the Kitchen, where was transacting what you shall hear in the next Chapter.

CHAP. VI.

A bloody Fight at Fifty-Cuffs: The Death of the Inn-keeper, and other memorable Occurrences.

TWO Men, one of which was in Black like a Country School-Master, and the other in Gray, who look'd like a Catch-pole, had laid hold one of another by the Hair and Beard, and now and then box'd it highly after a most cruel manner. Both were indeed what their Habits and their Look shew'd 'em: He in Black the School-master of the Town, Brother to the Curate; and the other in Gray, a Bailif of the same Town, and Brother to the Inn-keeper. This Inn-keeper was then in a Chamber next the Kitchen, ready to give up the Ghost, being sick of a violent Fever, which had so disorder'd his Senses, that he broke his Head against the Wall; and his Wound join'd to his Distemper, had brought him so low, that when his Frenzy left him, he was fain to part with Life, which perhaps he regretted less than his ill-gotten Money. He had been a long time a Soldier, and was at last come home laden with Years, and so light of Honesty, that he might be said to have less of it than Money, altho' he was extraordinary poor. But because Women are very often catch'd by those very things they ought least to be caught by; his twisted Hair, longer than any Peasant's in Town, his cursing and swearing like a true Son of *Mars*, a bristling

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Feather which he wore on his Hat upon Holy-days, when the Weather was fair, and a rusty long Sword that flap'd against the old Boots he had on, altho' he never bestride a Horse, all these I say, gain'd him the Heart of an old Woman that kept an Inn. She had been courted by the richest Tenants in the Country, not so much on account of her Beauty, as because she got an Estate with her first Husband by exacting upon People, and cheating in the Measure, both of Wine and Oats; yet she courageously resisted all the Assaults of her Woers, but at last an old Weather-beaten Soldier triumph'd over this old Hostess. This Tavern-Nymph had the least Face, and the biggest Belly of any Woman in *Mayne*, tho' which Province abounds in Big-bellied People. I leave to the Naturalists to find out the Reason of this as well as of the fat Capons of this Country. To return to this short big-woman, whom I fancy to see as often as I think on her; She married our Warriour, without acquainting her Relations, and having liv'd to a crazy old Age, and undergone great Hardships with him, had at last the Satisfaction to see him die of a broken Skull, which she look'd upon as a just Judgment for his repeated Attempts of breaking hers. When *Destiny* came into the Kitchen, mine Hostess and her Maid, helpt the old Curate of the Town to part the Combatants, who had grappled one another like two Ships in a Sea-fight; but the Threats of *Destiny*, and his magisterial way of speaking, brought about what the Curate's Exhortations could not before effect: Whereupon the two mortal Enemies let go their hold, spitting half of their bloody Teeth out at their Mouths, bleeding at their Noses, and with their Hands full of each others Hair both from their Heads and Beards. The Curate being an honest well bred Person, return'd *Destiny* Thanks very civilly; *Destiny* to do him farther Pleasure, caus'd those two very Persons to embrace in a friendly manner, who a moment before had endeavour'd to strangle one another. During the Reconcilement, the Inn-keeper ended his obscure Life, without so much as giving notice of it to his Friends; insomuch, that when they entred his Room after the Conclusion of the Peace, they found there was no more

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to be done than to bury him. The Curate pray'd over the dead Body, and did it very well, for he was short. His Vicar came to relieve him, and in the mean time the Widow bethought her self to roar and cry, which she did with a great deal of Ostentation and Vanity. The Brother of the deceased, dissembled being sorrowful, or was so indeed; and the Men and Women-servants perform'd their Parts as well as he. The Curate follow'd *Destiny* into his Chamber, offering to serve him to the utmost of his Power, as well as *Leander*; and in requital, they invited him to eat a bit with 'em. *Destiny* who had eaten nothing yet all that Day, and had used a great deal of Exercise, fell to it with a greedy Appetite; *Leander* fed more upon amorous Thoughts than Victuals; and the Curate talked more than he eat. He told them a hundred pleasant Stories about the Avarice of the deceased; and acquainted them with the comical Quarrels which this reigning Passion had often caus'd him, both with his Wife and his Neighbours. Among the rest, he related to them how he took once a Journey to *Laval* with his Wife: Now as they came back, the Horse that carried them both having lost two of his Shoes, he left his Wife holding him by the Bridle, at the Foot of a Tree, while he went back as far as *Laval*, to look for his Horse's Shoes; however he got nothing but his Labour for his Pains, whilst his Wife lost almost all Patience with waiting for him; (for they were come two Leagues from *Laval*.) She began to be in great Pain about him, when she espied him coming bare foot, with his Boots and Hose in his Hands. She was not a little surpriz'd at this Novelty, but still durst not ask the reason of it; for by obeying his Officers in the Wars, he had made himself to domineer at home. Neither did she dare to contradict him, when she was commanded by him to pull off her Stockings, or so much as to ask him why she did it, only she thought 'twas out of Devotion. He then caus'd his Wife to lead his Horse by the Bridle, whilst he walk'd behind and drove him: Thus the Man and Wife without either Shoes or Stockings, and the unshod Horse, after a tedious and troublesome March, came home at last, late at Night, and all three very much tired; both the

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Inn-keeper and his Wife had their Feet so gali'd and sore, that they could not walk for almost a Fortnight after. He never was more pleas'd with any thing he had ever done, and when ever he thought on't, told his Wife laughing, that if they had not come bare-foot from *Laval*, they had been at a great Expence for Shoes, both for themselves and their Horse. *Destiny* and *Leander* took not much notice of the Story, tho' the Curate had promis'd a good one, either because they did not find it so pleasant as he said it was, or by reason they were not then in the Humour to laugh. The Curate who was a great Talker, was not contented with this, but had still a mind to proceed to another, and told *Destiny* that what they had heard was nothing in comparison of what he had to tell 'em, about the Inn-keeper's preparing himself for Death. 'Tis now four or five Days, continued he, since he knew he was past Recovery; and yet he never was more sparing: He grudged himself all the new laid Eggs he eat during his Illness; had a mind to know to a Farthing the charge of his Burial, and even would have abated something of my Fees, the Day I heard his Confession; in short, to end as he began, two Hours before he died, he order'd his Wife, in my hearing, to bury him in an old Sheet which he knew was somewhere about the House, and which had above a hundred Holes in it. His Wife represented to him how undecent a thing it would be for him to be buried in it; but he grew obstinate, and would have no other. His Wife could not find in her Heart to consent to it, and because she saw him unable to beat her, maintain'd her Opinion with more assurance than she had ever done, however without breaking in upon that Duty which an honest Wife owes her Husband, whether he be kind or not. At last she askt how he could pretend to appear in the Valley of *Jehosaphat* in that Equipage, and in what pickle he thought he should rise from the Dead? The sick Man fell into Passion at this, and swearing as he used to do when he was in Health, 'Zounds, cry'd he, I never intend to rise again. I had as much ado to forbear laughing, as to make him understand that he had offended God by thus falling into a Passion, and much more by what

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what he had said to his Wife, which was a piece of Prophaneness and Impiety. He made an act of Contrition for it, tho' somewhat against the Grain, but not without a promise on our side, that he should be buried in no other Sheet than what he had pitch'd upon. My Brother who burst out a laughing when he heard him so loudly and plainly renounce his Resurrection, could not forbear laughing still, as often as it came into his Mind; this the Brother of the deceas'd took exceptions at, and from words advancing to Blows, my Brother and he, both equally sturdy and passionate, had laid hold of one another, and perhaps would have still been cuffing and fighting, if you had not parted them. Thus the Curate made an end of his Relation; having all the while addressed himself to *Destiny*, because *Leander* did not give him any Attention. He took his leave of the Strollers with repeated offers of Service; and *Destiny* endeavour'd to administer some Drops of Comfort to the afflicted *Leander*, and bid him to hope the best. As bruised as the poor Youth was, he now and then looked out at the Window to see if his Man came, as if his looking would make him come ever the sooner. But when People wait with Impatience for any body, the wisest are Fools enough to look towards the place from whence they expect them; which Reflection shall be the close of my sixth Chapter.

CHAP. VII.

Ragotin's panick Fear, attended with Disasters; the Adventure of the dead Body; a Shower of Cuffs, and other surprising Accidents worthy to have a place in this true History.

L *Leander*, as I said before, was looking out at the Window towards the Place from whence his Man was to come, when turning his Head to the other side, he saw little *Ragotin*, just arriving; booted up to his Waste, mounted on a little Mule, and accompanied by *Rancour* and *Olive*, holding his Stirrups, the one on one side, and the other on t'other, like two great Footmen that walk'd by the side of a new Sheriff's Horse on a Lord Mayor's Day. They had heard from Town to Town which way *Destiny* went, and

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by often enquiring found him at last. *Destiny* went down to meet 'em, and carried them up into his Chamber. They did not at first know young *Leander*, his Looks it seems being changed with his Clothes; yet lest they should find out who he was, *Destiny* order'd him to go down and see that Supper was got ready, with the same Authority with which he used to speak to him; and because the Strollers by that began to know him again, and wondred at his being so fine, *Destiny* told them, that an Uncle of his in the Lower *Mayne* had equip'd him from Head to Foot, just as they saw him; and besides, had given him Money to make him leave off the Stage, which he nevertheless had refused to do, and therefore came away from him without so much as taking his leave. *Destiny* and the rest asked one another News about what they all had been looking after, however were never the wiser for their Questions. *Ragotin* assur'd *Destiny* he had left the Women in good Health, tho' much afflicted for Mrs. *Angelica's* Rape. At last, Night being come, they went to Supper, the New Comers drank hard, and the rest like sober Men. *Ragotin* began to be merry, challeng'd every body to drink, like a true Toper; broke many a silly Jest, and fell a singing in spite of the Company: But no body caring to second him, and the Hostess's Brother-in Law having learnedly represented, that it did not look decent for them to make a Debauch so near a dead Corps, *Ragotin* made less noise, but however drank a great deal more Wine. Afterwards they went to Bed, *Destiny* and *Leander* in the Room they had already taken, and *Ragotin*, *Rancur*, and *Olve* in a little Room next the Kitchen, and by the Chamber where lay the Corps of the deceased. The Hostess took up her Quarters in an upper Room, near that of *Destiny* and *Leander*, both to avoid the ghastly sight of a dead Husband, and to receive the consolatory Visits of her Friends, who came to her in great numbers; for she was one of the topping Women of the Village, and was as much belov'd by every body, as her Husband was hated. All things were in a profound Silence in the Inn; the Dogs were asleep, since they did not bark; all the other Animals slept likewise, or ought to have done, and this Tranquility lasted till between two
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and three a Clock in the Morning, when all on a sudden *Ragotin* cryed out as loud as he could bawl, that *Rancour* was dead. Now at once he had wak'd *Olive*, rouz'd *Destiny* and *Leander*, and got them to come down into the Kitchin in order to weep, or at least to see *Rancour*, who, he said, died suddenly by his side. *Destiny* and *Leander* followed him, when the first thing they saw as they entered the Room, was *Rancour* walking up and down like a Man in good Health, which, you know, is no such easie matter after sudden Death. *Ragotin* who went in first, no sooner spy'd him, but he flew back as if he had been going to tread on a Serpent, or step off a Precipice. He gave a great Shriek, turned pale as Death, and knock'd his Head so fiercely against *Destiny's* and *Leander's*, as he flew out of the Room, that he was like to have thrown 'em to the Ground. His Fear made him to run as far as the Garden that belong'd to the Inn, where he was like to catch cold. *Destiny* and *Leander* ask'd *Rancour* the Particulars of his Death; to which he answer'd, that he could not give so good an account of it as *Ragotin*, adding, that he was a little crack'd brain'd. In the mean time *Olive* was splitting his Sides with laughing, *Rancour* stood speechless and unconcern'd, as he used to do upon such Occasions, and neither of them would discover what they knew of the Matter. *Leander* made after *Ragotin*, and found him lurking behind a Tree, trembling with Fear more than Cold, tho' he was only in his Shirt. His Fancy was so full of dead *Rancour*, that he presently took *Leander* for his Ghost; and was going to run away as he advanced towards him: Next arriv'd *Destiny* whom he took for another Ghost, both ask'd him several Questions, but could get no manner of answer from him; at last they took him under the Arms, in order to carry him back to his Chamber; but as they were stepping out of the Garden, and *Rancour* advancing to come into it, *Ragotin* disingag'd himself from those that held him, and looking behind with wild staring Eyes, thrust himself into a Thicket of Rose-bushes, where he was intangled from Head to Foot, and not able to get out time enough to avoid the encounter of *Rancour*, who called him Mad-man a thousand times, and told him he must be shut up. They

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all three pulled him out of the Rose-bushes; *Rancour* gave him a sound slap on the Breech, to let him feel he was not dead, and at last our frightened little Man was carried back to his Room, and put to bed again. But he scarce was got into it, when a great Noise of Female Voices, which they heard in the next Room, put them to a stand to know what was the matter: These were not the Complaints of one afflicted Woman alone, but the hideous Cries of several together, as when they are in a fright. *Destiny* went into the Room, where he found four or five Women with the Hostess, who were looking under the Beds, and in the Chimny, and were terribly frightened. He asked them what the matter was? when the Hostess, half howling, half speaking, told him she did not know what was become of her poor Husband's Corps. She had scarce uttered these Words but she began to howl, all the other Women, as if it had been a howling Consort, answered her in a Chorus, and together made so great and lamentable a noise, that every body in the Inn came into that Room, and all the Neighbours and Goers by into the Inn. In the mean time an arch Pilferer of a Cat, seized upon a Pigeon, which an unwary Maid had left half larded on the Kitchen-dresser, and retiring with her Prey into *Ragot's* Chamber, hid herself under the Bed where he lay with *Rancour*. The Maid followed Puss, with a Faggot-stick in her Hand, and looking under the Bed to know what was become of her Pigeon, cried out as loud as she could, that she had found her Master, which she repeated so often, that the Hostess and the rest of the Women came to her. The Maid fell about her Mistress's Neck, and told her she had found her Master, with such a Transport of Joy, that the poor Widow was afraid her Husband was come to Life again, for they took notice that she immediately turned as pale as a Malefactor upon receiving his Sentence. At last the Maid bad 'em look under the Bed, where they espyed the Corps they had been so much in pain about. Altho' it was very heavy, the greatest difficulty was not to get it from thence, but to know who had put it there; however they carried it into its Chamber again, where they began to dress it for Burial. The Players withdrew up Stairs to *Destiny's* Room, who

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who all this while did not know what to make of these strange Accidents. As for *Leander*, his Head ran upon nothing but his dear *Angelica*, which made him as fullen and penfive; as *Ragotin* was sorry that *Rancour* was not dead; by whose Raillery he was so mortified, that he had not a Word to say, contrary to his Custom of talking continually, and intruding upon all Conversations, right or wrong. *Rancour* and *Olive* were so little surpriz'd, both at *Ragotin's* panick Terror, and the Transmigration of a dead Corps from one Room to another without any human Assistance, at least that any body knew of, that *Destiny* began to suspect they had no small share in the Prodigy. In the mean time they were debating the Case in the Kitchen, in order to know the truth of the matter. One of the Plough-Men, who just then came from the Field to eat his Dinner, hearing one of the Maids relate in a great fright, that her Master's Corps had got up of its self and walk'd, told her, that as he went thro' the Kitchen by break of Day, he saw two Men in their Shirts. who carried it on their Shoulders into the Room where 'twas found. The Brother of the deceased hearing what the Fellow had said, and highly resenting so foul an action, the Widow and her Friends were presently made acquainted with it; all were very much offended at it, and with one Voice concluded that those Men must certainly be Sorcerers, and that they designed to do some wicked thing or other with the Corps. Whilst they were passing this unatoward Judgment upon *Rancour*, he happen'd to come into the Kitchen, to bid 'em carry up something for Breakfast into the Strangers Chamber. The Brother of the deceased ask'd him, Why he had carried his Brother's Body into his Room? But *Rancour* was so far from returning an answer, that he did not so much as exchange a Look with him. The Widow put the same Question to him; he shewed her the like indifference, which the good Dame did not him; for she at the same time flew in his Face as furiously as a Lionsess berett of her Whelps would have done. (I fear the Simile is a little too magnificent) Her Brother-in-Law gave *Rancour* a sound Cuff; the Hostess's Friends did not spare him; the Maids put in for their Share, as did also the Men. But a single Man could not

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afford.

afford room for the Blows of so many Strikers, who rather hindred one another; *Rancour* alone against so many, and by consequence so many against him, was not daunted at the Number of his Enemies, and therefore making a Virtue of Necessity, began to use all the Strength and Activity that God Almighty had put into his Hands, leaving the rest to Fortune. Never was an unequal Fright so obstinately maintain'd; for *Rancour* preserving his Judgment amidst the greatest Dangers, made use of his Policy as well as Strength, dealt his Blows with Prudence, and improv'd 'em to the best Advantage. He gave many a Box, which not falling full upon the first Cheek it met, glanc'd upon a second, and sometimes a third, because he generally whirl'd about when he was going to strike, so that with one single Blow he often extracted three different Sounds, out of three differing pair of Chops. At the noise of the Combatants, *Olive* came down into the Kitchen, and had scarce time to discern his Comrade amidst all those that belaboured him, but he felt himself more fiercely attackt even than *Rancour*, whose Valour and vigorous Resistance now began to strike his Foes with Terror; therefore two or three of those whom *Rancour* had abused most, fell foul upon *Olive* only perhaps to get their Revenge. The Noise increased, and at the same time the Hostess received such a huge Cuff on her little Piggs-nyes, that she saw a hundred thousand Lights at the same time, (this is a certain number for an uncertain one) and was intirely disabled. She howl'd and roar'd more fiercely, and perhaps more heartily than she had done at her Husband's Death. Her howling brought all the Neighbours to her House, and *Destiny* and *Leander* into the Kitchen: Tho these last came with a Spirit of Peace, yet they presently had War made upon 'em, without saying why or wherefore; they did not want Cuffs and Boxes, neither were they so uncivil as to suffer those to want them, who had been so bountiful as to give them so freely. The Hostess, her Friends, and her Maids cry'd out Thieves, and were now only bare Spectators of the Fight, some with Eyes black and blew, others with bloody Noses, others again with broken Chops, and all of 'em with their Head-clothes torn to pieces. The Neighbours espous'd the Quarrel

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rel of the Hostess against those she call'd Thieves; and 'twould require a better Pen than mine must pretend to be, to describe the noble Cuffs that were afterwards given and received on both sides. At last Animosity and Fury had so possess'd their Breasts, that they began to seize on the Spits, and all other Moveables that one might fling at another's Head. When the Curate coming accidentally into the Kitchen, endeavour'd to make the Battel cease. To speak the Truth, altho' they all had a mighty Respect for his Character, yet would he in all probability have had much ado to have parted the Combatants, if their Weariness had not inclin'd them to hearken to his Advice. Thus tho' all acts of Hostility ceased on both sides, yet the Noise continued as before; for every one pretended to be heard first, the Women especially before the Men with their false treble Voices; whereupon the poor good Man was fain to stop his Ears and run to the Door for Relief. This having silenc'd the most obstreperous, he faced about, enter'd the Field of Battel, and commanded the Inn-keeper's Brother to speak: He first of all complain'd of the dead Corps being carried from one Room to another, and had so exaggerated the Enormity of the Fact, had he had less Blood to spit out of his Month, besides the bleeding at his Nose which he could not stop. *Rancour* and *Olive* pleaded guilty to the Indictment, protesting withal, that they had not done this with any ill intent, but only to fright one of their Comrades, as they really did. The Curate blam'd 'em very much for it, and shew'd 'em the ill Consequence of such an Action, which was carrying a Jest too far. However being a Man of parts, and of great Interest among his Parishioners, he found no difficulty in adjusting the Quarrel, and so all parted upon even Terms. But wild Discord with her hissing Snakes instead of Hair, had not yet compleated the Mischief she design'd to do in that House; for now there was heard in the upper Room such roaring, as little differs from that of a Hog when he is going to be stuck, and yet he that roared at this rate was no other than *Ragotin*. The Curate, the Strollers, and several others ran up to him, and found him sunk up to the Ears in a great Wooden-chest, where the Hostess kept her Linnen; and what was yet more grievous to

to the poor entrapp'd *Ragotin*, the Lid of the Trunk which was thick and heavy, had fallen upon his Legs, and squeez'd 'em so, that it grieved ones Heart to see it. A lusty Chamber-maid, who stood by when they entred the Room, and look'd very much concern'd, was suspected of having put the little Man into so ill a Place. This was the Truth of the business; and she was so proud of what she had done, that whilst she was making one of the Beds, she did not vouchsafe to mind how they could get *Ragotin* out of the Trunk, nor so much as answer those who ask'd her the occasion of the Noise they heard. In the mean time the little Man was got out of the Trap, and had no sooner the use of his Feet but he ran to his Sword. They hindred him from laying hold on cold Iron, but could not keep him from closing with the tall Maid, whom he could not prevent giving him such a fierce Blow on the Pate, that all the vast Seat of his narrow Reason was shaken by it. This made him to start three Steps back, but it had been but a Spring towards a Leap, had not *Olive* held him by the Breeches, as he was going to shoot like a Serpent against his dreadful Adversary. The Effort he made (tho' to no purpose) was so violent, that the Wast-band of his Breeches was broken by it, he was likewise the Silence of the Company, who then all fell a laughing. The Curate forgot his Gravity, and the Inn-keeper's Brother his Affliction. *Ragotin* alone was not dispos'd to Merriment, and therefore turned his Anger against *Olive*; who being offended at it, truss'd him up, and carried him (brandishing his Legs) to the bed which the Maid was making, where with the Strength of a *Hercules*, he pull'd down his Breeches, (whose Wast-band was already Broken) and then lifting up his Hands, and letting them fall quick and amain on his Thighs, and Places adjacent, in the twinkling of an Eye, made them to look as red as Scarlet. Bold *Ragotin* flung himself with great Courage from the Bed on the Ground, but this venturous Action was not attended with the Success it deserv'd. His Foot got into a Chamber-pot, which to his great Misfortune had been left by the Bed-side, and went in so deep, that not being able to get it out by the help of the other Foot, he durst not step from the Bed-side where

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where he was, for fear of making yet more Sport for the Company, and bringing their Raillery upon him, which he bore more impatiently than any Man could. Every body wonder'd to see him so quiet, after so great an Emotion. *Rancour* suspected there was something more than ordinary in the matter, and therefore having caus'd him to come out from the Bed-side, half willing, half not, all the Company then perceiv'd where the Shoe wrung him, and nobody could forbear laughing at the Pewter-foot our Dwarf had made for himself. We shall leave him treading the Metal with Pride and contempt, that we may go and welcome a new Company which came at the same time into the Inn.

CHAP. VIII.

The History of Ragotin's Foot.

HAD *Ragotin* by his own Strength, and without the help of his Friends, been able to *unpot* his Foot, I mean, to get it out of that scurvy Chamber-pot it had so unluckily got into, his Anger would have lasted at least all the remainder of the Day: But he was fain to abate somewhat of his natural Pride, and be submissive; humbly beseeching *Destiny* and *Rancour* to procure the Liberty of his Foot, right or left, I know not whether, for it never came to my Knowledge which of the two it was. He did not address himself to *Olive*, by reason of what had past betwixt 'em: Nevertheless, *Olive* came to his Aid, without entreaty, and both his Comrades and he us'd their endeavours to release him. The repeated Efforts the little Man had made to get his Foot free, had caus'd it to swell, and those which *Destiny* and *Olive* us'd, swell'd it yet a great deal more. *Rancour* put his Hand to it first of all, but so awkwardly, or rather maliciously, that *Ragotin* thought he had a mind to make him lame for ever. He desir'd him very earnestly to let it alone, as also his Comrades, and so laid himself down upon a Bed, till the Smith they had sent for, could come to file the Pot off his Foot. The remaining part of the Day past pretty quietly in the Inn, tho' somewhat melancholy betwixt *Destiny* and *Leander*, the one

One being very much in Pain about his Man, who did not come to bring him news of his Mistress, according to promise; and the other not finding in his Heart to be merry without his dear Mistress *Star*; and besides, he was concern'd at the Rape of *Angelica*, and pitied poor *Leander*, in whose Face he saw all the Marks of deep Affliction. *Rancour* and *Olive* soon made a Match with some of the Inhabitants of the Village, who were at Bowls; and *Ragotin*, the Operation on his Foot being over, compos'd himself to rest, whether he was really sleepy, or because he was ashamed to appear in publick after his unlucky Adventures, I won't pretend to satisfy you. The Corps of the Inn-keeper was carried to his long home, and mine Hostess, notwithstanding the pious Thoughts her Husband's Death ought to have suggested to her, exacted soon after upon two *English* Men, who were going to *Paris*, with as much Barbarity, as if she had been a *Dutch* Inn-keeper. The Sun was just set, when *Destiny* and *Leander*, who could not stir from their Window, began to spy a Coach with four Horses, attended by three Men on Horseback, and four Foot-men. Soon after, a Maid came to desire 'em to resign their Chamber to the new Company, whereupon *Ragotin* was oblig'd to shew himself, altho he had a mind to keep his Apartment, yet he was forc'd to follow *Destiny* and *Leander* into that, where the Day before he fancied he had seen *Rancour* die. *Destiny* was known in the Kitchen by one of the Gentlemen in the Coach, who was the same Counsellor of the *Parliament* of *Rennes*, with whom he got acquainted at the Wedding, so fatal to poor *Cave*. This *Briton* Senator, enquir'd of *Destiny* after *Angelica*, and express'd a concern that she was not found. His Name was *la Garouffiere*, which makes me believe he was rather *Angevin* than *Briton*, for we find as few *Briton* Names begin with *Gar*, as we see many *Angevin* ones ending in *lere*; *Norman*, in *Ville*; *Picard*, in *Cour*; and of the people living near the River *Garonne*, in *ac*. To return to Monsieur *la Garouffiere*, he was a Man of Wit, as I said before, and did not think himself a Country Wit neither, because when his attendance was not required at *Rennes*, he generally came to *Paris* to spend a Sum of Money in

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the Publick Houses, and put on black when the Court went into Mourning. This being duly verified and recorded, ought to be as good as a Patent, if not of Nobility, at least of Gentility; besides, he was a Wit by the same Reason that most People pretend to have their share in ingenious Diversions, as well those that have skill in 'em, as proud, brutish and ignorant Coxcombs, who pass their rash censures both upon Verse and Prose, tho' at the same time they think it a dishonour to write well, and would upon occasion reproach a Man as much for making Books as for counterfeiting the King's Coin. However, Strollers are the better for these Pretenders, and are the more carressed in all the Towns in which they act: For being the Parrots of the Poets, and some among 'em who have Wit, writing sometimes Plays, either out of their own stock, or what they borrow from several others, People are in a manner ambitious of knowing them or being in their company. In our Days the World has done justice to their Profession, and shew'd a greater esteem for 'em than was done formerly: And to speak truth, Plays in themselves are a most innocent Diversion, and may be as Instructive as entertaining. They are now a-days, at least at *Paris*, purged from their former Licentiousness; and 'twere to be wished the Play-houses were as well cleared of Pick-pockets, Pages, Foot-men, Whores, Orange-wenchies, and such other Vermine, who haunt those Places rather to nim a Purse, or pick up a Cull, than to hear the silly Jest of Farces: But now Farces are in a manner exploded, and I am sure there are many private Assemblies where they laugh heartily at low and smutty Equivocations, at which the Front Boxes would be offended in the * *Hôtel de Burgone*: But here let's make an end of this Digression. Monsieur *la Garouffiere* was overjoy'd to find *Destiny* in the Inn, and made him promise to Sup with the Company of the Coach, which consisted of the Bridegroom of *Mans*, his Bride, whom he was carrying to her own Country *Laval*, the Bridegroom's Mother, a Gentleman of that Province, an Advocate of the Council, and Monsieur *la*

* As much as to say the Theatre-Royal in London.

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Garouffiere, all related to one another, and whom *Destiny* saw at the Wedding where *Angelica* was stolen away. Add to all these I have named, a Chamber-maid or Waiting-woman, and you may find that the Coach was pretty well cramn'd; not to mention that Madam *Bouvillon* (for so was the Bridegroom's Mother call'd) was one of the largest Women in *France*, tho' perhaps the shortest, for I am credibly inform'd, that one year with another, she wore * thirty Stone of Flesh, besides all other heavy and solid Matters which enter the Composition of a humane Body. By this Description you will easily believe she was very Juicy, as all short Women generally are. Supper was served up, *Destiny* appear'd at Table with that good Mien which was inseparable from him, and which at that time was not in the least lessen'd by dirty Linnen, *Leander* having furnish'd him with a clean Shirt and Cravat. He spoke but little, according to his Custom; yet had he talk'd as much as the rest, who all did it very much, he would not perhaps have said so many impertinent things as they. *La Garouffiere*, help'd him to a bit of every thing that was good on the Table; Madam *Bouvillon* did the same in Emulation of *la Garouffiere*, and with so little Consideration, that in one Moment all the Dishes were empty, and *Destiny's* Plate so full of Wings and Legs of Fowls, that I have often wondered since, how they could raise by chance such a high Pyramid of Meat, on so narrow a Basis as the Bottom of a Plate. *La Garouffiere* did not mind what he did, so very busie was he about talking of Poetry to *Destiny*, to bespeak his good Opinion of his own Wit; Madam *Bouvillon*, who had also a Project in her Head, continued her good Offices to the Player, and finding no more Pullers to carve, was reduced to help him to some swinging slices of a Leg of Mutton. He was at a loss what to do with 'em, and was looking for a place where to put two Slices he had in both his Hands, when the Country Gentleman, who was unwilling to hold his Tongue to the prejudice of his Stomach,

* The French has it Thirty Hundred weight, but I fancy Thirty Stone sufficient to describe a Woman monstrously Fat.

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ask'd *Destiny* with a smile, whether he could eat all the Meat he had on his Plate? *Destiny* cast his Eyes upon it, and was not a little surpriz'd to see, almost level with his Chin, the heap of carv'd Pullets with which *la Garouffiere* and *Bouvillon* had erected a Trophy to his Merit. He blush'd, and could not forbear laughing; *Bouvillon* was dash'd out of countenance, *la Garouffiere* laugh'd heartily, and put all the Company in so good a Humour, that they broke out into Laughter four or five several times successively. The Servants began where their Masters left off, and laugh'd in their turns; which the Bride found so comical, that breaking out into immoderate Laughter as she was going to drink, she spurted the greatest part of the Wine which was in her Glass on her Mother-in-law, and her Husband's Face, and distributed the rest either on the Table, or the Cloths of those that sat at it. They all began to laugh again, except *Bouvillon*, who colour'd at it, and cast an angry Look upon her poor Daughter-in-law, which pall'd a little their Joy. At last they made an end of laughing, because 'tis not possible to laugh for ever; Madam *Bouvillon* and her Son wip'd off the Wine which trickled down their Eyes and Cheeks, and the young Bride ask'd their Pardons, having still much ado to forbear laughing. *Destiny* laid his Plate on the middle of the Table, and every one took his own share out of it. They talk'd of nothing else during the Supper, and Raillery good or bad was carried on to a high pitch, tho' the serious Air, which Madam *Bouvillon* put on preposterously, did in some measure disturb the Mirth of the Company. As soon as Supper was over, and the Cloth taken away, the Ladies retired to their Chamber, the Advocate and the Country Squire call'd for Cards, and went to Pickett; *la Garouffiere* and *Destiny*, who were none of those that know not what to do when they do not Play, had together a very ingenious Conversation, and perhaps the best that ever was held in an Inn of Lower *Mayne*. *La Garouffiere* discours'd with design, on all he thought most remote from the knowledge of a Player, whose Wit and Judgment have generally narrower Limits than his Memory; but *Destiny* talk'd of every thing like a Man of great skill, and who under-

understood the World. Among the rest, with all the nicety of Discernment imaginable, he distinguished those Women who have a great deal of Wit, and never use it but upon occasion, from those who use it only to be thought Witty. Likewise those Women who endeavour to imitate silly Buffoons, that can laugh at, and even make themselves licentious Allusions, and paltry Equivocations; in a word, that set up for being the Jesters of their Parish, from those who make up the most lovely and agreeable Part of the *Beau-Monde*, and are the choicest Company. He spoke also of those Women who write as well as those Men that make it their Profession, and who do not publish the Productions of their Brain, meerly out of a principle of Modesty. *La Garouffiere*, who was an accomplished Gentleman, and knew how to discern a Man of nice Breeding, wondered how a Stroller could be so well acquainted with true Politeness and civil Conversation. Whilst he admires him within himself, and the Advocate and Gentleman, who by this time had given over playing, upon a Dispute about a fac'd Card, yawn'd and gap'd frequently, which probably might proceed from an Inclination to sleep; three Beds were got ready for 'em in the Chamber where they had slept, and *Destiny* retired to that of his Comrades, where he lay with *Leander*.

C H A P. IX.

Another Disaster which befel Ragotin.

R*Ancour* and *Ragotin* lay in the same Bed; as for *Ol'v*, he spent part of the Night in stitching up and darning his Clothes, which had been torn in several Places while he grappled with passionate *Ragotin*. Those who were particularly acquainted with this Dwarf of *Mans*, took notice that when he cuffed with any body, which he did frequently, he ever tore or unstitcht the Clothes of his Adversary, either totally, or in part. This was his surest Stroke, and whoever was to fight a pitcht Battle at Cuffs with him, might have barred tearing of Clothes, as people are wont to do pushing at the Face in Fencing.

Rancour

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Rancour ask'd him as they were going to Bed, if he was well, for he thought he lookt very ill; to which *Ragotin* answered, he never was better in all his Life. 'Twas not long e'er they fell asleep; and *Ragotin* may thank the Respect which *Rancour* had for the honourable Company that were come to the Inn, whose Repose he car'd not to disturb; otherwise the little Man had had but a sorry Night on't. In the mean time *Olive* was busie about his Clothes, and having put them in good repair, took *Ragotin's* also, and with the Dexterity of a nice Botcher, made both the Doublet and Breeches straiter, and then laid them again in their Places. Now having past the greatest part of the Night in sowing and unsowing, he went to Bed with *Ragotin* and *Rancour*. They got up betimes, as is usual in all Inns, where the Noise begins with the Day. *Rancour* told *Ragotin* again that he lookt very ill; *Olive* told him the same, so he began to believe 'em, and finding at the same time his Clothes above four Inches too strait, did not question but that he was swoln so much during that little time he had been asleep, and was not a little frighted at so sudden a Change. *Rancour* and *Olive* still continued to remember him how ill he lookt, and *Destiny* and *Leander*, whom they had acquainted with the Plot, told him likewise he was strangely alter'd. Poor *Ragotin* was very much concern'd and wept at it: *Destiny* could not forbear smiling, which made the little Man very Angry. He went into the Kitchen, where every body told him of his ill Looks; the like did the Company that belong'd to the Coach, who having a great way to go, were in like manner got up betimes. They invited the Strollers to Breakfast, and all drank sick *Ragotin's* Health, who instead of thanking them went out grumbling, and in a heavy taking repair'd to the Surgeon of the Town, to whom he gave an account of his swelling. The Surgeon made a long Discant upon the Cause and Effect of his Disease, which he understood however no better than *Algebra*, and for above a quarter of an Hour entertain'd him with the obscure Terms of his Art, as little to the purpose, as if he had discoursed about *Prester-John*. *Ragotin* at length grew impatient, and ask'd him, swearing to Admiration for a
little

little Man, whether he had nothing else to say. The Surgeon would have gone on in his Reasoning, but *Ragotin* threatned to beat him, and had certainly done it, had not the Operator humbled himself before his Angry Patient, from whom he drew twelve Ounces of Blood, and cup'd him on the Shoulders at a venture. The Operation was just over when *Leander* came to tell *Ragotin* that if he would promise him not to be angry, he would acquaint him with a piece of *Roguery* that had been contriv'd against him. He promis'd more than *Leander* could desire, and swore as he hop'd to be sav'd, that he would be as good as his Word. *Leander* told him he desir'd to have Witness of his Oath, and therefore carrying him back to the Inn, he there, in the Presence of all, both Masters and Servants, made him to swear a new, and after told him some body had made his Clothes straiter. At first *Ragotin* redden'd for Shame, and then turning pale with Anger and Indignation, was about to break his dreadful and solemn Oath, when seven or eight Persons at once began to preach to him with such vehemence, that tho' he swore like a Mad-man, yet could he not be heard. He ceased to bluster; but the Company did not however give over rounding him in the Ears, which they continued doing so long, that the poor Man was like to lose his hearing upon it. At last he came off better than could have been expected, for falling a singing as loud as ever he could, what Songs came first into his Head, that chang'd the great Noise of confus'd Voices into repeated Peals of laughing, which from the Masters were eccho'd by the Servants, and so pass'd from the Place of Action, to all other Places in the Inn, whether different Busineses had called different Persons. Whilst the Noise of so many People's laughing diminishes by degrees, and is lost in the Air, somewhat like the sound of distant Ecchoes, the faithful Chronologer shall make an end of this present Chapter, under the gracious Favour of the Reader, whether courteous or uncourteous, or such as God Almighty had made him, signifies not much.

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CHAP. X.

*How Madam Bouvillon could not resist a certain Temptation;
and besides, how she got a Bunch in her Forehead.*

THE Coach that was to go a great Journey the next Morning, was got ready betimes for that purpose; the seven that were to go in it crowded together as close as possible. At the time appointed it went out, but had not gone above ten Yards before the Axel-tree broke. This made the Coachman to curse his Misfortune, and the passengers to curse him, as if he could have warranted the Strength of his Wood. Now were his people to be drawn forth one by one, and obliged to return to the Inn from whence they came; but this did not vex them so much as when they heard that there was no Coach-maker to be met with nearer than at a large Town three Leagues off. Hereupon they immediately called a Council, but came to no Resolutions, plainly perceiving their Caravan was not likely to be fit for Action till the next Day. Madam *Bouvillon*, who had preserv'd to her self a great Authority over her Son, by reason that the whole Estate of the Family came by her, commanded him in the mean time to take one of the Servants Horses, and mount his Wife on another, and so go visit an old Uncle of hers, who was then Curate of the same Town whence this Coach-maker was to come. The Lord of that Town was likewise a Relation to the Councillor, and moreover an Acquaintance of the Advocate and Gentleman, and therefore they also resolved to take a Vagary to the same place, and on the same Account. For this end their Landlady was to furnish them with Horses, which she did, tho at very great Rates. Madam *Bouvillon* being thus left alone, either because she was tired, or that she feigned to be so, or else by reason that no Horse was able to carry her Weight, sent her Servant to *Destiny* to desire him to come and dine with her, and whilst Dinner was getting ready spent her time in dressing. First she curl'd and powder'd, then put on a lac'd Apron and Nightrail, and afterwards took to pieces a *Point de Venise* Cravat,

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Cravat of her Son's to make her a *Commode*. After this she opened her Daughter-in-Law's Trunk, and took thence her Wedding-Gown and put it on: In a word, thus trick'd up and adorn'd, she look'd like to any little *Venus* in a Cloud, tho' that somewhat of the fattest. Now notwithstanding all these preparations of hers, *Destiny* had, no doubt, much rather have dined with his Companions; but then how could he have obey'd the Commands of his very humble Servant Madam *Bourillon*? He therefore not knowing how to get free, was forc'd to comply; but was not a little surpriz'd when he saw his Paramour so youthfully drest. She receiv'd him with a smiling Countenance, took him by the Hands to have him wash them, and squeez'd him after a manner that meant something more than ordinary. He for his part was less solicitous of his Invitation, than the occasion of it, and therefore often neglected eating, which gave her an opportunity to press it. He knew not what to say to her, being naturally no great Talker; but which defect she plentifully supply'd by her never ceasing Clack. She was but too ingenious to suffer any Chasm in Conversation for want of something to say. When a Woman that talks much, meets with a Man that says little and does not answer her, she always talks the more, for judging of her Friend by her self, and perceiving that he has not *reparteed* to what she advanced, she presently believes he has not been pleas'd with what was said: and therefore to mend the Matter, proceeds to say a great deal more, which commonly proves as impertinent as her first Discourse was ridiculous. The only way that I can propose to deal with such Women as these, is to talk as much, if not more than they, for thereby if they cannot be silenc'd, their Voices may at least be drowned. As for the matchless *Bourillon*, she was the most immoderate Talker of nothing that ever was known, for she not only talk'd to her self while she was in private, but wou'd answer her self likewise. The silent disposition of *Destiny* giving her an Opportunity, she determin'd to divert him with some large Relation or other. The Subject she chose to speak of, was the Intrigues of *Laval*, the Town where she lived; but she never hapned to blame any

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any Person or Action, but she always took thence an occasion to commend her self, protesting at every fling of Satyr on her Neighbour, that tho' she was guilty of many Faults, yet in that particular she was innocent. Tho' *Destiny* was extremely mortify'd at the beginning of her Discourse, and made her no Answer, yet he afterwards found himself oblig'd for quietness sake, to smile now and then, and sometimes to cry out, *Oh! that's pleasant! oh! that's strange!* both which he often spoke, however *mal a propos*. As soon as *Destiny* had done eating, the Volder was brought and the Table cleared. Then Madam *Bourvillon* clapping her self down at the Feet of the Bed, pulled him down by her, and her Servant (letting the Waiters of the Inn go out first) leaving her likewise, drew the Door after her, and shut it: This Madam *Bourvillon* perceiving, and thinking that *Destiny* had also observ'd it, said to him, *See this foolish Jade has shut the Door after her.* To which he reply'd, *If you please, Madam, I'll go open it.* No, said she stopping him, *let it alone*; but you know, continued she, when two Persons are lock'd up together, as they have an opportunity to do what they please, People will judge of them as they think fit. 'Tis not on such Reputations as yours, Madam, reply'd *Destiny*, for People to pass rash Judgments. However, Sir, quoth *Bourvillon*, one cannot have too much caution against Slander. Well, Madam, reply'd *Destiny*, but People will not talk without Grounds, and sure they can have none when they reflect upon the Inequality of our Conditions. Will you please therefore Madam, continued he, that I go open the Door. By no means, Sir, quoth she, going to bolt it, and adding withal, For as long as People think it shut, it is better it were really so, that no body may come in upon us without our Consent. Having said thus much, and perform'd the Office of a Friend for herself, she turn'd towards *Destiny*, giving him to understand by her large fiery Cheeks, and little sparkling Eyes, what Sport she had a mind to be at; then she proceeded to take off her Handkerchief from her Neck, and thereby discover'd to her Lover at least ten Pounds of exuberant Flesh; that is to say, near the third Part of her Bosom, the rest being distributed

tributed in two equal Portions under her Arm-pits. This ill intention of her's causing her to Blush, (which sometimes the most impudent will do) her Neck was become as red as her Face, and both together might be well taken at any distance for a Scarlet * Riding Cap. All this made *Destiny* to blush too, but it was with Shame, when I'll give you leave to guess what might be the cause of *Madam Bouvillon's* blushing. Then she began to complain, that she had something troubled her in her Back, and therefore moving her self about in her Harness as if she had itch'd, begged of *Destiny* to thrust his Hands down her Stays to scratch her. This the Youth immediately obey'd her in, trembling all the while, but whilst he was employ'd in pleasing her behind, she diverted herself with him before, handing his Sides thro' his Waist-coat, and asking him often, *If he was not ticklish?* Whilst these Lovers were thus pleasing each other, *Ragotin* came to the Door, and knocking and bawling like to any Mad-man, call'd out aloud to *Destiny* to open to him. This *Destiny* going to perform, drew his Hand all sweaty from *Bouvillon's* Back, but offering to go between her and the Table, as the shortest cut, chanced to trip against a Nail in the Floor, which brought him down with his Head against a Bench after that violent manner, that he lay sometime for dead: *Madam Bouvillon* in the mean time catch'd up her Handkerchief, and having thrown it over her shoulders, made all the haste she could to open the Door, which having done, and *Ragotin* pushing against it with all his force at the same time, gave the poor Lady so cruel a Blow on the Face, that it almost flatted her Nose, and also raised a bump on her Fore-head, of the bigness of one's Fist. This made her to cry out, *she was dead*; which, tho' the little Rascal heard, he nevertheless made no excuse for, but leaping and bounding about the Room like a Mad-man, bawled out, *Mrs. Angelica's found! Mrs. Angelica's found!* This he did the louder to provoke *Destiny's* Anger, who was all this while calling for *Madam Bouvillon's* Maid to come and help her Mistress, which she nevertheless could not possibly hear, by reason of the Noise

* Caps which Country Men use, and button about their Necks.

which

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which *Ragotin* made. At length the Servant came, and brought water and a clean Napkin, when between her and *Destiny* there was quickly some small Reparation made for the Damage done by the Door. But however great was *Destiny*'s Impatience to know what more News *Ragotin* had brought; he notwithstanding would not leave Madam *Bouvillon* till her Face was wash'd and anointed, and her Fore-head bound up with a Bandage. At last he offer'd to be gone, but that calling *Ragotin* a thousand Rogues for the Mischief he had done on the one Hand, while *Ragotin* drew him after him on the other, to give him a farther account of his Message.

CHAP. XI.

Of things that will divert, it may be, the least of the whole Book.

TIS true Madam *Angelica* was found again, and had been brought away by *Leander*'s Servant. This Servant had but too much Wit to let any body know that *Leander* was his Master, and *Angelica* endeavour'd to disguise that by Policy, which *Olive* and *Rancour* had done before bluntly. *Leander* enquir'd of Madam *Angelica* and his Servant, whom he made to pass for one of his Friends *Where and how he had found her*; and which Questions he happen'd to ask just as *Ragotin* entred, leading in *Destiny* in Triumph, or rather dragging him after him, because he could not go so fast as he would have him. At first *Destiny* and *Angelica* embrac'd with reciprocal Testimonies of Friendship, and with that Tendernefs which Friends long absent are wont to shew on an unexpected Interview. *Leander* and she caress'd only with their Eyes, leaving farther Remonstrances of Kindness to a private Meeting. In the mean time *Leander*'s Servant began his Story after the following manner, treating his Master all the while like his Friend. After I had left you, quoth he, addressing himself to *Leander*, I pursued the Ravishers of *Angelica*, according as you had desired me, till Sun set, when, and not before, I lost sight of them. Next Morning I was not a little surpriz'd to find the Lady I look'd after at the Entrance of a Wood alone, on foot, and all dissolv'd in Tears. Here-

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upon having acquainted her that I was your Friend, and that it was at your Request that I had gone in quest of her, she seem'd to be somewhat comforted, and beg'd of me to conduct her to *M ns* or at least to carry her to *Leander* if I knew where to find him. Now Madam, continued he, turning to *Angelica*, it must be your part to relate the rest, for you know you were so afflicted on the Road that I did not care to ask you any questions. Those that were least curious of all the Company, had yet a mind to learn from *Angelica's* own Mouth the account of so strange an Adventure; for strange it might well seem to them, that a young Lady should be carried away with such Violence, and be afterwards surrender'd, or rather abandon'd without the least force. In order to this Relation, *Angelica* first desired they would help her to a Bed; but which they not being able to do, by Reason the Inn was at that time full, the honest Curate oblig'd her with a Chamber in his Sister's House, which was next Door. Now *Angelica* had not so great occasion for a Bed to sleep on, as to rest her self upon; therefore *Desiray* and *Leander* with the rest of the Company, were admitted to her Bed-side as soon as she was laid. Altho' she would have been glad that *Leander* should have had an Opinion of her Constancy, yet could not she well look upon him without blushing. The observing of this made him to pity her Confusion extremely, and in order to divert her from doing her self any Diskindness, he immediately put her upon relating that part of the adventure which his Servant could not. This Request of his she forthwith proceeded to gratifie, as follows. You may imagine, quoth she, my Mother and I were not a little surpriz'd, when while we were walking together in the Garden that adjoins to our House, we saw all of a sudden a little Door open, which looks toward the Country, and five or six Men enter thereat, who immediately seiz'd upon me, without regarding my Mother, and carried me away half dead with Fear to their Horses. My Mother, whom ye all know to be one of the most resolute Women in the World, fell furiously upon the first of those she overtook, and reduced him to that Condition, that he could not possibly get out of her Hands till he had called

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called one of his Companions to his Assistance. The person that rescued him, who was so base as to beat my Mother, as I heard him afterwards brag on the Road, was it seems the Author of this Enterprize. He nevertheless came not near me all that Night, during which we marched like Persons persued by an Enemy, and that thro' the most By-roads; for otherwise the Noise I made might have been sufficient to have allarm'd some body to my Relief. They so manag'd the Matter, that we met with but one little Village in our way; the Inhabitants thereof I soon raised with my shrill Notes, who nevertheless were not numerous enough to rescue me. The Morning came, and then my Ravisher approach'd me; but had no sooner seen me than he flew from me in great passion, and afterwards assembled a Council of his Companions, which lasted about half an Hour. My Ravisher after that seem'd to be enrag'd as much as I was griev'd, and often swore to make the Devil to do among his Companions. Their tumultuous assembly being at an end, I could by no means come to know what Resolves they had agreed on. We were put on our March again; and from that time forward I had less respect paid me than before. They quarrel'd with me as often as they saw me uneasie, and curs'd me as if I had been some great Offender. They carried me away, as you might perceive, speaking to *Leander*, with a Player's Habit on, which they hid by throwing one of their Cloaks over me. They met a Man upon the Road, of whom they endeavour'd to inform themselves of some Matters. I was surpriz'd to see it was *Leander*, and I believe he was no less astonish'd to see me; for he knew me as soon as ever I discovered my Habit, as well as by my Face. He may inform you if he pleases what he did. For my part, seeing so many Swords drawn upon him, I fainted away in the Arms of him that held me upon the Horse, and when I came to my self, found we were again upon our March, but saw *Leander* no more till now. Hereupon I began to redouble my Cries; but my Ravishers, whereof there was one wounded, little regarding me, took their way cross the Country, and last night stopp'd at a little Village, where they lay and passed for Soldiers. This Morning at the Entrance of a Wood

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They met a Man with a young Gentlewoman on Horseback; her they immediately unmask'd, and having so done, it seems, knew her, when taking her from her Guardian, and bestowing on him a few Blows of a Cudgel, they rid away with her, as they had done with me; she making as great, if not greater Lamentations than I had done. When I heard her Voice, I fancied I knew her, but could not be positive. After we had got about fifty Paces into the Wood, the Man that seem'd to have the Command of the rest, rid up to the person that carried me, and cried to him, *Set down that slabbering Mill-sop you have behind you, and let her shift for her self.* Herein he was immediately obey'd, and I was all of a sudden left alone upon the Ground. The Dread I had to be thus alone would have certainly been the end of me, had not this Gentleman here, (meaning *Leander's* Servant) who brought me hither, follow'd at a Distance, and found me in that Condition. The rest he has acquainted you with: But, continued she, addressing herself to *Destiny*, I believe that same Lady which was prefer'd to me might be your Sister, my Companion; and the Reason I have for it is not only the resemblance of her Voice with that I heard, but likewise the Man that carried her, I dare be positive, was the Servant you took last. What's that you tell me, quoth *Destiny* somewhat disturb'd. I tell you my Thoughts, reply'd *Angelica*, but I may be deceived, one person may be like another; yet still I fear it was she. I fear so too, reply'd *Destiny*, with his Countenance much chang'd, for I have some reason to apprehend a certain person in this Province for an Enemy, that would do me such a good turn. But how came she at the Entrance of a wood, continued he, when *Ragotin* left her Yesterday at *Mans*? I'll go send away one of my Friends thither presently, pursu'd he, to know the Truth, while I stay behind to determine a Resolution suitable to the News he brings. As he had done speaking, he heard some body call him out of the Street, and stepping to the Window, perceived it was Monsieur *la Garouffiere*, who was just then return'd from his Visit, and who told him, he had something of Importance to communicate to him. He went down to wait on him, and thereby left *Leander* and *Angelica* together, to enjoy each

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each other after so tedious an Absence, and to pour out their Sighs and Vows into one another's Bosom. I fancy 'twould have been no small Pleasure either to have seen or heard them; but still their greatest Happiness was to have been alone. During this, *Destiny* demanded of *la Garouffiere* what he had to say to him. Do you know a certain Gentleman called *Verville*, quoth *Garouffiere*, and is he one of your Friends? He is the only person that I have been oblig'd to in the World, repli'd *Destiny*, and whom I honour most, and who I believe has the like Kindness and Respect for me. I believe the same, answer'd *Garouffiere*, for I met him to Day at the Gentleman's where I dined, and all his Discourse was of you. He asked me a hundred Questions concerning you, without my being able to satisfy him any; and if I had not promised to send you to him, he would certainly have come hither himself to wait on you before now, altho' he has a great deal of Business upon his Hands where he is. *Destiny* thanked him heartily for his kind Information, and having learnt farther from him, where his Friend *Verville* was, resolv'd to go to him that very Minute, hoping to learn from him some News of his Enemy *Saldagne*, whom he knew very well to be the Author of the carrying away of *Angelica*, and provided she were not mistaken in the Voice she heard, of the ravishing of his dear *Star* likewise. He desired his Companions to return immediately to *Mans*, and to congratulate Mrs. *Cave* in his Name, upon the News of her Daughter's being found; and moreover desired of them either to send a Man on purpose, or else some one of them to come speedily back, and bring him word how his dear Madam *Star* did, provided he could but hear any News of her there. He inform'd himself farther of *Garouffiere*, which was the way to the Town where *Verville* was to be found. After which, having made the Curate to promise that his Sister should take care of *Angelica*, till such time as he sent for her from *Mans*, he took *Leander's* Horse, and got about Night to the Town where *Verville* was. He did not think proper to go to look after *Verville* himself, for fear he might meet *Saldagne* at his first coming, whom he knew to be thereabouts, and therefore stepping in at a little Hedge

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Cabaret hard by, he sent the Boy to *Verville*, to let him know that the Gentleman whom he had desir'd to see, was there waiting for him. *Verville* came, and throwing his Arms about *Destiny's* Neck, continued for some time embracing him, being scarce able to shew the Love and Tenderness he had for him.

CHAP. XII.

Which perhaps will entertain its Reader as little as the foregoing.

Verville and *Destiny* gave an Account to each other of all Matters concerning them, which they were separately ignorant of. *Verville* tells *Destiny* of the wondrous Brutality of his Brother *St. Far*, and of the great patience of his Wife in bearing with him. Thence he takes an occasion to extol his own Happiness, in having so good a Woman to his Wife, and afterwards tells him News of the Baron *D'Arques* his Father, and of Monsieur *de St. Saver*. *Destiny*, on his part, relates all his Adventures, not concealing the least; and *Verville* farther acquaints him, that *Saldagne* still continued to live thereabouts, as ill a Life as ever, promising withal, that if *Madam Star* were to be found in his Custody, he would do all that lay in his power to recover her out of his Hands, at the hazard both of his own Life, and those of his Friends, which he could command. He farther tells him, that he had no Place to retire to, but his Father's, and another Gentleman's in the Country, who was as bad as he, and besides, who had little or no Estate to maintain himself, and therefore could not be able to entertain another long. He must therefore, continued he, come to our House speedily, if he will remain in our Province. My Father bears with him, 'tis true, on account of some Relation; but my Brother *St. Far* cares no more for him, whatever Friendship has been formerly between them. I would advise you therefore, proceeded he, to come along with me to my Father's to Morrow, and I will place you so that you shall observe all he does, and notwithstanding be seen by no Body but those you have a mind to see. *Destiny* lik'd this Advice of his Friend *Verville's*

very

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very well, and resolved to follow it; but *Verville* being to sup that Night with the Lord of the Town, an old Man his Relation, who had design'd him for his Heir, it could not be put in execution till the next Morning. *Destiny* for his part supp'd only on what he could find in the *Cabaret*, and went to Bed betimes, that he might not make his Friend wait for him the next Day, for they had design'd to be on their Journey by Sun-rising. At the Hour appointed they set forth, and, as they rid along, for three Leagues together, entertained each other with those Particulars they had not time to speak of before. As soon as they were got to their Journeys end, *Verville* plac'd *Destiny* in the House of a Servant of his, whom he had married not long before to a Woman in that Town, and who lived very prettily, not far off from the Baron D' *Arques* his Father. He gave particular Orders that he should be kept private, and promised he would return to him in a very short Time. It was not above two Hours before he did return accordingly; but acquainted *Destiny* at first dash, that he had bad News to tell him. Hereupon *Destiny* began to grow pale and to tremble, but *Verville* soon removed the Cause thereof, by the following Relation. I was no sooner alighted, quoth he to *Destiny*, but I saw your Friend *Saldagne* carried between four Men into a Ground Chamber, and that by reason of a Fall he had got from his Horse, which had so bruis'd him, that he was not able to walk. At first sight of me he told me he had occasion to speak with me, and desired me to come to his Chamber after the Surgeon, who was then present, had done dressing his Leg, which had been extremely shatter'd by his Fall. I came accordingly, and as soon as we were alone, he began thus. I must, says he, confess all my Faults to you, tho' you are the least indulgent of any of my Censurers, your Prudence being a continual Terror to my Folly. He afterwards owned he had carried away a Woman Player, for whom he said he had had a kindness all his Life long, and would tell me the Particulars thereof, which he believed I would be surpriz'd at. He told me consequently that the Gentleman I was speaking of before, who had been us'd to entertain him, having been obliged

to leave the Province on account of siding with a Brother of his, who had been found to have made bad Salt, he was forc'd to bring his Booty to my Father's House, and that he had desired of his Sister, my Wife, that she would conceal her in her Apartment, for fear this Action of his should come to his Father's Knowledge, which he said, he dreaded. He afterwards conjured me to lend him one of my Servants, by reason his own were great Blockheads, that might conduct her safe to an House of his in *Britany*, whither he said he would follow as soon as ever he could well mount his Horse. He ask'd me farther, If I could not procure him a Man or two more to accompany my Servant, for well he knew how difficult a thing it would be for three Men to carry off a Woman so far without her consent. I made him believe 'twas an easy matter, the better to serve you. Now, continued *Verville* to *Destiny*, his Servants are altogether Strangers to you, and mine is a very cunning Fellow, and faithful to me, therefore I will cause him to tell *Saldagne* that he will take along with him a stout Fellow, an Acquaintance of his to his Assistance; and this same Fellow I design shall be you. Therefore, persua'd he, your Mistress must be acquainted with this, and this very Night that they think to get a great way by the help of the Moon, she must feign her self sick in the first Village; then will they be oblig'd to stop; my Servant shall make *Saldagne's* Men drunk. She shall afterwards seem to recover, and then proceeding on in their Journey, it will be an easie matter for my Man to impose on the Drunkards, and to make them believe that you come behind with their Charge, when it shall be contriv'd that you shall go a quite contrary way, and so carry your dear *Star* quite off. *Destiny* found a great deal of masterly contrivance in this Proposal of *Verville's*, and whose Man, whom they had just then sent for, entred the Chamber much at the same time. They consulted together what they had to do, and agreed on all Points. Afterwards *Verville* retired with *Destiny* the rest of the Day, being unwilling to part with him so quickly after so long an absence, tho' he nevertheless hop'd to see him again at *Bourbon*, whither he was to go. At Length Night came
and

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and *Destiny* went with *Verville's* Servant to the Place appointed. *Saldagne's* two Men fail'd not to be there likewise, when *Verville* by *Saldagne's* Order consign'd into their Hands the Charge of *Madam Star*. You cannot imagine what Joy inflam'd these two Lovers Hearts at this interview, but speak they must not, and look languishingly they dare not, so that their passion might be well term'd inexpressible. They had not gone above half a League before *Madam Star* began to complain. Her Attendants exhorted her to take Courage till she came to a Town about two Leagues off, where they gave her hopes she should rest. Her Malady encreased at every step, and *Verville's* Man and *Destiny* did all that in them lay to prevent *Saldagne's* Servants from mistrusting the reality of her Sickness, so near to the Place they set out from. At last they arrived at the Town, and immediately went to the Inn (whereof there was but one in all the Place) which they happily found full of Guests and Drunkards. *Madam Star* continued to grunt, and feign'd Sickness better by Candle-light than she had done by Day light. She called for a Bed, and lay down in her Clothes, requiring her Guards but to leave her for an Hour only, and she did not question but by that time she should be fit to get on Horseback again. They left her, and *Saldagne's* Servants left all other Matters to the management of *Verville's* Man, who had had their Masters Orders. For their parts, they thought they had no more to do than to make much of themselves, and therefore struck in with a jolly Company of roaring Boys, who were placed round a Table, pelting one another with *Healts* as thick as Hail-shot from the Mouth of a Demi-Culverin. *Verville's* Man would sometimes step in and take his Glass to renew the Fight, when there was like to be any Cessation of Arms; the reason he gave for his often flinching, was his having the Care of the Lady, but the Truth was, he had a mind to get an opportunity to mount her and *Destiny*, and send them away, which he soon after did by By-roads; but therein varied from the Stratagem his Master had laid, as you may have observ'd before. After he had so done, he returned to his Drunkards, amusing them with flim flam Stories, and telling

ling them the Lady was for the present gone to sleep, but that she would soon awake, and then they would be jogging onwards of their Journey. He told them likewise, that *Destiny* was gone into the Stable to look after the Horses, but would return presently. He then put about the Glass, and *toasted* several Healths, all which *Sal-dagne's* Men took in Bumpers, till at last their Heads grew so heavy, that they could not possibly lift them from the Table. It was therefore they were forc'd to be carried out and thrown upon a Lump of Straw in a Barn, for Beds they were not suffer'd to lie upon, for fear they should have spoil'd the Sheets. *Verville's* Man feign'd himself drunk likewise, but which he really was not, by reason he had often baulk'd his Glass. In the Morning he waked betimes, and going sorrowfully to his Companions in the Barn, told them that their Charge was flown, but that he had sent his Friend *Destiny* after her, who he hop'd would overtake and bring her back. However, he thought it both theirs and his Duty to mount immediately, and assist in the pursuit, and therefore bid them rise instantly and prepare to be gone. It was at least an Hour before he could make them comprehend what he said, and I'll assure you 'twas near eight Days after, before they were wholly sober. As all the Inn was drunk that Night, even from the Hostess to the Scullion-wench, so no Body took the least notice when *Destiny* and his dear *Star* went off, and I believe they scarce remembred next Day whether they had seen any such People there or not. Whilst Matters pass thus, and *Verville's* Man pressed his sluggish Companions to be gone, *Destiny* had gained Ground apace with his dear Fellow-Traveller, not doubting in the least but that his Friend behind had taken care, whenever they got out, to lead his pursuers a contrary way. The Moon shone out very bright, and the Road they had to go was extremely good, which led them to a Town whither we will bring them in the following Chapter.

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CHAP. XIII.

A bad Action committed by the Sieur la Rappiniere, and a farther Account of Madam Star's and Destiny's Travels.

D*estiny* as he rode along, had a great desire to know from his dear *Star*, how she came to the Wood where *Saldagne* had seiz'd her; but this, tho' he would have willingly been satisfied in, yet still had he more regard to their Safeties, and therefore spent all his Time in spurring and switching his own, and his Mistress's Beast forwards. At length the two Lovers had leisure to entertain each other, which they did, with all the Expressions and Demonstrations of Love and Affection imaginable. Then proceeded *Madam Star*, to tell *Destiny* how many good Turns she had done her Mother, Mrs. *Cave*, and how extremely she believed she would be afflicted at her Absence. As for my part, continued she, you may well imagine I had as great a need of Consolation as she, for as soon as your Valet had brought me a Horse from you, and withal, acquainted me that you had found the Ravishers of *Angelica*, but were wounded. I--, I wounded! quoth *Destiny*, interrupting her, I never was yet, no, nor in the least Danger of being so, neither did I ever send you any Horse. There must be some Mystery in this, continued he, which I have not comprehended yet. I wonder'd indeed what made you ask me so often how I did, and whether the going so fast did not incommode me; but now all's out. You rejoice and torment me at once, answer'd *Madam Star*, with this Relation. Your Wounds caused me a great deal of Disquiet, 'tis true, and now what you tell me inclines me to believe, that your Servant has been gain'd over to our Enemies, out of some ill Design they have projected against us. He has rather been debauch'd, replied *Destiny*, by some that are too much our Friends. I have no profess'd Enemy, continued he, but *Saldagne*, and it is unlikely that he should have seduced my Servant, because I know he beat him at that time that he met with you. How came you to know that,
said

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said *Star*, for I don't remember I ever told it you? You shall know, replied *Destiny*, as soon as ever you have made me acquainted with the manner of your coming from *Mans*. I can acquaint you with no more, quoth *Star*, than what I have told you already. The Day after, proceeded she, that my Mother, Mrs. *Cave*, and I, came to *Mans*, your Servant brought me a Horse from you, and told me with Tears in his Eyes, that you had been wounded by the Ravishers of *Angelica*, and that therefore you desired I would make all the haste I could to you. I got on Horseback presently for that purpose, altho' it was very late. I lay about five Leagues from *Mans*, at a Place whose Name I have forgot, and next Day, at the Entrance of a Wood, we were stopt by Persons I did not know. I saw your Servant beaten, and was extremely concerned at it, but could not hinder it. I saw likewise a Woman suddenly thrown off a Horse, and whom I afterwards knew to be my Companion, but the great Fright I was then in, joined with the extraordinary Concern I had for your Safety, made me to take little notice of it. They mounted me in the Place of her they had pulled off. We travelled till Night, and afterwards having gone a great deal more Ground, for the most part cross the Country, we arriv'd at a sort of Gentleman's House, where I observ'd they would not receive us. It was there that I first knew *Saldagne*, the Sight of whom caused me immediately to despair. We travelled after that a great way farther, and at length I was secretly convey'd into the House where your Friend found me. As Madam *Star* had just ended the Relation of her Adventures, the Day began to appear, whereby they perceiv'd they were in the High-Road that leads to *Mans*. They forthwith whipt their Horses forward more vigorously than they had hitherto done, to reach a Town they saw before them. *Destiny* desired earnestly to catch his Servant, and thereby to discover what other Enemy he had in that Country besides his profess'd one, *Saldagne*; but there was no likelihood that he would suffer himself to light into his Clutches, after the ill Trick he had plaid him. He learnt from his dear *Star*, all that she knew concerning her Companion

Angelica;

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Angelica; but while they were thus amusing each other with Questions and Answers, their Horses started all of a sudden, at the Sight of a Man that lay at his full length under a Hedge. *Destiny's* Horse almost leap'd from under him, and *Madam Star's* was so frightened, that it quite threw her off, violently upon the Ground. After *Destiny* had recover'd himself, he went to see how his *Love* far'd, but could scarce alight to assist her, his Horse so snuff'd, pranc'd, and tripp'd. At last he made shift to leap off his Back, and found to his great Joy that his dear *Star* had got no hurt. After this, the Horses being somewhat come to themselves, he went up to observe the cause of their Fright, and found it was a Man, whom he took either to be dead or asleep. Upon a nearer View he saw he was both, for he was dead drunk; altho' his snoring shew'd him to be alive, yet *Destiny* had no small trouble to awake him. At length by often pulling and tearing about, he open'd his Eyes, and thereby discovered himself to his Master to be his Servant, whom he had longed so much to find. The Rogue, as drunk as he was, nevertheless knew his Master, and by the Fear he seem'd to have of him, betray'd his being Author of what he had before doubted of. *Destiny* immediately ask'd him several Questions successively, without waiting for Answers, as first, *Why he told Madam Star that he was wounded? Why he carried her away from Mans? And whither he design'd to have carried her? By whose Order he had the Horse*, and the like. To all which nevertheless, he could not get a Word in Answer, either because the Rascal his Man was too drunk to have the use of his Tongue, or else by reason he feign'd himself to be so. This made *Destiny* to fly into a great Passion, insomuch that having struck him two or three Blows with the Flat of his Sword, he took a Halter and tied his Hands fast behind him and fastned the other end to the Crupper of his Horse, intending to make him march in that manner to his Journey's end. After which he mounted *Star* upon her Horse again, and having snatch'd a good Cudgel out of the Hedge, got up himself to proceed on his Journey, his Man walking all the way by his Side, like a Grey-hound in a slip. The Town which *Destiny*

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Destiny saw before him, bappen'd to be the same that he had parted from two Days before, where he had met Monsieur *la Garouffiere*, and where his Company still remained, by reason of a grievous *Colera Morbus* that Madam *Bouillon* had had ever since. When *Destiny* arriv'd, he found neither *Rancour*, *Olive* nor *Ragotin*, they having all return'd to *Mans* the Day before. As for *Leander* he had never quitted in the least his dear *Angelica*, I need not tell you after what manner she receiv'd Madam *Star*; it may be easily guess'd what Caresses two such Lovers would lavish away upon each other, after so many Dangers escap'd on either Side. *Destiny* immediately inform'd Monsieur *la Garouffiere* of the Success of his Expedition, and a little after, his Man being brought in, who was not yet unbound, he proceeds to ask him the same Questions as before; to which nevertheless the Rascal stood mute, as he had formerly done. This Obstinacy of his caus'd his Master to order a Hand Vice to be fetch'd from a Gun-smith's, wherewith to squeeze his Thumbs, and make him confess by those means. At the Sight of the Engine, the Rogue immediately fell a trembling, and falling down on his Knees, begg'd heartily for Pardon; confessing at the same time, that *la Rappiniere* had set him on to do what he had done, and that he had moreover promised him for Recompence to take him into his Service. He farther own'd that *la Rappiniere* was then at a House about two Leagues off, which he had usurpt upon a poor Widdow. *Destiny* continued talking in private for some time with Monsieur *la Garouffiere*, who soon after sent a Footman to let *la Rappiniere* know that he would speak with him about an Affair of Consequence. This Counsellor of *Rennes* had it seems a great Influence over the *Provost* of *Mans*. He had formerly prevented his being broke on the Wheel in *Brittany*, and had likewise always made it his Business to protect him whenever he came to be accused of any Crime, and that not because he thought him innocent, being satisfied that he had been guilty of various Offences, but by reason that he had married a Relation of his. The Servant that was sent to *la Rappiniere*, found him just then getting on Horseback to go to *Mans*, but no sooner had

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had he heard that *la Garouffiere* had sent for him, but he put off that Journey to go wait on him. In the mean time *la Garouffiere*, who had some pretence to Wit, drew out of a Scrutore several Copies of Verses of divers kinds, all which he read to *Destiny*, and afterwards shew'd him, to pass away the time, the following Novel translated from the *Spanish*.

CHAP. XIV.

The Fudge in her own Cause. A Novel.

IT was in *Africa*, among the Rocks by the Sea-side, and not distant from the famous City of *Fez*, above half an Hour's Journey, that prince *Muley*, Son to the King of *Morocco*, after having stray'd from his Companions while he was hunting, happen'd to be left alone. The Sky was without the least Cloud, the Sea calm, and the Moon and Stars shone out so bright, that they in a manner rival'd the Sun: In a word, all these agreeable Accidents met together, made one of those Nights, which in hot Countries, like this, are far more pleasant than what we call the finest Days in our *Northern Regions*. The *Moorish* prince galloping along the Shore, diverted himself with beholding the exceeding Brightness of the Moon and Stars, and which communicated their Splendor to the Water, wherein they were also to be seen as in a Mirror. As he was thus amusing himself, he heard several doleful Shrieks hard by, which his Curiosity enclining him to know the Occasion of, he spur'd forwards his Horse, which, if you please, shall be a *Barbary* Courser, and rid to the place whence he thought the Noise came. He there discovered a Woman defending her self with all her might, against a Man that endeavour'd to bind her Hands, whilst another Woman at the same time was struggling with her to stop her Mouth with a piece of Linnen. The coming of the young Prince prevented all farther Violence from being offer'd her, and occasion'd an involuntary Truce on the Assaulter's Side. *Muley* at his first Arrival demanded of the assaulted Woman. *What made her to cry out?* And of the others, *What they were going to do to her?* But instead of an Answer,

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swer, the Man that was the Aggressor stept up to him with his drawn Scymeter, and launch'd at him such a terrible Stroke, as would have undoubtedly wounded him very dangerously, had he not dexterously avoided it by the Swift-ness of his Horse. *Villain*, cry'd *Muley* to him, turning his Horse's Head, *How durst you assault the Prince of Fez?* *I did not well know you to be he*, reply'd the *Moor*; *but since you happen to be so, it is because you are my Prince, that I will either have your Life, or lose my own.* With that he immediately set upon him with so great Fury, that the Prince, as valiant as he was, thought less of chastizing his Subject's Insolence, than defending his own Life. The two Women at the same time were at Fisticuffs, and she that a Moment before had been almost over-power'd, was now become couragious, and kept her Adversary from flying, hoping that her Champion would get the Victory. Despair ever augments Courage, and oftentimes gives it to those whose natural Timidity made them incapable of it before. Altho the Valour and conduct of this Prince were incomparably greater than those of his Adversary, yet did the Self Conviction of this *Moor*, together with the Dread of Punishment, so animate his Spirits, and direct his Arm, that the Combat remained for some time doubtful: But at last Heaven, that always is ready to protect those it raises above others, caused the Prince's Attendants to come near that way, who being allarm'd at the Noise of the Combatants, and the Cries of the Women, immediately rid Post to see what was the matter, and arrived just at the nick when their Master by a lucky Blow had brought his Enemy to the Ground. They presently knew their Lord, and therefore ran with great Fury to have dispatch his vanquish'd Adversary; but the Prince calling out to them, bid them to forbear killing him, and ordered them only to tie him to a Horse's Tail, it being his Intentions to have him reserv'd for a more exemplary Punishment. Two of the Horsemen took up the two Women behind them, and with this Equipage *Muley* and his Company return'd to *Fez* much about Day break. This young Prince commanded in *Fez* as absolutely as if he had been already King. Soon after his Arrival, he commanded the *Moor*, whose Name was
Amet,

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Amet, and Son to one of the richest Merchants in that City, to be brought before him; the two Women were order'd to be brought likewise; but they were known to no Body, by reason of the Custom of concealing that Sex, which is observ'd here stricter than in any other Parts. She of the two whom the Prince had reliev'd, surpriz'd both him and the whole Court with her Beauty; it being so great, that all *Africa* had not the like to boast of, and withal so majestick, that even a Slave's Habit, which she wore, could not obscure it. The other Woman was cloath'd like to those of this Country, who are of some Quality, and who likewise had Beauty, but which could not stand in Competition with that of her Antagonist; and had it been possible, the paleness of her Cheeks alone, occasion'd by her Fear, would have lost her the Victory, when the other would have rather received Additions from a guiltless Blush than a Disadvantage. The *Moor* appear'd before *Muley* with Guilt in his Countenance, keeping his Eyes all the while fixt upon the Ground. The Prince commanded him to confess his Crime, if he would not resolve to die in Torments. I know those that are prepared for me, answer'd the *Moor* boldly, all which, and greater, I have deserved; yet still, had I thought it would have been for my advantage, even the greatest could be inflicted on me, would not have been able to have extorted the least Confession from me. But since I'm satisfy'd nothing can avail to save my Life, seeing I would have been the Instrument of your Death, know, great Prince, that the Anger I have conceived against my self, for not killing you, torments me yet more than the utmost of your Tortures can do. As for these two *Spanish* Women here, added he, they have both been my Slaves; whereof one who knew best how to play her Cards, has married my Brother *Zaide*, whereas the other being more obstinate, would never yet change her Religion, nor accept the frequent Proffers of Love which I have made her. Here he stopt, and would give no farther account, either of them or himself, notwithstanding the great Menaces made him. This caused *Muley* to have him immediately thrown into a Dungeon, loaden with Irons; the *Renegado*, Wife of *Zaide*, was order'd to another prison. But the fair

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fair Slave, the Prince commanded to be conducted to a Moor's House, nam'd *Zulema*, a Man of Quality, and by Birth a *Spaniard*, but who had left that Country, because he would not be forced to turn Christian. He was of the illustrious Family of *Zegrys*, heretofore so renown'd in *Granada*, and his Wife *Zoraide*, likewise of the same Lineage, was reputed to be the finest Woman, whether for Beauty or Wit, in all *Fez*. She was at first charm'd with the Beauty and Conversation of this fair Christian Slave, and therefore, if she had been capable of being comforted, she might have found sufficient consolation in her Caresses; but on the contrary, as if she had forsworn all manner of Comforts, she always desired to be alone, thereby to give the better vent to her Grief; for when she was in *Zoraide's* Company, she underwent no small Torture by retaining her Sighs and her Tears. All this while Prince *Muley* was very desirous of having an account of her Adventures. He had made his Mind already known to *Zulema*, who being a person from whom he could conceal nothing, he had likewise acquainted him that he had a sort of Love for this fair Christian, and which he would before have let her known, had not he apprehended from her great Afflictions some unknown Rival in *Spain*, who might be too luckily prepossess'd of her Favour. *Zulema* having receiv'd this hint from his Lord, immediately gave Orders to his Wife to get what particulars she could out of this fair Christian, concerning her Life, but especially how she came to be Slave to *Am t*. *Zoraide* was as desirous as the Prince of knowing these particulars, and therefore was not long before she set about it; she had little reason to think she should be refus'd, because she had been so wonderfully civil to her. Agreeable to her Wishes the fair *Spaniard* answered her, that she would satisfy her Curiosity whenever she pleas'd; but having nothing but Misfortunes to acquaint her with, she feared she would find her Relation somewhat tiresome. You will be convinc'd, replied *Zoraide*, that it cannot be so, when you shall see the attention I give to it; and by the concern I shall infallibly shew for your bad Fortune, I dare say you will be apt to believe you could entrust your Secrets to no truer Friend. This said, they
threw

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threw their Arms over each others Necks, and embraced so heartily, as if they had never designed to quit that posture. Afterwards the fair Slave wiping her Eyes, which shed Tears abundantly at the remembrance of her Misfortunes, began her Story in the following manner. 'I am, said she, 'a *Spaniard* by Birth, was born at *Valencia*, and 'my Name is *Sophia*. I was educated with that care and 'charge as would become a rich Father and Mother to 'bestow on the first Fruits of their Marriage. I had a 'Brother younger than my self by a year; he was lovely 'as could be, and loved me as dearly as I did him; our 'mutual Friendship was so great, that we were never easy 'when asunder, and therefore our Parents took care we 'should seldom be so. We learnt together all those Exercises that are usually taught Youth of either Sex; and 'thence it came to pass, to the surprize of every Body, 'that I was equally skilful with him in the *Manege*, as 'he was with me in the Arts of the Needle. This extraordinary sort of Education caused a Gentleman our 'Neighbour to desire of my Father that his Children might 'be bred along with us. His Request was granted, and 'having only a Son and Daughter, about the Age of us, 'it gave occasion to the Town of *Valencia* to think that 'there would one Day be a Counter Marriage between 'us. *Don Carlos* and *Lucy*, were the Names of those two 'young Companions of ours. 'The former was handsome, 'and loved me dearly, which I reciprocally returned. Our 'parents observ'd it, but were so far from either disliking 'or opposing it, that they rather encouraged and approved 'it, and I believe would certainly have soon married us 'together, had not they thought us too young. At length 'our delusive Happiness was stifled by the Death of my 'Brother; a violent Fever carried him off in eight Days, 'and from his Death sprang the first cause of my Misfortunes. *Lucy* was so affected at it, that she obstinately 'resolv'd to turn Nun, I had brought my self even to 'Death's Door with Grief, and *Don Carlos* likewise had 'so great a Share in our Concern, that he gave his Parents 'little hopes he would survive it, so much the Loss of 'my Brother, the Danger I was in, and the Resolutions

of

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of his Sister had wrought upon him. At last, thanks
 to our Youth, we all recover'd and time in some mea-
 sure moderated our Afflictions. The Father of *Don Carlos*
 died not long after, and left him both rich and out of
 Debt. His Riches furnish'd him with Ability to grati-
 fie his gallant Humour, and his Gallantry flatter'd my
 Vanity, expos'd his Love to publick Knowledge, and
 augmented mine. *Don Carlos* was often found at my
 parents Feet, conjuring them not to defer his Happiness
 any longer, and my Father was inclinable to hearken to
 his Request, lest his profuse Courtship might in time
 diminish his Fortune; he gave him therefore Hopes that
 he should speedily be his Son-in-Law. This rais'd *Don*
Carlos to so high a pitch, that he lavisht out his Love at
 an extraordinary rate, and which would have been alone
 sufficient to have convinced me of his Sincerity, had not
 I had so many preceding Proofs of his Passion. To add
 to his other Profuseness, he presented me with a Ball,
 and invited all the Town of *Valencia* to it; but to his
 Misfortune as well as mine, thither came among the rest
 a *Neapolitan* Count, whom some Affairs of Importance
 had brought into *Spain*. This Count it seems took so
 great a fancy to me, that he must needs be in Love with
 me, and in order to gratifie his Passion, was not long
 before he demanded me in Marriage, after having been
 inform'd of the Quality of my Father, in the Kingdom
 of *Valencia*. My Father was so dazzled with the Title of
 this Stranger, that he immediately consented to all he
 ask'd, and from that very Hour forbid *Don Carlos* to
 pretend any farther to me. He likewise strictly enjoyn-
 ed me to receive no more of his Visits, and moreover
 commanded me for the future to look upon the *Italian*
 Count as a Person that was to marry me at his Return
 from *Madrid*, whither he was then going, and would
 come back in a short time. I disssembled my Dislike for
 the present to my Father's Proposals, but when I was
 alone *Don Carlos* would sincerely come into my Mind,
 whom I thought the most amiable Man in the World,
 while I could not find with my utmost Endeavours the
 least thing agreeable, nay, scarce tolerable in his Rival;

so

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so that it was equally impossible for me to love the one or to forget the other. I had recourse upon this occasion to Tears, but found those a feeble Remedy against so great a Malady as mine. While I was in this Condition *Don Carlos* entred the Room, but that without his usual Custom of asking leave. He found me all in Tears, which made him to lose the Power of withholding his own, however great had been his Resolutions not to betray the Sentiments of his heart till he had dived into the utmost of mine. He threw himself at my Feet, and taking me by the Hand, which he all bathed with his Tears, *Sophy*, said he to me, What must I lose you then? Must a Stranger who has hardly the Honour to be known to you, be notwithstanding prefer'd to me? Shall he profess you, *Sophy*; and will you consent to it? You whom I have loved so dearly, and who have always endeavoured to make me believe that you loved me likewise? Shall your Father pretend to dispose of you, when he has already given you me? Your Father, the most unjust Man breathing! If you were a Person, continued he, whose Merit could be valued, my Fidelity alone would be able to purchase you. But, pursued he, since you are inestimable, I beg you to believe that if I have had the Ambition to aspire to you, I shall not want the Courage to revenge my self on him whom you causelessly prefer to me. But however, added he sighing, if it be your Pleasure that my Rival should live happy in your Favour, I will forego all Attempts upon him, and only revenge your Unkindness upon my self by some cruel and sudden Death. *Don Carlos*, answer'd I, will you join with an unjust Father, and a hated Lover to torment me, and do you impute that to me for a Crime, which is only a Misfortune common to us both? Pity me, added I, instead of accusing of me, and bethink of means to preserve me yours, rather than reproach me with a Fault I am no ways guilty of. I believe I may have better reason to reflect on you for not having sufficiently loved me, since I find you have not sufficiently known me. But we have no time to lose in vain Words, continued I,

carry

' carry me whither you please, for you shall always find
 ' me disposed to follow you. At these Words *Don Car-*
 ' *los* was more transported with Joy than he had been be-
 ' fore depressed with Grief; and therefore having beg'd
 ' my Pardon a thousand times for the Injustice he had
 ' done me, he propos'd to fetch me away the Night fol-
 ' lowing. For this purpose he spent all that Day in or-
 ' dering his affairs. He got together a good sum of Mo-
 ' ney and hired a *Barcelona* Vessel which would be ready
 ' to put to Sea at what time he desired: For my part,
 ' young as I was, I had Wit enough to manage the Se-
 ' cret so well, that no body ever so much as mistrusted
 ' us. I got all my Mother's Jewels and scrap'd up what
 ' Money I could get. At the Hour appointed, *Carlos's*
 ' Page *Claudio* waited for me at the Gate. He told me
 ' his Master had sent him to conduct me on Board, and
 ' that he could not come himself, for Reasons he would
 ' satisfy me in when he saw me. At the same time came
 ' a Slave that belong'd to *Don Carlos*, and who was like-
 ' wise very well known to me, to accompany me. We
 ' got easily out of the City, by means of the good Contri-
 ' vance we had laid, and were not gone far before we saw
 ' a Vessel riding in the Harbour, whose Boat waited for
 ' us on the Shore. The Seamen told me my dear *Don*
 ' *Carlos* would come immediately, and that I had no more
 ' to do, than to go into the Boat. I was carried in by
 ' the Slave, but had no sooner been set down, than I per-
 ' ceived the Seamen forcing in *Claudio*, whom I observed
 ' to be unwilling to enter. This encreased my Concern
 ' for the Absence of *Carlos*, and thereupon I immediately
 ' demanded of the Slave where he was: He surlily an-
 ' swer'd, that wherever he was, he was no more for me.
 ' Having said thus much he left me, and in a little while
 ' after, I heard *Claudio* above upbraiding the Slave after
 ' this manner. Is it thus, Traitor *Amet*, that you per-
 ' form your promise, to rid me of a Rival, and leave me
 ' with my Love? To which the Slave reply'd, Impru-
 ' dent *Claudio*! am I oblig'd to keep my Word with
 ' you, when you have not scrupled to betray your Ma-
 ' ster, and how could I expect you would be true to me,
 ' and

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‘ and not send the Guards out after me to take my dear *Sophy*
‘ from me, whom I love more than my Life, when I have
‘ observ’d how villainously you serv’d both him and her?
‘ These Words spoken to a Woman whom I took always
‘ for a Man, and concerning Matters which I knew nothing
‘ of, rais’d so fierce a Disorder in me, that I fell dead for
‘ the present, in the Arms of the perfidious *Moor*. By that
‘ time my Fit was over, our Vessel had got a good way to
‘ Sea. You can’t imagine when I came to my self, what
‘ a Confusion I was in, for then I plainly perceiv’d I was
‘ in the Hands of *Moors*, and Enemies to our Faith. I then
‘ knew the Slave *Amet* had all sort of Authority, and that
‘ his Brother *Zaide* was Captain of the Vessel. *Amet* no
‘ sooner saw me in a condition to hear him, but he made
‘ me a short Declaration of his Love, professing he had had
‘ a Kindness for me a long time, and that his Passion was
‘ the cause of his carrying me away. Moreover that he
‘ design’d to carry me to *Fez*, where it should be my
‘ own fault if I were not as happy, if not happier, than
‘ I could have been in *Spain*. And lastly, he had the Im-
‘ pudence to urge to me, that he did not doubt but in a
‘ short time I would have no reason to regret the Loss of
‘ *Don Carlos*. I had scarce patience to hear him out, be-
‘ fore I flew upon him with all the Vigour and Courage
‘ that my Fit had left me, and by an Address which I
‘ told you before I had learnt from my Education, snatch-
‘ ing his Scymeter out of the Scabbard, was going to
‘ punish his Perjury with the Loss of his Life, had not
‘ his Brother *Zaide* timely stept in and prevented me. I
‘ was presently disarm’d, for having once mist my Blow,
‘ I could not possibly defend my self against so great a
‘ number of Enemies. *Amet*, whom my unexpected At-
‘ tempt had frightned, commanded all but me to go out
‘ of the Room, and afterwards followed himself. He left
‘ me in such a Condition as you may imagine after so
‘ cruel a Reverse had happen’d to my Fortune. I spent
‘ all that Night in Tears, and the Day following I nothing
‘ but grieved and took on. Time that generally alleviates
‘ other Peoples Misfortunes, did but increase mine. The
‘ second Day was as uncomfortable to me as the first, or
‘ rather

rather more tormenting, for when I reflected upon the
 never seeing *Don Carlos* more, how could I propose to
 my self any future Consolation? *Amet* always found me
 so terrible whenever he offer'd to accost me, that he
 came no more near me. From time to time they brought
 me Victuals to eat, but which I refused with that Ob-
 stinacy, as made the *Moor* to fear that he had brought
 me away to no purpose. In the mean time the Ship
 had pass'd the *Streights*, and was not far off the Coast
 of *Fex*; when *Claudio* entring the Room, I no sooner
 perceiv'd him, than I began with him after this manner:
 Villain, said I, you have betray'd me, and what could
 induce you to so base an Action after you had been so
 well us'd both by me and *Don Carlos*? You were too
 well beloved, answer'd he, and since I lov'd *Don Carlos*
 likewise, what Ill have I done in endeavouring to rid
 my self of a Rival? But if I have betray'd you, added
 he, *Amet* has also betray'd me, and I shall have as great
 reason to lament as you, if I do not think of some Ex-
 pedient not to remain alone miserable. Explain these
 Riddles, reply'd I, and learn me who you are, that I
 may know of what Sex I have you for my Enemy?
Sophy, then continued he, I am of the same Sex with
 you, and like you have been in Love with *Don Carlos*,
 but if our Love has been equal, its Success has been dis-
 ferent; he always lov'd you, and was ever inclinable to
 believe that you return'd his Passion, whilst me he nei-
 ther lov'd nor could think I loved him so dearly as I
 did, by reason he never knew who I was. I am of
Valencia like you, proceeded she, and was not born so
 low but *Don Carlos* might have married me without
 Disparagement; yet his Mind was all set upon you, and
 you were the only Object of his Vows and Wishes. It
 was not but I endeavour'd to make my Eyes save the
 Labour of my Tongue, and take the shameful Confessi-
 on of my Love upon them. I always laid my self in
 his way, and us'd all those little Artifices that he would
 have done to captivate me had it been his own Case. I
 might have often disposed of my self in Marriage to Ad-
 vantage, had not the hopes I had of one Day winning
 him

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him over, always prevented my Fortune; insomuch that
 instead of being discourag'd at his Repulse, I found it a
 means to love him the more. At length, being resolv'd
 to neglect nothing that might serve to bring him about,
 I put my self into Man's Apparel, cut off my Hair, and
 so disguis'd caus'd my self to be presented to him for a
 Page by an old Woman, who told him that my Father
 was a poor Gentleman, that liv'd upon the Mountains
 of *Toledo*. My Face and Mien pleas'd, it seems, your
 Lover so well, that he presently resolv'd to take me.
 He was as well satisfied with my Wit as delighted with
 my Voice and manner of Singing, as likewise with my
 Skill in playing on all sorts of Instruments that Persons
 of Quality are wont to divert themselves with. He
 believed he had met with Qualifications in me that were
 not to be commonly found in Pages; and I gave him
 so many Proofs of my Fidelity and Discretion, that he
 treated me more like his Friend and Confident than Ser-
 vant. This you are able to testify better than any Per-
 son breathing; and you know besides, how often you
 have commended me to *Carlos*, both behind my Back
 and to my Face, and likewise done me several other
 good Offices with him; but I was mad to think that
 I must be indebted for all these to a Rival, and that at
 the same time that they render'd me more agreeable to my
 Lover, they made you more hateful to the unfortunate
Claudia, (for so is my true Name.) In the mean time
 your Marriage advanc'd, and my Hopes went back; but
 as soon as it was concluded they were utterly lost. The
Italian Count who became about that time in Love with
 you, and whose Quality and Estate gain'd as much up-
 on your Father, as his bad Mien and conditions lost him
 in your Esteem, gave me nevertheless the Pleasure of
 seeing you disturb'd, and which caused me to flatter
 my self with those foolish Hopes which Change always
 offers to the unhappy. At last your Father prefer'd the
 Stranger whom you loved not, to *Don Carlos*, whom
 you loved; and I had then the Satisfaction to see one
 that made me unfortunate, unfortunate himself, and my
 Rival that I hated, yet more unhappy. My Pleasure was
 L 2 augmented,

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' augmented, tho' I consider'd I lost nothing in him, be-
 ' cause he never was mine, yet in that you were depriv'd
 ' of all in losing him, by reason he was all yours. But
 ' this imaginary Happiness, or to call it better, unfinish'd
 ' Hope, lasted not long: I learnt from *Don Carlos*, that
 ' you were resolv'd to go away with him, and I was
 ' employ'd for that purpose to hire a Ship to carry you
 ' to *Barcelona*, from whence you were to go either to
 ' *France* or *Italy*, I can't tell which. All the Force I had
 ' hitherto made use of to support me in my Misfortunes,
 ' forsook me at this moment; I could now bear up a-
 ' gainst the Torment of my unhappy Fate no longer, and
 ' therefore was forced to yield to it. My Griefs upon
 ' this occasion were so great that they made me down-
 ' right sick, and caused me to keep my Bed. One Day
 ' as I was lamenting my hard Usage to my self, and speak-
 ' ing louder than ordinary, out of a Confidence that I was
 ' not over-hear'd, the Moor *Amet* appear'd before me,
 ' who after he had suffer'd me to recover out of the Sur-
 ' prize he had occasion'd in me, address'd himself to me
 ' in these Words: I have known you, *Claudia*, even be-
 ' fore the time you disguis'd your Sex to become Page
 ' to *Don Carlos*, and if I have all this while conceal'd that
 ' Knowledge from you, it was because I had a Design to
 ' bring about as well as you. I have over-heard you en-
 ' ter into Resolutions of Despair. You have a mind to
 ' discover your self to your Master to be a young Woman
 ' that dies for Love of him, and afterwards to kill your
 ' self in his Presence, whereby you think to incline him
 ' Pity, whereas you cannot otherwise engage his Heart.
 ' Poor Girl! What other Advantage wilt thou get by kil-
 ' ling thy self, but assuring the Possession of *Carlos* the
 ' firmer to thy Rival? I have better Advice to give thee,
 ' if thou hast Courage enough to take it. Deprive thy
 ' Lover of *Sophia*; the means of accomplishing it are easie;
 ' and tho' it requires a great deal of Resolution, yet has
 ' occasion for no more than thou hast already had to ha-
 ' bit thy self like a Man, and thereby to hazard thy Ho-
 ' nour to content thy Love. Harken to me then with
 ' Attention, continued the Moor, and I will reveal to thee a

: Secret

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' Secret which I have never yet disclos'd to any Person;
 ' and if the Proposal I am about to make thee be disapprov'd,
 ' thou art at Liberty either to receive or reject it. I am
 ' of *Fex*, pursu'd he, and a Man of Quality in my own
 ' Country; my Misfortunes made me a Slave to *Don Car-*
 ' *los*, and the Beauty of *Sophia* made me the like to her.
 ' I have told you a great deal of matter, in few Words.
 ' Consider your own Unhappiness without Remedy if
 ' you suffer your Lover to carry off your Mistress to
 ' *Barcelona*. It is both your and my Interest to prevent
 ' it, therefore let us lay hold on the occasion that offers.
 ' I have bargain'd for my Ransom, and have paid it. A
 ' Galliot from *Africa* waits for me in the Road, not far
 ' off that which *Don Carlos* has provided for the Execu-
 ' tion of his Design. He has put it off for a Day longer
 ' therefore let us interpose our Project to carry her away
 ' before him, in the foresaid Galliot. In order to accom-
 ' plish this, do you go immediately to *Sophia*, as from
 ' your Master, and let her know that he requires she
 ' should depart this Night: For this purpose bring her a-
 ' way forthwith to my Vessel, and I will carry her to
 ' *Africa*; whereby you will remain behind alone to pos-
 ' sess your Lover, and who 'tis very likely will be in-
 ' clin'd to favour your Passion, when he understands what
 ' you are, how well you love him, and moreover, that
 ' the recovery of his *Sophia* is impracticable. At these
 ' last Words of *Claudia's*, continued *Sophia*, I became all
 ' of a Sudden so oppress'd with Grief, that I fainted away
 ' and had scarce the least sign of Life left in me. The
 ' Cries that *Claudia* made for help, who it may be now
 ' repented of what she had told me, brought *Amet* and
 ' his Brother into the Room. They made use of all the
 ' means that were proper to recover me, when coming
 ' at length to my self, I heard *Claudia* still persisting in re-
 ' proaching *Amet* with his Treachery. Infidel, said she
 ' to him, how could you have the Baseness both to betray
 ' me, and to bring this Lady to the deplorable Condition
 ' you see her in? Or, how could you have the Heart to
 ' make me guilty of Treachery to the Man I love so
 ' dearly? How dare you report your self to be nobly

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' born, when you are one of the very worst of Men?
 ' Peace Fool, reply'd *Amet*, and do not accuse me of a
 ' Crime to which you your self were accessary. I have told
 ' you before, that one that could betray a Master like yours,
 ' well deserves to be betray'd her self, I have propos'd to
 ' carry you along with me, both to secure my own Life,
 ' and prolong that of my dear *Sophia*; for I could easily
 ' guess what Tortures she must necessarily have undergone
 ' had you remained behind with her Lover discover'd.
 ' The Noise the Seamen made at their Entrance into the
 ' Port of *Sally*, and the thundring of the Cannon as well
 ' from the Vessel as the Castle, interrupted any farther
 ' Reproaches between *Amet* and *Claudia*, and at the same
 ' time delivered me from the Sight of those two odious
 ' Objects. We landed, *Claudia* and I having our Faces
 ' all cover'd with Vails, and were lodg'd in the House of a
 ' Friend of the perfidious *Amet*'s. The next Day we were
 ' put into a close Chariot, and carried in that manner to
 ' *Fez*, where if *Amet* was overjoy'd at the sight of his
 ' Relations and Friends, I was no less afflicted and torment-
 ' ed at my Fate. As for *Claudia*, she was resolv'd to make
 ' her self easy, for she quickly turn'd *Mahometan*, and was
 ' married in little time after to *Zaide*, Brother of the
 ' faithless *Amet*. This wicked Woman employ'd all her
 ' cunning to perswade me to change my Religion likewise,
 ' and to marry with *Amet*, as she had done with *Zade*;
 ' but I thank Heaven, I still persever'd in my Constancy,
 ' both to my first Faith, and my first Love. This caus'd
 ' *Amet* and his Friends to use me with all manner of ill
 ' treatment; but at last I was inclinable to believe that
 ' *Claudia* was not quite so bad as she seem'd. In publick
 ' she persecuted me indeed as much or rather more than the
 ' rest, but in private she would ever now and then do me
 ' a good turn. One Day when all the other Women were
 ' gone to the publick Baths, which you know 'tis a Cust-
 ' tom amongst you *Mahometans* to do so many times a
 ' Week, *Claudia* came to me in my Chamber, and with a
 ' sorrowful Countenance accosted me in the following man-
 ' ner. Fair *Sophia*, said she, whatever occasion I have hi-
 ' therto had to bear you ill will, it is now at an end, by rea-
 ' son

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‘ son of my despair ever to possess him who loved me too
‘ little, because he loved you too much. I condemn my self
‘ incessantly for having been the means of making you mi-
‘ serable; but more especially for having abandon’d my God,
‘ out of the fear of Man, the least of which Remorses is
‘ sufficient to make me undertake something unusual to my
‘ Sex. I can no longer live so remote from *Spain*, and that
‘ especially among Infidels, with whom I can neither ex-
‘ pect Health while I live, nor Salvation when I come to
‘ die. You may judge of my sincere Repentance by the
‘ Secret I am going to trust you with, which makes you
‘ Mistress of my Life, by putting it in your Power to re-
‘ vengeance the ill Offices I have been forc’d to do you, when-
‘ ever you please. The Secret is this, having procured
‘ about fifty Christian Slaves for the most part *Spaniards*,
‘ and engag’d them to Secrecy, I have furnish’d them with
‘ Money sufficient to hire a Bark, wherewith to transport
‘ us to *Spain*. Now you have nothing to do but to fol-
‘ low my Fortune, either to save your self, if the Fates
‘ so permit, or else to perish with me rather than live
‘ thus miserably among *Infidels*. Determine therefore quick-
‘ ly, *Sophia*, continued she, what you mean to do, and
‘ since we are alone, let us presently enter upon deli-
‘ berating on the most important Action of our Lives.
‘ Hearing this proposal of *Claudia*’s, I immediately threw
‘ my self at her Feet, and judging of her Sincerity by
‘ my own, made her all manner of Acknowledgements
‘ both in Words and Actions. Pursuant to our Project,
‘ we set a time and place for our intended Flight, and
‘ which at last, was to be behind some Rocks by the
‘ Sea-side, where she told me the Vessel lay waiting for
‘ us. On the Day appointed we set out, happily as I
‘ thought, because we got so easily out of the House and
‘ City. I admir’d the goodness of Heaven in favouring
‘ our Escape with such facility, and more than once offer’d
‘ up my Thanks in the acknowledgement; however, the
‘ end of my Misfortunes was not so near as I thought.
‘ What *Claudia* acted was only by order of the perfidious
‘ *Amet*, than whom she yet more perfidiously led me to
‘ this abandon’d Place, for no other reason than to expose

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' me to the Lust of that wicked *Moor*, who durst not at-
 ' tempt any Violence on me in his Father's House, who
 ' tho' a *Mahometan*, was morally honest. I followed in-
 ' nocently her that thus guided me to Ruin, and thought
 ' I could never make her sufficient Acknowledgments, for
 ' obliging me with so fair a prospect of my Liberty. We
 ' walked a good round pace, till we came among those
 ' Rocks, where she still persisted to tell me, that her
 ' Slaves lay attending for her; when all of a sudden, hear-
 ' ing a Noise, and looking behind me, I perceiv'd the
 ' treacherous *Amet* coming towards us full drive, with a
 ' drawn Scymeter in his Hand. Infamous Slaves, cry'd he
 ' aloud, is it thus ye convey away your selves from your
 ' Master's Service? I was just going to answer him when
 ' *Claudia* seizing my Arms behind, and *Amet* throwing
 ' away his Scymeter, and joining with her, to do the like
 ' to me before, they both endeavour'd jointly to bind me
 ' with Cords, which they had provided for that Purpose.
 ' Having more Art and Strength than Women usually have,
 ' I resisted, for some time, the Attempts of these two
 ' barbarous People; but at length finding my Efforts o'er-
 ' power'd, I had no other remedy to have recourse to,
 ' than Cries, which I hop'd would induce some charitable
 ' Traveller to come to my Relief. I was just upon the
 ' brink of Despair, as Prince *Muley* arriv'd. You have heard
 ' how he sav'd my Honour, and I might say, my Life,
 ' since I should infallibly have dy'd of Grief, had *Amet*
 ' succeeded in his brutish Designs upon me. Here *Sophy*
 ' ended the tedious Relation of her Adventures, while the
 ' friendly *Zoraide* exhorted her to rely upon the Prince's Gene-
 ' rosity, who she doubted not would afford her speedy Means
 ' to return to *Spain*. The same Day *Zoraide* went and acquaint-
 ' ed her Husband with every particular she had heard from *So-
 phy*, of all which, he consequently soon inform'd his Master
 ' *Muley*. Altho' what had been told him concerning the Fortune
 ' of the Fair *Christian*, did not at all flatter his Passion; yet was
 ' *Muley* nevertheless pleas'd to hear she was pre-engag'd in
 ' Affection that he might thereby avoid the baseness of tempt-
 ' ing her. He highly valued her Virtue, and was dispos'd
 ' by his own to encourage and assist her in the Continu-
 '

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ance of it; hereupon he dispatch'd *Zoraide* to let her know, that he would send her back to *Spain* as soon as ever she pleas'd; but not caring to trust to the Frailty of his Nature, had at the same time resolv'd to keep as much out of her Sight as he could. *Sophy*, for her part, was employ'd in thinking how to make her return as secure as possible. She doubted if she should meet a Christian Ship, which was nevertheless very difficult for her to do, by reason that few or none traded hither, whether she should not find as bad Men on Board, as she had done before among the *Moors*. Sincerity is seldom observ'd on Board Vessels, and good Faith minded as little among Seamen as among Soldiers. Wherever Innocence and Beauty are met, Impudence will always take occasion to invade them. Whilst she was thus debating with her self, *Zoraide* advis'd her to take upon her the Habit of a Man, and the rather, because her Shape was proper for that purpose: She told her also, that it was *Muley's* pleasure she should do so, and who not being able to find a Man in *Fez*, with whom he could safely entrust her, had provided a Companion for her, of her own Sex, who was to be disguis'd likewise, whereby they both might easily avoid the Insolence of the Seamen and Passengers, if any were that way inclin'd. This *Moorish* Prince had formerly purchas'd a Prize of a *Corfsair* of *Barbary*. It was a Ship that had belong'd to the Governour of *Oran*, which was carrying a *Spanish* Gentleman with his whole Family to *Spain*, whom the Governour had sent thither a Prisoner out of some disgust. *Muley* had been inform'd that this Christian was a great Hunter; and as that Exercise was one of the choicest of his Diversions, he was resolv'd to keep him to himself; but for fear of making him uneasie, he order'd he should not be separated from his Wife, his Son and Daughter. In two Years time he had liv'd in *Fez*, in *Muley's* Service, he had taught that Prince to shoot admirably well, and that either sitting or flying. He had moreover instructed him in several other ways of Hunting unknown before to the *Moors*. By these means he in a short time had gain'd so far upon the Prince's Favour, and had been so serviceable to him in all his Diversions, that when a Ransom was offer'd for him, he

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would by no means consent to part with him, but rather made it his daily endeavour to oblige him, and make him forget *Spain*. Notwithstanding this Kindness of the Prince, the Regret he had to be out of his own Country, and the unlikelihood of ever returning thither again, had brought so deep a Melancholy upon him, that it soon ended his Days. His Wife likewise languish'd on the same account, and lived not long after her Husband. When *Muley* saw how fatal his Favours to these Strangers had been, he began to be touched with Remorse, and was exceeding sorry that he had not comply'd with their Desires; but since it was now too late, he resolv'd to reward the good Services of his Sportsman to his Children, and for that purpose immediately sent for them into his Presence. The Daughter, whose Name was *Dorothy*, was about the same Age with *Sophy*, and had both Wit and Beauty. Her Brother nam'd *Sancho*, was somewhat younger, being not above Fifteen; both were made Choice of by *Muley* to accompany *Sophy* to *Spain*. The Affair was for some time kept secret; three *Spanish* Habits for Men were order'd in the mean time to be got ready. At length *Muley* display'd his Magnificence in a great Quantity of precious Stones which he presented *Sophy* with. To *Dorothy* and *Sancho* he gave likewise several noble Presents, which together with what their Father had left them, and which had been all obtain'd from the Liberality of this Prince, made them to be considerably rich. About the same time *Charles V.* made War upon *Africa*, and besieg'd the City of *Tunis*. He had sent an Ambassador to *Muley*, to treat about the Ransom of certain *Spaniards* of Quality, who had been shipwrack'd on the Coast of *Morocco*. It was to this Ambassador that *Muley* recommended *Sophy* under the Name of a Man of Quality, called *Don Hernando*, *Dorothy* and her Brother were said to be his Attendants, one passing for his Gentleman, and the other for his Page. *Sophy* and *Zoraide* could not part without the greatest Reluctance. They shed abundance of Tears, and gave each other unquestionable Proofs of a reciprocal Affection. *Zoraide* as a farther token of her Love and Esteem, presented the fair Christian with a Necklace of Pearl, of that great Value

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Value that she would by no means have accepted it, had not *Zulema*, who lov'd her no less than his Wife, acquainted her that they should take it very unkindly if she refus'd what they tender'd only as a Pledge of their Friendship. *Zoraide* made *Sophia* promise to let them know from time to time how she did, either by the way of *Tangier*, *O'an*, or the other places which the Emperor then possessed in *Africa*. The Christian Ambassador embark'd at *Sally*, carrying along with him *Sophy*, whom from henceforward we must call *Don Hernando*. Before he proceeded on his Voyage to *Spain*, he was to go wait on the Emperor at his Camp before *Tunis*. Our *Spanish* Lady in Masquerade was to be presented to him for a Gentleman of *Andalousia*, who had been a long time a Slave to the Prince of *Morocco*. She had no such great Reason to be in Love with Life, as to fear the hazard of it in the Wars, and therefore since she had took upon her the Character of a *Cavalier*, she was oblig'd to go upon all Actions that Honour called her to. For this purpose she placed her self among the *Volunteers*, resolving to lose no occasion to signalize her self, and which she often did, to that degree, that her Valour came at length to the Emperor's Ear. She happen'd to be in one Action, above the rest, wherein the Emperor was unhorsed, and the Christians like to be beaten. This our valiant *Amazon* perceiving, by a Performance scarce to be believed, she immediately remounted the Emperor, and laid about her with that Conduct and Vigour, that she almost opposed the whole Force of the Enemy, till such time as the routed Army had rallied, and were come up to her Relief. This wonderful Action of hers, did not go without its Reward. The Emperor in Recompence, presented to the unknown *Don Hernando*, a *Commandery* of great Revenue, as likewise a Regiment of Horse, which had belong'd to a *Spanish* Colonel, killed in the late Fight; he also gave him the Equipage of a Man of Quality, and from that very time, no Body was so much esteem'd in the Army, as that valiant Heroine. All the Actions of a Man were natural to her: Her Countenance was so good, and made her appear to be so young, her Courage and Conduct were so far beyond her Years, her Wit was so charming and

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entertaining, that there was not one Man of Quality, or Officer in the whole Army, but who either sought her Friendship and Acquaintance, or humbly declin'd aspiring to it, as being unworthy. It must not be wondred at then, since all the World spoke so much of her, and yet more her renown'd Actions, if she came to be so greatly in Favour with her Prince. About this time divers Recruits of Men and Amunition arriv'd from *Spain*. The Emperor would have them all drawn up by themselves, that he might have a View of them, with the principal Officers of the Army, amongst whom was our Female Warriour. Among these new-come Soldiers, she fancied she had espied *Don Carlos*, and as it happen'd, she was not deceiv'd. This made her to be uneasie all the remainder of that Day. She sent out often to look after him, but could not find him, by reason he had changed his Name. When Night came, she could not sleep a wink, and therefore rose by Day-break, to go in search of her dear Lover, who had cost her so many Tears. At length she found him, but was not known by him, by reason she was grown taller, and had besides her Complexion much alter'd by the scorching Heats of *Africa*. She made him believe she took him for another of her Acquaintance, and began to ask him News from *Sevil*, as likewise concerning an imaginary Person that came first into her Head. He told her he knew no such Person, was never at *Sevil*, and that he was born and liv'd in *Valencia*. You are nevertheless much like a Person that I knew, and had a great Esteem for, reply'd *Sophy*, and therefore you must give me leave to be ranked among the Number of your Friends. With all my Heart, answered *Don Carlos*, and for the same reason you urge, I must beg the like Liberty from you, for you no less resemble a Person I loved long since, and do still love; you have the same Visage and Voice, but are not of the same Sex, and certainly cannot be of the same Humour, added he sighing. At these last Words of *Carlos*, *Sophy* could not forbear blushing, which he nevertheless took no notice of, by reason he then had his Eyes overcharg'd with Tears, which hindered his observing her change of Countenance. This extraordinary Tenderness of *Don Carlos* mov'd her so extremely,

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ly, that she was ready to discover her self; to prevent which at that time, she desired him to come visit her in her Tent, and bid him enquire for *Don Hernando*. At the hearing of this Name *Don Carlos* began immediately to be afraid, well knowing what Honours the Emperor had conferr'd on that Person, and therefore fear'd he might not have shew'd him sufficient Respect. He met with little difficulty in finding the Tent, for it was but what every body could direct him to. He was there received with all the Civility that a private Gentleman could expect from a General Officer. He again discover'd the Countenance of *Sophy* in that of *Don Hernando*, but was more amazingly surpriz'd at the resemblance of their Voices, which immediately sunk into his Soul, and brought to his Remembrance the Idea of the person in the World that he lov'd best. *Sophy* yet unknown to her Lover, made him to dine with her, and after Dinner commanding her Domesticks to retire, and giving Orders that she would be seen by no more Visitors, caus'd him to tell her over again that he was of *Valencia*, and afterwards occasion'd him to relate all the Adventures that had happen'd between him and her, which to be sure she knew as well as he, from their first Acquaintance to the time of his Contrivance for carrying her away. Would you believe, quoth *Don Carlos*, that a Woman of her Quality, who had received so many Proofs of my Love, and return'd me reciprocally as many of hers, could yet be so void of Sense or Honour to prefer a young Page, who had little or nothing to boast of, to his Master! But are you sure of what you say, reply'd *Sophy*? Chance often controuls our Designs, and oftner takes Pleasure to confound our reasoning with Events the least expected. Your Mistress may have been forc'd to leave you, continu'd she, and is, it may be, more unfortunate than blameable. Would to God, answer'd *Don Carlos*, I could in the least doubt of her Guilt! All the Misfortunes which I have hitherto undergone on her account, would be easie to me, could I but believe her still faithful. But alas! she is only so to the Traitor *Claudio*, and pretended an Affection to *Don Carlos* but to ruin him. It seems to me, reply'd *Sophy*, you could have but little Kindness for her, since you can thus condemn her unheard. Can I have greater proof of her Baseness,

ness, cry'd *Don Carlos*, than appears by a Letter she sent her Father the very Night she went off; whereby, I suppose, she thought to take away all Suspicion of her going away with the Page. But to the end you may be a better Judge of it, added he, I have the Letter to show; then he read the Letter, which was in the following Words:

YOU ought not, Sir, to forbid my loving *Don Carlos*, since you had once commanded me to do it. A Desert so great as he has to pretend to, must needs captivate the wariest Heart; and where so much Worth and Merit reigns, Interest must not think to get place. I fly then away with him whom you have thought fit I should love from my Youth upwards, and without whom it is as impossible for me to live, as it would be not to grieve my self to Death in the Arms of a Stranger I hate, altho' he were yet richer than he boasts himself to be. Our Crime therefore, if any, deserves at least your Pardon, which if you are dispos'd to afford us, we will return as willingly to receive, as we have shewn Disposition to retreat from the unjust Violence you would do us.

SOPHIA.

' You may imagine, proceeded *Carlos*, what a Hurricane this raised in the old Peoples Breasts. They hop'd
' I was either yet in *Valencia* conceal'd with their Daughter,
' or else that I was not far off. They kept their Loss a Secret to every Body but the *Vice-roy*, who was their Relation. I was surpriz'd to find the Constable and his Mirmidons enter my Chamber, at Day-break, rudely asking me
' for *Sophy*, and whom I having demanded the same Question of, they immediately hurried me in a violent manner
' to Prison. I was question'd, and yet could say nothing in
' my Defence concerning *Sophy's* Letter; it thereby appear'd I was to carry her away, but it was manifest that
' my Page disappear'd also. *Sophy's* Relations made all imaginable Search after her, and my Friends did what they
' could to find whither the Page had carried her, which they
' were certain he must have done somewhither. At length
' it being found impossible to meet with either or th' other,
' which was the only thing that could have clear'd my Innocence, I was accus'd by my Enemies of murdering both.
Here-

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Hereupon I had notice given me that I must soon come to my Trial, and that if I escap'd it was more than any body expected. I knew the Home-proofs they had against me; and hop'd only for a Miracle from Heaven to acquit me; but at last Despair got the upper-hand, and my Hopes consequently vanish'd. I resolv'd therefore, not caring to trust my Deliverance to the Course of Justice; to join with some Highway-men, my fellow Prisoners, in the Execution of a Design they had laid to procure it for us all. Accordingly we one Night forc'd the Gates of our Prison, and by the Assistance of our Friends, got to the Mountains that were nearest *Valencia*, before the *Vice-Roy* could possibly be inform'd of our Escapes. We here continued a long time Masters of the Roads. My *Sophy's* Infidelity, and her Parents merciless Prosecution, together with the Loss of my Estate and Reputation, made me so desperate, that I car'd not at what rate I hazarded my Life, and therefore in all cases of Resistance behav'd my self with so great Resolution, that my Companions thought fit to chuse me for their Captain. I continued in this Post so successful for sometime, that our Troop became formidable even to the Kingdoms of *Arragon* and *Valencia*, which Countries we were so bold as to put under Contribution. I herein make you acquainted, continu'd *Carlos* to *Sophy*, with a Secret that concerns my Life, but the Honour you have done me of your Friendship, and the Opinion I have of your Integrity, make me not to doubt in the least of my Security. At length, proceeded he, I was weary of this wicked Course of Life, and forsook my Companions at a time when they least expected it. I made my way for *Barcelona*, where I list'd my self a private Trooper in the Recruits that were just then raising for *Africa*. I had hitherto had no great Reason to be in love with Life, and therefore having made so ill use of it as to infest my Country, thought I could not do better than employ the Remainder of my Days in its Service, and more especially seeing the Kindness I have receiv'd at your Hands, has been the only Comfort I have had since I have been made the most miserable of Men, by the most ungrateful of Women. The unknown *Sophia* here upontook the part of *Sophy* unjustly

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justly accus'd, and omitted nothing to perswade her Lover against passing rash Judgments on his Mistress, before he was thoroughly inform'd of her Crime. She told the unfortunate Gentleman moreover, that she was very sensible of his Misfortunes, and would do all that lay in her Power to alleviate them; and to give him a better Proof of her good Will, than what lay in bare Words, she desired him to come and be with her, and that as soon as occasion serv'd, she would employ all her own and her Friends Interests with the Emperor, to get him deliver'd from the Prosecution of *Sophy's* Parents, as likewise from that of the *Vice-Roy of Valencia*. *Don Carlos* was not at all mov'd with what the counterfeited *Don Hernando* could say to him concerning the Justification of *Sophy*, but to accept of the Offers of his Table and House he was. The same Day this faithful Lover spoke to *Don Carlos's* Captain to permit him to come and serve under him, I should have said, her. Now was our Lover under the Command of his Mistress, whom he took to be either dead or faithless. He was very easy from the beginning under this new Commander, and would often wonder how he came to be so much in her Favour in so short a time. He was at once her Intendant, Secretary, Gentleman and Confident. The other Domesticks paid not a greater Respect even to *Don Hernando* himself than they did to him, and he would no doubt have been exceeding happy had not the lost *Sophy*, the treacherous *Sophy*, come so often into his Mind. Whatever Kindness *Sophy* had for him, she always took a great deal of Pleasure to see him griev'd not doubting but it was upon her account. At last she had justified *Sophy* so often, and sometimes with that Heat, that *Don Carlos* came to suspect that she had either been formerly her Lover, or was so still. These Wars in *Africa* ended as you may read in the History. The Emperor afterwards made them in *Germany*, *Italy*, *Flanders*, and other Places. Our experienc'd She-Warriour, under the Name of *Hernando*, still kept up, or rather encreas'd her Reputation for Courage and Conduct, tho' the last of these Qualities is seldom to be met with in a Person so young as this valiant Lady's Sex made her to appear. The Emperor was oblig'd to go into *Flanders*, and for that purpose demanded Leave of the King of *France* to

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pass through his Dominions. The great King that then reign'd in that Country, had a mind to excel in Generosity a mortal Enemy, who had always surmounted him in Fortune, tho' he had not made the best use of it. *Charles V.* was received in *Paris* with as great Magnificence as if he had been King of *France* himself. The brave *Don Hernando* was one of the small number of Persons of Quality that attended him, and 'tis more than likely, if he had continued long at that Court, this fair *Spanish* Lady, being taken for a Man, would have enamour'd all the *French* Ladies, and raised Jealousie in the most accomplish'd of Courtiers. While this happen'd, the *Vice-Roy* of *Valencia* died in *Spain*. *Don Hernando*, thro' his great Merit and Interest with the Emperor, doubted not but he should quickly obtain that Charge; and as he wish'd, so it soon after fell out, for he had no sooner ask'd than he had it given him, without the least Opposition from any Competitor. This his good Success he immediately thought fitting to acquaint *Don Carlos* with, and at the same time gave him reason to hope, that as soon as he was gotten into Possession of his new Employment, he would not only reconcile him with *Sophy's* Relations, and procure him Pardon of the Emperor, for having been chief of the *Vandolero's*, (Highway-men) but likewise undertake to restore him to his Lands and Estate. *Don Carlos* might very well have receiv'd Comfort from these Promises of his Friend, had not his Love made him incapable of it. The Emperor soon after arrived in *Spain*, and went directly to *Madrid*, while *Don Hernando* made what haste he could to his new Government. From the very Day of his Arrival in *Valencia*, *Sophy's* Friends continually pester'd him with Petitions against *Don Carlos*, who at the same time was both his Steward and Secretary. The *Vice-Roy* promis'd to do them speedy Justice, but at the same time let *Carlos* privately know that he would not fail to protect his Innocence. The Cause was quickly prepar'd for Hearing, and in five or six Days time both Parties were ready to go to Trial. The Prosecutor demanded of the *Rice-Roy* that the supposed Criminal might be sent to Prison, which *Don Hernando* would not nevertheless consent to, giving instead thereof, his Word, that he should nor stir out of his House till the Day assign'd for

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for the Trial. The Night before that fatal Day, which kept the whole City of *Valencia* in suspense, *Don Carlos* desir'd a private Audience of the *Vice-Roy*, which being granted, he threw himself at his Feet, and broke out into the following Words. ' To-morrow, my Lord, you will be able to
 ' let the World know that I am innocent ; and altho'
 ' some of the Witnesses you have already heard in my Defence, clear me absolutely of the Crime ; yet do I here presume to swear once more to your Highness, as religiously
 ' as I would do before God at the sacred Altar, That I not
 ' only have not carry'd away *Sophy*, as my Adversaries maliciously alledge against me, but likewise did not lay Eyes
 ' on her from the Day before she was so carried away, and
 ' have never heard the least news of her since. I own I
 ' was to have carried her away, continued he, had not a
 ' Misfortune too obscure for me to unriddle prevented me
 ' in that design. Enough, *Don Carlos*, reply'd the *Vice-Roy*, go to bed and take your rest ; I am both your Master and Friend, and perhaps am better inform'd of your Innocence than you can imagine. You are come along with me from *Africa* under my Protection, and I will not fail to defend and clear you against all your Enemies in this matter. *Don Carlos* after having return'd his most hearty thanks to so obliging a Master, went to Bed, but could not sleep for thinking on what was to ensue. He got up by Day-break, and dressing himself more gallant than ordinary, went to wait on the *Vice-Roy* at the *Levéé* ; but I should mistake if I told you he enter'd the Chamber before she was dress'd. The before mention'd *Dorothy* that came with her disguis'd from *Fez*, still continued to be her *Confident*, and Companion, and did those Offices for her, which if another had done, she must have quickly been discover'd. *Don Carlos* therefore gained not admittance till *Dorothy* had set open the Door, as well to him as every Body else. The *Vice-Roy* no sooner perceiv'd him than he began to reproach him with rising so early, alledging that his not sleeping was no great token of his Innocence. To which *Don Carlos*, being a little disturb'd, reply'd, that the Fear of being convicted did not so much hinder him from sleeping, as the Hopes he had of soon seeing himself deliver'd by the Justice his High-

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ness would do him. ' But you are mighty Spruce and Gallant, quoth the *Vice-Roy* ; nay, seem indifferent even on the Day you are to betry'd for your Life. I know not what to think of the Crime you are accus'd of. As often as we discourse of *Sophy*, you seem more negligent and unconcern'd than I, who am no party, nor ever have been suspected to have been belov'd by her, nor to have made away with her, and possibly the young *Claudio* likewise, as you have been. You say you have lov'd her, continued the *Vice-Roy*, and yet you survive the loss of her, and endeavour nothing so much as to get your self acquitted, that you may forget her, and live at ease; you that ought rather to hate Life, and destroy those very Charms that have render'd you so amiable to her. Ah! inconstant *Don Carlos*, proceeded he, It may well be suspected you have some other Love to supply the place of *Sophy* you have been so much oblig'd to. At these Words *Don Carlos* in a great Agony was going to answer, but which the *Vice-Roy* not thinking fit to hear, interrupted him in, and with a severe Countenance said to him. ' Hold your Peace, and reserve that Eloquence you are about to make use of here, for your Judges. As for my part I shall give little ear to it, and will not for the sake of one of my Servants, let the Emperor have reason to entertain an ill Opinion of my Justice. In the mean time, continued he, turning towards his Guards, some one of you secure his Person. I should indeed be very imprudent, added he, to believe that one who had once broke Prison would not again seek to avoid Justice by flight. This said, *Don Carlos's* Sword was immediately seiz'd, which rais'd a great deal of Pity in the standers by, to observe what a sudden change of Fortune he had undergone. While the poor Gentleman was repenting of confiding too much in great Mens Favours, his Judges entred the Chamber, and took their places after the *Vice-Roy* had seated himself. The *Italian* Count, who yet continued at *Valencia*, together with *Sophy's* Father and Mother, appear'd against him, and produc'd their Witnesses; whilst *Carlos* was almost ready to despair of his Cause, and had scarce the Courage to answer. They all edg'd the Letters he had formerly writ to *Sophy* and

and prov'd his Hand; they confronted the Neighbours and *Sophy's* Servants with him, and lastly produc'd against him the Letter she had written to her Father the Night before they pretended he had carried her away. *Carlos* caus'd his Servants to be heard likewise, who swore they saw their Master go to bed; but then he might have risen again afterwards, which they could give no account of. In his defence he said, it was not likely he should carry her away to live separate from her, and much less that he would murder one whom he had always lov'd so dearly. But all this avail'd him not, for Sentence was just going to be pronounc'd against him, when the *Vice-Roy* commanding him to be brought nearer, said to him, 'Unfortunate *Don Carlos*! you may well think from all the tokens of Friendship I have shew'd you, that if I had in the least suspected you had been guilty of the Crime you are accus'd of, I would never have brought you to *Valencia*. But now after what has been so plainly prov'd against you, I am more than oblig'd to condemn you if I would not begin the Execution of my Office by Injustice. You may easily be convinc'd of my concern for you, by the Tears that unavoidably come into my Eyes. If your Prosecutors were not of that Quality they are of, I might be inclinable to think they were byass'd by Malice; but as they are, there are no exceptions to be made to them, and therefore if *Sophia* does not appear suddenly her self to release you, I am to give you Notice, you must prepare for Death. *Carlos* despairing at these Words to be saved, threw himself at the *Vice-Roy's* Feet, and after some time, said to him, You may remember, *my Lord*, that all the while I had the Honour to serve your *Highness*, both in *Africa* and here, as often as you have engag'd me in a tedious recital of my Misfortunes, I have always told them after the same manner; and you may likewise be assur'd that what I have told you, that have been so good a Master to me, I would scorn to deny afterwards, before any Judge. I have all along told your *Highness* the Truth, as I would have done to my God, and therefore shall not stick to repeat what I have so often profess'd, that I not only ever have, but also e-

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ver shall to my Lives end love and adore *Sophy*. 'What
 ' say you? (interrupted the *Vice-Roy*, with concern in his
 ' Countenance) do you pretend to adore her? I do, re-
 ply'd *Don Carlos*, not a little surpriz'd at the manner of
 the Question, and have not only promis'd to marry her,
 but likewise to carry her off to *Barcelona*. But if I have
 carried her away, or know where she is at present, may
 I be put to the cruellest of Deaths. As for dying, con-
 tinued he, I know it is impossible for me now to escape
 it, but I shall nevertheless dye innocent, if it be not a
 Crime to have lov'd so faithfully, so perfidious and in-
 constant a Woman. 'But, cry'd the *Vice-Roy*, with a stern
 ' Countenance, What is become of this Woman and your
 ' Page? Are they mounted up to Heaven? Are they con-
 ' ceal'd in the Earth? Or whether are they gone? The
 Page, answer'd *Don Carlos*, was a spruce Gallant, and she
 a fine Lady; he was a Man and she a Woman. 'Ah Tra-
 ' tor! reply'd the *Vice Roy*, now you discover your base
 ' Suspicions, and the small esteem you entertain'd for the
 ' unfortunate *Sophy*. Curs'd be that Woman, continued
 ' he, that confides in the Promises of Men, and suffers
 ' her self to be abus'd by two easy a Belief. Neither was
 ' *Sophy* a Woman of a common Vertue, added he, nor
 ' your Page *Claudio* a Man. *Sophy* was a constant Maid,
 ' and your Page a ruin'd Woman that had been in Love
 ' with you, and consequently stole away and betray'd her
 ' as a Rival to her. I am *Sophy*, unjust and ungrateful
 ' Lover! proceeded he, I am *Sophy* who have undergone
 ' incredible Hazards and Hardships on the account of a
 ' Man that deserves not to be so well belov'd, since he
 ' could think me guilty of the very worst of Treacheries.
Sophy found it not in her Power to say any more: her
 Father immediately knew her, and catch'd her up in his
 Arms, her Mother swoon'd away on one side, and her
 Lover *Don Carlos* on the other. She soon disengag'd her-
 self from her Father's embraces, to run to the two that
 where fainted away, and who coming quickly to them-
 selves, she was in doubt which to embrace first; her Mo-
 ther all bedew'd her Cheeks with Tears, and she return'd
 the like. She embrac'd her Dear, Dear *Don Carlos*, with

all

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all the Passion imaginable, and who was like to have swoon'd away again with the excess of the Delight. He nevertheless held her fast, and not yet daring to approach her Lips, endeavour'd to satisfy himself on her Hands, both which he kissed above a thousand and a thousand times. *Sophy* was scarce able to withstand all the Kindnesses and Complements made her. The *Italian* Count on his part going to profer his, still insisted on his former Pretensions to her, as being promis'd him both by her Father and Mother; this *Don Carlos* hearing, and having at the same time one of her Hands, greedily kissing at his Mouth, he instantly quitted it, and laying his Hand to his Sword, which had been just then brought him, he put himself into a posture enough to have frighted an Army, and swore that rather than suffer himself to be depriv'd of his dear *Sophy*, provided she would but still continue to love him, he would hew down the City of *Valencia*, and bury its Inhabitants in its Ruins. She on her part declared she would have no other Husband than her dear *Carlos*, and therefore conjur'd both her Father and Mother either to resolve to approve of him, or to expect to see their only Daughter speedily cloyster'd up in a *Convent*. Her Parents hereupon gave her liberty to make choice of what Husband she pleas'd, which the *Italian* Count perceiving, he immediately took Post and rid away for *Italy*. *Sophy* afterwards gave an account of her Adventures, which being so very extraordinary, were admir'd by every body. A Courrier was soon after dispatch'd to carry the News of this wonderful discovery to the Emperor, who thereupon sent orders that *Don Carlos*, after he had married *Sophy*, should be invested with the *Vice-Royship* of *Valencia*; and moreover as a Recompence for all the great Services his Lady had perform'd under the name of *Don Hernando*, he gave to this happy Lover a Principality, which his Heirs enjoy to this very Day. The City of *Valencia* was at the charge of the Wedding, which was perform'd with all the Magnificence and Splendor imaginable, and *Dorothy* who had resum'd her Female Habit much about the same time with *Sophy*, was married not long after her to a near Relation of *Don Carlos*.

CHAP. XIV.

A matchless piece of Impudence in the Sieur la Rappiniere.

THE Counsellor of *Rennes* had just done reading his Novel, when *la Rappiniere* arriv'd at the Inn. He entred the Room boldly, where he had been told Monsieur *la Garouffiere* was, but as soon as he perceiv'd *Destiny* standing in a Corner, both he and his Man that came along with him began visibly to change Countenances. *La Garouffiere* after having shut the Door, demanded of the bold *la Rappiniere* if he could not guess upon what account he had been sent for. Is it not upon the account of a Comedian, reply'd the Villain laughing, whom I had a mind to have my Share of: How do you mean your Share, answer'd *la Garouffiere* with a serious Countenance, Does it become a Judge as you are to talk after that rate? And did you ever yet condemn a Person that deserv'd hanging more than your self? *La Rappiniere* continu'd to turn the thing to Ridicule, and would needs make it pass for the Act of a good Companion. But the Senator urg'd it so home, and after so severe a manner, that he had at last made him to confess that it was an ill Action, and for which he immediately made some trifling Excuses to *Destiny*, who notwithstanding could scarce forbear calling him to an account for offending him so basely, after he had been oblig'd to him for his Life, as you may find he had been in the beginning of these Comical Adventures. But *Destiny* had another Quarrel to debate with this wicked *Provost* of greater Consequence, which he had communicated to Monsieur *la Garouffiere*, and who had promis'd to make him give him Satisfaction. Whatever Pains I have taken to dive into *la Rappiniere*, I could never yet discover whether he were more wicked towards God, or towards Man; more unjust to his Neighbour, or more vicious in himself. I know only this to be true, that never any Man had more Vices heap'd up together, nor in a more eminent Degree than he. He confess'd he had a Design to carry away *Madam Star*, as boldly as if he had

reason

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reason to boast of it as a good Action; and farther, impudently told the Counsellor and the Comedian, that he never in the least doubted of the Success of that Enterprize: For, continued he addressing himself to *Destiny*, I had gained over your Man; and your Sister, thinking you were wounded, was so conveniently caught in the Trap, in expectation to find you not above two Leagues from the place where I waited for her, that I had certainly had her, had not the Sot that conducted her suffer'd some Devil or other to take her from him, whereby I lost a good Horse, and he got a good beating. *Destiny* at the hearing this, first grew pale with Anger, but then presently blushed with Shame to hear a Villain tell him that with Indifference, which he ought to have told with the greatest Reluctancy and Regret. *La Garouffiere* was greatly offended likewise, and not less angry with so dangerous a Man. I can't imagine, said he to him, how you could have the Impudence to tell us the Particulars of so base an Action with so much unconcern; for which Monsieur *Destiny* would have nevertheless rewarded you, had not I interpos'd and hindred him. But I would advise you, continued he, to restore to him the Box of Diamonds you stole from him at *Paris* when you were a Pick-pocket Rascal, or he may yet do it. *Doguin*, who was at that time your Accomplice, and since your Servant, confest to him on his Death-Bed that you had it; and I declare to you, added he, that if you do not speedily let him have it again, I will for the future prove as dangerous an Enemy to you, as I have hitherto been a serviceable Friend. *La Rappiniere* at these Words stood as if he had been Thunder-struck, and had not Power to deny any longer, according to his usual Custom, what he had done. He own'd therefore, stammering like one that was confounded, that he had the Box at *Mans*, and swore horribly to return it upon Demand. The use he made of Oaths was out of Policy to conceal the Truth, for tho' it was true he had the Box, yet had he not it at *Mans*, but carried it always about him, with design to have presented it to Madam *Star*, in case she rejected his Amour. This he afterwards confest in private to Monsieur *la Garouffiere*,
 thinking

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thinking thereby to regain his Favour, and into whose Hands he put the Box and Picture to dispose as he thought fit. The Picture was that of Madam *Star's* Father, set round with Diamonds, whose Face it seems so much resembled hers that she might be easily known to her Father by it. *Destiny* at the Receipt of the Picture knew not how to thank Monsieur *la Garouffiere* sufficiently for it. When this Box was taken away from *Destiny*, he was not so much concern'd on his own account, as on that of Madam *Star's* Mother, who had a long time kept it as a Pledge of her Husband's Love. You may easily guess then what an Excess of Joy the Recovery of it rais'd in them both. He for his part went immediately to acquaint his dear *Star* with the News, whom he found where he had left her in the Curate of the Town's Sister's House, and in Company with *Angelica* and *Leander*. They consulted together about their return to *Mans*, and resolv'd upon it for the next Day, Monsieur *la Garouffiere* proffer'd them a Coach, which they would however by no means accept. The Men and Women-Players supped with Monsieur *la Garouffiere* and his Company that Night. They afterwards went to Bed betimes, and next Morning by break of Day *Destiny* and *Leander* took each of them their Mistresses behind them, and posted away to *Mans*, whither *Ragotin*, *Rancour*, and *Olive*, had been gone before. Monsieur *la Garouffiere* proffer'd a great deal of Service to *Destiny*, on account of Madam *Bourvillon* who had feign'd herself sicker than she was, on purpose that she might not be oblig'd to take leave of that Comedian, whom she for the present was not at all pleas'd with.

CHAP. XVI.

Ragotin's Misfortune.

THE two Comedians that return'd to *Mans* with *Ragotin*, were led out of their way by that little Rascal, who would needs treat them at a small Country House of his, which had been built proportionable to his Size. Altho' an exact Historian would now think himself oblig'd

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to tell all the most important Particulars of this Mans Life, and the Places wherein they happen'd, yet shall not I be very certain in what-part of our Hemisphere this little Hovel of *Ragotin's* stood, whither he was carrying his Brethren that were to be, being not yet admitted of their Strolling Order. It shall suffice then to inform you, that it was on this side the *Ganges*, and not very far off from *Sillé le Guillaume*. When he had got thither he found his House filled with a Company of Gypsies, who in spite of his Tenant had got into Possession thereof, and that under pretence of their Captain's Wife's being ready to lye in, when their truest reason was that they might have an Opportunity to eat Poultry *gratis*, at a Farm so much out of the Road. At his first coming *Ragotin* began to be extremely angry, as little Men soonest are, and threatn'd the Gypsies with the *Provost of Mans*, to whom he said he was ally'd by having married a *Portail*. Then began he to read his Auditors a long Lecture on the Validity of Relation, without being able at the same time to forbear immoderate swearing, which he often intermixt with his Discourse. He threatned them likewise to complain to *Provost la Rappiniere's* Lieutenant, whose Name alone was enough to make them tremble. But the Gypsie Captain raised his Passion beyond all Patience when he began to compliment and tell him, That if he had before been acquainted with his Quality, he should never have presum'd to have set Foot so rashly within his Castle, so the wag-gish Varlet called this little House, which was only fortified with a wither'd Hedge; he added moreover, That his Lady would soon be deliver'd, and then he would march away his Troops with Bag and Baggage, but first would satisfie his Tenant for the Damage he and his Men together with their Horses had done him. *Ragotin* was at his Wits end to find that he could not reasonably pick a Quarrel with this Fellow, and that especially when he plainly perceiv'd himself abus'd by the many apish Cringes made him: Nevertheless, at last his Choler was raised by the slegmatick Gypsie, but then it was just at a time when *Rancour* and the Captain's Brother began to recollect being formerly acquainted, and who consequently embracing,

soon

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soon soddered up the Difference that was about to have proceeded to *Ragotin's* Disadvantage. *Rancour* then earnestly beg'd of his Companion to be quiet, which he was inclinable to hearken to, and would have proffer'd of himself, had not his natural Pride push'd him on beyond his Ability. In the mean time the *Gypsie* Lady was brought to Bed of a brave Boy; great was the Joy in the little Troop upon this occasion, and the Captain thereof, as a token of his being reconciled to *Ragotin*, invited both him and his Company to Supper, having already prepared a *Fricassee* for their Entertainment. They set down to Table, and had besides the *Fricassee* some Partridges and Hares, which the *Gypsies* had taken with their Dogs, two young Turkeys, and as many Pigs, which they had stolen, a *Westphalia-Ham*, and several Neats-Tongues, which they had got by Stratagem; and lastly, they had a Hare-pie, borrow'd of a Baker, the Crust of which was voraciously devour'd by five or six young *Gypsies* that stood at their Mothers Elbows. Add to all these another *Fricassee* of Pigeons which *Ragotin* gave them, and you must confess they had Cheer enough. The Guests, besides the Comedians, were to the Number of nine, all good Dancers, and yet better Thieves. They began their Healths with that of the King and Princes, and afterwards proceeded to remember those honest Noblemen that suffer'd them to harbour within their Jurisdictions. The Captain propos'd to the Comedians drinking to the Memory of the deceas'd *Charles Dodo*, who was Uncle to the Lying-in-Lady, and who had been hang'd during the Siege of *Roche*, by the Treachery of one Captain *la Grave*. Every one began to curse that Captain as a false Brother, and at the same time rail'd heartily at all *Provosts*. *Ragotin's* Wine in the mean while went plentifully about, which had nevertheless this Quality, that it occasion'd no Quarrels among the Guests, who even to the Man-hater *Rancour*, were so extremely pleas'd with one another, that they complimented, and slobber'd, and kissed like so many *Beaux*. *Ragotin* for his part was resolv'd not to bring a Scandal on his House by finching, and therefore suck'd up his Tipple like to any Sponge. Having drank all Night one would have thought

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they should have been fit for Sleep by Sunrising ; but it so happen'd that the same Wine that made them good Friends the Night before, had now inspir'd them with a Spirit of Separation. They resolv'd to part therefore, and the Gypsies packing up their Awls, not forgetting to nim something here and there from their Host the Tenant, went one way, while the jolly Landlord mounting his Mule rod another, and who being now as serious as he had been before transported, took his Journey directly towards *Mans*, not minding in the least whether *Rancour* or *Olive* followed him or not, being wholly taken up with blowing a Pipe of Tobacco, which had nevertheless been smoak'd out above an Hour before. He had not been gone above half a League, still sucking his empty Pipe, which afforded him not one Whiff of Smoak, before the Fumes of the Wine began to seize his Crown-office, and consequently soon caused him to tumble out of his Saddle. As soon as the Master was off, the Mule thought she had nothing left to do but to return from whence she came, and therefore instantly posted back to her Stable, while the poor *Ragotin*, after having indifferently unburthen'd his surcharg'd Stomach, fell into a profound Sleep in the middle of the Highway. He had not slept long, snoring however like a crakt Organ-pipe, before a naked Man, somewhat resembling the Picture of our first Parent, but extremely hairy, dirty, and nasty, came up to him, and began presently to strip off his Clothes. This wild Man took more than ordinary Pains in drawing off *Ragotin's* new Boots, which I have told you somewhere before, in this true History, his Friend *Rancour* claim'd as his ; which one would have thought might have been sufficient to have awak'd him, had not he, as the Saying is, been dead drunk ; but as he was, all this Force had no other effect upon him than to drag him bare-breech'd two or three Rods from the place where he first lay. Being thus unmercifully us'd, a Knife by chance fell out of the *Sleeper's* Pocket, which the wild Fellow immediately seizing, as if he would have flead the scarce animate Carcass, fell to ripping up his Clothes, Shirt, Boots and Stockings, with whatever else he could not easily get off, and packing them upon his

Back

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Back, fled away with them as swiftly as a Wolf would have done with a Lamb. Leave we this Man to run away with his Spoil, he being the same that had formerly so terribly frightened *Destiny*, while he was in Pursuit of *Angelich*; and let us return to assist *Ragotin*, who yet continued asleep, tho' he ought by all means to be waked. Altho' his naked Body had been for some time exposed to the scorching Sun, and endured the stinging Assaults of several sorts of Insects, yet was it not possible to wake him, till some Peasants came by rattling with a Cart. They no sooner perceiv'd him, but they all cry'd out, *There he is*, and afterwards coming up softly, as if they had been unwilling to disturb him, made sure of his Legs and Arms, and binding them fast with good strong Cords, took him up, so hamper'd, and canted him into their Cart, which they immediately drove away with as much Expedition as a Lover would have done a Coach with a stolen Heiress in it. *Ragotin* was as yet so damnably drunk, that neither the Violence offer'd to him, nor the excessive Jolting of his Caravan could possibly awake him, when the Peasants driving on heedlessly, with a great deal of Precipitation, overthrew at length both him and the Cart in a huge Slough of Mud and Water. The sudden Cold he there felt, together with his bruising against the Stones, or some such like thing, at his Fall, soon forc'd him to be sensible of what a condition he was in, and the being in that Condition almost made him to run mad. He found himself bound both Hand and Foot, and wallowing like *David's* Sow in the Mire; he felt his Head ake, as well upon account of his Drunkenness as Fall: And lastly, could not but extremely wonder to see four Country Fellows lifting him up out of the Water, while as many were employ'd in dragging the Cart out of the Dirt. This Adventure so exceedingly fear'd him, that he spoke not one Word, tho' he was naturally a great Talker, and had never so much occasion as now; and a Moment after he could not possibly have been heard had he spoke never so much, for the Carters untying his Legs only without giving any reason or observing any farther Civility to him, immediately began to drive their Cart back to the Place from whence they came as violently as they had done it hither. The dis-

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erect Reader may perhaps have a desire to know what these Fellows would have had with *Ragotin*, and how they came to do nothing to him, but which I could not pretend to satisfy him in, had it not come to my Knowledge by chance. A Priest of the Lower-*Mayne*, a little melancholy-mad, having been brought up to *Paris* by a Suit of Law, during the time his Cause was preparing for a-hearing, would needs spend his time in printing some whimsical Fancies of his on the Revelations. He was so exceeding fertile in *Chimeras*, and always so fond of his last Productions, that he still blotted out the former; whereby his Printers were forc'd to correct the same Sheet at least twenty times over. This made them so mad, that for every Sheet he was oblig'd to look out for a new Printer, till at last he happen'd on the Person that printed this present *Romance*, wherein he chanced to light upon some Leaves which mention'd this same Adventure I have told you. This Priest knew more of the Story than I who writ it, having it seems been inform'd from the Peasants own Mouths who had carried away *Ragotin*, what had been the occasion of their so doing, which I could not possibly have come to the Knowledge of. He saw at first dash wherein my Relation was defective, and acquainted my Printer therewith, who was extremely surpriz'd at the Information, thinking with the rest of the World, that my *Romance* had only been a fabulous Story of my own Invention. Supposing it might be of some Service to me to put me in the right, my Printer desired he would come and give me a Visit, which he readily consented to. Then did I learn from this faithful *Mansean* that the Peasants who had bound *Ragotin* while asleep, were some of the nearest Relations to the poor Mad-man that run about the Country, who had frighted *Destiny* in the Night, and stript *Ragotin* in the Day-time. They had, it seems, resolv'd among themselves to coop up their Kinsman whenever they met him, and had made several Attempts for that purpose, but he still beat them off, and got clear of them, being a stout rugged Fellow. Some Persons therefore of a neighbouring Village having espy'd *Ragotin* lying naked in the Sun, took him for a mad Fellow asleep, but daring not to come near him for fear of a beating, they gave Notice

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of the matter to the Country-Fellows his Relations: who venturing to seize him, tho' with all the Caution before mention'd, took him without knowing who he was; but discovering afterwards their Mistake, set his Feet at liberty, but not his Hands, for fear he might attempt something against them. These *Memoirs* I had from this Priest pleased me extremely, and I must own, did me no ordinary Service; in return I thought I made him sufficient Recompence by advising him not to proceed any farther in the publishing of his *Ridiculous Visionary Comment*. Some Readers perhaps will now condemn me for having inserted this needless Circumstance, and others, it may be, at the same time, commend me for my *Sincerity*. Return we now to *Ragotin*, with his Body all besmear'd and bruise'd, his Mouth dry and gaping like to the parch'd Earth, his Head heavy and dull, and his Arms pinion'd behind his Back. He got up as well as he could, and having cast his Eyes round him as far as he could see, and perceiving neither House nor Man near him, beat it on the Hoof, taking to the nearest Road he could find, and all the way racking his Brains to find out the Cause of this Disaster. Having his Hands tied behind him, he was not a little incommoded by several obstinate-Flies, that chose to fix on those Parts of his Body, which by reason of his being bound, he could not possibly reach, therefore he found himself frequently oblig'd to lie all along upon the Ground, either to rub off or crush the troublesome Vermine. At last he came to a hollow Way, having a thick Quick-set Hedge on either side, and wherein a little purling Stream ran down to a neighbouring River. This gave him occasion to rejoice, hoping thereby to get clear of his Mud and Dirt, which hung plentifully about him. Coming near the Ford, he saw a Coach which had been just then overturn'd, and out of which the Coachman and another Fellow were hawling by five or six Nuns, that had been well drench'd in the Water. This piece of Charity he perceiv'd to be perform'd at the earnest Exhortations of a venerable Prelate, who stood hard by looking on. Among these Nuns was the old *Abbess* of *Estival* who was coming from *Mans*, whither an Affair of Importance had called her. The *Abbess* and *Nuns* were no sooner drawn out of

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the Coach, but they perceiv'd at a distance *Ragotin's* naked Figure marching towards them, whereat they were extremely affrighted, and much more Father *Giffot* the discreet Director of the Abby. He caus'd the devout Sisters to turn their Faces another way, that they might not defile their Eyes with so great Impurities, and at the same time calling out asloud as he could bawl to *Ragotin*, commanded him not to approach any nearer at his Peril. *Ragotin* nevertheless kept onwards on his way, till at last coming to a long Plank that had been laid a-cross the River for People to walk over, he was met in the middle thereof by Father *Giffot*, follow'd by the Coachman and Peasant, who all doubted at first whether they were not best to exorcise him. His Figure seem'd to them diabolical. At length the Father took Courage, and demanded of him, Who he was? Whence he came? How he came to be naked? And lastly, What made him to have his Hands tied behind him? All which Questions he asked with a great deal of Gravity and Decorum; which notwithstanding *Ragotin* answer'd very saucily, requiring of the Priest, What he had to do to ask him so many Questions? and afterwards pressing to go forwards upon the Plank, he push'd the reverend Father so rudely, that he tumbled him over Head and Ears into the Water; the good Priest drew in after him the Coachman, and he in like manner the Countryman, all which *Ragotin* perceiving, and being pleased at the sight, immediately set up a great Laughter. He afterwards held his way on towards the *Nuns*, who cover'd their Faces with their Veils, and would by no means be seen by him. *Ragotin* for his part was indifferent whether he saw their Faces or not, and consequently went onward of his way, thinking speedily to get quit of his Adventure, which nevertheless Father *Giffot* did not intend he should. He pursued him therefore close with the Countryman and Coachman for his Seconds, which last being naturally the most Cholerick of the three, and besides put out of Humour by the *Abesses* scolding at him, detach'd his Body from the rest, and coming up to *Ragotin*, reveng'd himself with his Whip on his Hide, for the Water he had bestow'd on his. *Ragotin* durst not abide a second Charge, and therefore immediately put himself into

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into a posture to fly. He fled then like a Dog with a Bottle to his Tail, while the incens'd Coachman, not satisfied with a lash or two, gave him half a score more to encrease his Speed, leaving at every Stroak the Characters of his Wrath, imprinted in Blood upon his Breech. *Giflor*, tho' almost out of Breath with running so fast, had yet still enough left to cry out *Whip him, whip him soundly*; which animated the Coachman to redouble his Stripes, and poor *Ragotin* to encrease his Speed, till at last a Mill presented itself in his way as an *Asylum* to save him. He ran in there with the Executioner close at his Heels, and finding the Door of a little Back-yard open, he entred it in great haste, but which he had no sooner done, than he was caught by the Buttocks by a Mastiff Dog. Thereupon he began to shriek out most dolefully, and flying to an adjoining Garden with great Precipitation, happen'd to tumble down five or six Hives of Bees that stood just at his Entrance. This prov'd much the worst of all his Misfortunes, for these little wing'd Enemies with their pointed Stings assailing a naked Body that had no Arms to defend it, torment-ed and blister'd him most cruelly. He thereupon bawl'd out so loud that the Dog that had bitten him was scar'd away for fear. The same cause drove away the Coachman and Father *Giflor*; which last having given his Revenge too great a loose, and kept his Charity too strait lac'd, began to repent of his Cruelty, and hasten'd immediately to call the Master and his Man to the Assistance of the poor Fellow, who was thus miserably handled in the Garden. The Miller made no great haste, nevertheless came at last, when snatching up *Ragotin* from among his venomous Enemies, tho' he might be a little displeased at the overthrow of his Hives, yet had he nevertheless more Charity than the Priest, and began at first sight to pity him. He then proceeded to demand of him, What the Devil made him to thrust himself while naked, and with his Hands tied, among his Stocks of Bees? But tho' *Ragotin* was going to answer him, yet could he not, by reason of the excessive Pains he felt all over his Body. A Bear's Cub but newly whelp'd, and never lick'd into form, could not be so shapeless as our *Ragotin* was in his humane Figure, after

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having been stung by these merciless Creatures, being swell'd excessively, even from Head to Foot. The Miller's Wife, as pitious as most good Women are, got a bed provided for him and laid him in it. Father *Giflot*, the Coachman, and Peasant, return'd back to the Abbess of *Estival*, who with her *Nuns* being re-embark'd in their Coach, set forwards on their Journey under Convoy of the reverend Father mounted on a Mare. It happen'd that the aforesaid Mill belong'd either to *du Rignon*, or his Son-in-Law *Bagottiere*, I cannot say whether, this *du Rignon* it seems was a Relation of *Ragotin's*, which when the Miller and his Wife came to know, they took more than ordinary care of him, and caus'd a Surgeon from a neighbouring Town to come and cure him, which he happily perform'd in a short time. As soon as he was well able to walk, he return'd, to *Mans*, where His Joy for *Rancour* and *Olive's* having found his Mule, and brought it home along with them, soon made him to forget his Fall out of the Cart, the the Coachman's Lashes, his biting by the Mastiff, and his being stung by the Bees.

CHAP. XVII.

Some Passages between the little Ragotin and the great Baguenodiere.

Destiny and *Star*, *Leander* and *Angelica*, two Brace of noble and sincere Lovers, arriv'd at the capital City of *Mayne*, without meeting any the least Misfortune by the way. *Destiny* soon re-instated *Angelica* in her Mother's Favour, to whom he had given so plausible an Account and Character of *Leander's* Amours and Condition, that Mrs. *Cave* began now to approve the young Man's Passion, as much as she had before oppos'd it. The poor Company of Strollers had had no great reason to brag of their Gettings at *Mans*, had not a Man of Quality that lov'd Plays extremely, made them amends for the Losses they had sustain'd by the Citizens. The greatest part of this person's Estate lying in *Mayne*, he had taken a House at *Aans*, whither he often invited many as well Courtiers as Country Gentry, among whom were sometimes the greatest

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est Wits, and oftentimes Poets of the first Rank, to all which he approved himself a kind of modern *Mecenas*. His chiefest Delight was in Comedy, and therefore he not only cherish'd the Composers thereof, but likewise invited every Year the best Comedians in the Kingdom to come to *Mans*. This Nobleman happen'd to come thither much about the same time that these poor *Strollers* were going thence on account of the thinness of their Audiences, but he desired them by all means to continue there a Fortnight longer; and the better to encourage them to it, presented them with a hundred Pistoles, promising to give them as many more at their Departure. He was glad of this occasion to divert several Persons of Quality of both Sexes, that he had brought along with him to *Mans*, and who were to make some short stay there at his Request. This Lord, whom I will call here the Marquis of *Orse*, was a great Hunter, and had brought all his hunting Equipage to *Mans*, which in every respect was the finest that could be met with in *France*. The Downs and Forests of the Country of *Mayne* made it to be one of the best places for those Sports in the whole Kingdom, and that either for Deer or Hares; and it being now the Season for such like Divertisements, the City of *Mans* was full of Huntsmen, which the approaching Festival had drawn thither, most of them with their Wives. These were extremely ravish'd at the sight of the Court Gallantry, thinking they should now have matter sufficient to furnish them with Chat for the longest Winter's Evening. It is not the least Ambition of the Country People to be able to relate sometimes and brag, that at such a time, and in such and such a place, they had seen such and such Courtiers, whom they salute only by their Sir-names, and mention without any addition of Title; for Example, one will tell you he lost his Money to *Roquelaure*, *Crequi* won so much, *Cozquin* hunted a Stag in *Touraine*, and the like. But if you suffer them to enter either upon Politicks or War, they will never cease talking till they have drain'd the Subject as dry as they were at first empty. But let us here put an end to our Digression. *Mans* was then filled with Nobility and Gentry of all sorts: The Inns were crouded with Guests, and the greatest part of the principal Citizens who lodged

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lodged such Courtiers or Country Gentry as were their Friends, had in a short time their best Linnen foul'd, and their Family Provisions exhausted. The Strollers quickly open'd their Shop, resolving to let their Customers have lumping penny-worths, since they had been so well paid beforehand. The Citizens of both Sexes prepar'd for the Diversion, and the Town and Country-Ladies were over-joy'd to behold every Day the Court-Madams from whom they learn'd to dress *alamode*, or at least better than they were wont to do; which tho' it occasion'd Expence to their Husbands, yet was of exceeding Benefit to their Taylors, who by these means had many an old Gown to alter. They had a *Ball* every Night, where several wretched Dancers mov'd awkwardly in Courants, and many young Citizens trip'd it about in Holland Drawers, and wax'd Slippers. Madam *Star* and Madam *Angelica* fired the Hearts of most of the young Men that saw them, and rais'd Envy in the greatest part of the Women. *Inoxilla*, who danced a *Saraband* at the Request of the Players, was admir'd, and *Roquebrune* was just ready to die with Love at the sight of it. *Ragotin* likewise confess'd to *Rancour*, that if he did not quickly bring him into Favour with *Star*, *France* would soon have reason to lament the Loss of him. *Rancour* presently gave him hopes, and as a more particular Testimony of his Friendship, desired him to lend him twenty or thirty *Frances*. *Ragotin* turn'd pale at this surprizing Request, and not only repented of, but was also ready to renounce his Love. However, at length that domineering passion prevailing in him, he made up the Sum demanded, out of different kinds of Money, and out of several Pockets, and gave them with a sorrowful Countenance to *Rancour*, who engag'd at the same time, that in less than twenty four Hours he should be sure to hear himself talk'd of. That Day was acted *Sir Noisy Parrot*, a Play as merry as he that writ it had cause to be sad. The Audience was numerous; the Comedy indifferently well play'd, and every body was well enough pleas'd, except the unfortunate *Ragotin*. He thro' some occasion or other came to the House late, and therefore must crow'd in where he could get a Seat. His ill Fortune had placed him just behind a Country Gentleman

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tleman of the largest size, who had a great loose Coat on, which not a little encreas'd his bulk. Besides his spreading Haunches, Chine and Shoulders, he was of a Stature so much taller than other Men, that altho' he sat down, *Ragotin* who was but one row off him, thought he stood a tip-toe, and therefore cry'd out incessantly to him *to sit down like the rest*, not believing that one who sat on the same Bench could be so much taller than any of his Companions. The Gentleman whose Name was *la Baguenodiere*, knew not for some time that *Ragotin* had spoke to him, till at length being stil'd by the Title of the Gentleman with the Green Feather, whereof indeed he had a very flaunting one in his Hat, but that none of the cleanest nor finest, he turned his Head about and saw the little *Impertinent*, who thereupon bid him somewhat roughly *to sit down*. This, nevertheless *la Baguenodiere* was so little moved at, that he turned his Face again very gravely towards the Stage, as if nothing had been said to him; hereat *Ragotin* began to call to him again *to sit down*, but which he took as little notice of as before, only turning about and looking upon him, and then returning to his former Posture. This at last so vex'd *Ragotin*, that he bawled out to him again a third time, which notwithstanding *la Baguenodiere* regarded as little as formerly. During all the time the Play lasted, *Ragotin* still treated him after the like manner in great Fury, and *la Baguenodiere* as often looked upon him with the same Unconcern, without speaking a Word to him; which was sufficient to have enflam'd the most phlegmatick Soul in the World. One might have compared *la Baguenodiere*, in this Adventure, to a large Mastiff, and *Ragotin* to a little Cur that runs barking at him by his side, which provokes the great Dog so little, that in Contempt of him he only steps aside, and lifting up his Leg, pisses against the Wall. At length the whole Company began to take notice of what had passed between the largest and the least Man among them, and every one presum'd to smile at it, just at the time that *Ragotin* began to swear and rave thro' Impatience, while *la Baguenodiere* returned him only a cold and indifferent Glance. This *Baguenodiere* was at the same time the largest Man, and the greatest Brute in the

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the World, I should have said Clown. He demanded with his accustom'd Gravity of the two Gentlemen that sat next him, *what they laughed at*; to which they instantly reply'd very ingenuously, *that it was at him and Ragotin*; whereby it seems they thought rather to have tickled than displeas'd him. However it so happen'd that it disgusted him, and made him to reply in a great rage, *then you are a couple of Sots*: Which Affront he cast in their Teeth with so great Indignation, and such a sower Look, that they presently perceiv'd he was *piqu'd*, and therefore thought themselves oblig'd in requital of his Complement to give him, each of them, a good sound Box o'th' Ear. *La Baguenodiére* having his Arms hamper'd in his Coat, could do nothing to them again at first, but hunch them to and fro with his Elbows, which the two Gentlemen that were Brothers, and naturally very brisk, taking the advantage of, before he could well disengage himself, gave him half a dozen more swinging Cuffs on the Chaps, which they happen'd to deliver with such an equal Measure of Time, that those who heard the sound, without seeing the Blows given, thought verily they had been so many single Claps. At last *Baguenodiére* got his Arms free from under his cumberfom Coat, but being so close press'd by the two active Brothers, who box'd him most unmercifully all the while, he had not Room to move those carnal Weapons. He found himself therefore oblig'd to retreat, which going to do forwards, Pardon the Incongruity of the Expression, his Enemies having secured him behind and on either side, chanc'd to fall on a Man below him, and by the weight of his Body, tumbled both him and his Seat down upon the unfortunate *Ragotin*; who I should have told you, not finding himself able to prevail with the Country Gentleman to let him see over him, had got a Seat a little under him; who was thereby forced down upon another, that beat him backwads upon another, and so onwards to the last Man or Woman, no matter which, that sat below; whereby all these Tumblers in this Condition look'd just like so many Ninepins that had been dextrously tip'd by a skilful touch of one. The noise of the Persons tumbling, the the crush'd Legs, the frighted Maids, the crying Children, the

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the babbling Women, and in a word, of those that laughed, of others that lamented, and lastly of such as either clap'd or hissed, made such a confus'd din, as one would have thought could have happen'd no where but in the Valley of *Jehosaphar* at the last Day. Never did such a trifling cause occasion so many great Accidents; but that in my opinion, which was the most wonderful, was that there happen'd not to be one Sword drawn, tho' the Scuffle first began among those that wore them, and whereof there were above a Hundred in the Company. I was equally surpriz'd at *Baguenodiere's* Stupidness, who could Cuff and be Cuffed, and receive Assaults and make them, as if he had been about the most indifferent thing in Nature. It was farther observed as another instance of his Dulness or Sullenness, call it which you please, that he had not once opened his Mouth all that Afternoon, except when he uttered those unmannerly Words, which brought such a shower of Cuffs about his Ears; neither did he afterwards speak one more all that Night, so well was this huge Man's Flegm and Taciturnity proportion'd to his Bulk. This grand confusion of Seats and Persons huddled together, was no small time putting in order; which while some were busy about, and others charitably interposing between the three Combatants, who by this time were got to Fisticuffs again, a sudden howling was heard as proceeding from under Ground. Who could this now be but *Ragotin*? For Fortune when she has once begun to persecute any poor Wretch, seldom leaves tormenting him til she has undone him. It seems the Seat which this little Imp sat upon was plac'd on a Plank that lay over a Drain belonging to the Tennis-Court, which Drain is commonly in the middle, just under the Line. It was an ordinary receptacle for the Rain-water, or any Filth that was swept away, and this Plank served as a Lid to cover it. But as time consumes all things, so had it rotted this to that degree, that *Ragotin's* weight being greatly encreased by those that fell upon him in the late hurly-burly, it presently gave way under him, and he immediately falling in had the Misfortune to have another Man of a considerable bulk fall upon him; whose Leg, which by the way, was both booted and

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and spurr'd, slipped into the Hole where *Ragotin's* whole Body lay; the Spur so pricked this poor Creature's Throat, that it oblig'd him to howl after a most frightful manner. A Stander-by observing the Accident, and giving the Man his Hand to lift him out, *Ragotin* perceiving the Foot leaving him, gave it so terrible a nip with his Teeth, even through the Boot, that the Man letting go his hold dropt down again, thinking verily he had been bit by a Serpent. He likewise gave so frightful a shriek at the same time, that the Fellow who was helping him out ran away for fear. The same person recovering himself soon after, lent him his Hand again, and then at one lusty pull he brought both him and *Ragotin* out at once, who it seems had the Wit to hold by the Man's Coat. The little Man no sooner saw the Light again, than he began to threaten every Body with his Nods and Looks, but more especially those whom he observ'd to laugh at him. He afterwards thrust himself among the Crowd that were now going out, meditating all along upon something that should prove as honourable for him to perform, as fatal to his Adversary *Baguenodiere*. I never came to know whether this last Person and the two Brothers ever accomodated their Difference or not, however they happen'd to fall out, but this I heard, that they never afterwards assaulted each other. This was what disturbed the first Play that our Comedians acted before the illustrious Company then assembled at *Mans*.

CHAP. XVIII.

Which has no occasion for a Title.

NExt was represented *Nicomedes*, a Play written by the incomparable Monsieur *Corneille*. This Comedy is admirable in my Judgment, being the only one of his that has most of its Author's own in it. In it he has sufficiently display'd the richness of his *Genius*, and given all its Persons bold and shining Characters, but that quite different from each other. While this was playing there happen'd to be no disturbance, and which it may be, fell out by reason that *Ragotin* was absent. Scarce a Day passed wherein

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wherein he did not meet with some Broil or other, to which his peevish Pride and rash Presumption exposed him as much as his ill Fortune; which scarce till now had given him the least respite. The little Man had spent his Afternoon with *Inezilla's* Husband, the Operator *Ferdinando* a *Norman* by Birth, tho' he called himself a *Venezian*, and who, as I have already told you, profess'd Chymistry; tho' to speak freely, he was a great Quack, or rather a great Cheat. *Rancour* to rid himself of the tedious Importunities of *Ragotin*, to whom he stood engag'd to make *Madam Star* love him, had it seems enclin'd this little Fellow to believe that this Operator was a great Magician, and could by his Art force the wisest Woman in the World to run after a Man in her Smock, but that he did not care to practise much that way, except for a particular Friend, whose discretion he was well satisfied of, by reason he had formerly undergone some trouble by being overpersuaded by some great Lords at Court. He counsel'd *Ragotin* therefore to do his utmost to gain his Friendship, which he nevertheless told him was no easy matter to do, the Operator being a Man of Parts, and would consequently esteem only such as were so likewise, but then where he once took a fancy to a Man he kept nothing secret from him. One need only to praise or commend a Proud fellow to get what one will out of him; when it is quite otherwise with the Meek and Humble, for they are not so easily imposed upon. *Rancour* then persuaded *Ragotin* to what he pleased, and he went immediately and persuaded the Operator that he was a great Magician. I shall not need to repeat all he said to him; it suffices that the Operator being prepared by *Rancour* beforehand, acted his part so well, that he denied his Profession, only that his Bubble might be the more inclinable to believe it: *Ragotin* then as I have said before, staid the whole Afternoon with him; but by reason the Operator had then a Chymical Preparation in Hand, he would by no means satisfy him in any thing that Day, and which occasion'd our impertinent *Mansean* to have but an ill Night of it after he went from him. Next morning betimes he got to the Operator's Chamber before he was up, which *Inezilla* took

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took very ill, she not being then so youthful as to come out of her Bed as fresh as a Rose, and for that reason always required some Hours in private, before she could be ready for a publick View. She therefore immediately slipped into her Closet, her She-Blackmore following her with Love's Amunition, and left her Husband and *Ragotin* to discourse the matter at Liberty. *Ferdinando* then began to open his Magazine of Miracles and Performances, but would nevertheless promise to perform nothing for him. *Ragotin* would therefore needs encline him to it by Demonstrations of his Bounty, and consequently invited both him and his Wife to Dinner. The Men and Women-Players were invited likewise. I shall not give you any particulars of their Entertainment, I would only have you to take notice that they were very merry and fed heartily. After Dinner *Inezilla* was desired by *Destiny* and the other Comedians to read some little *Spanish* Novel or other to them, which she had either composed herself, or translated by help of the divine *Roguebrune*; who had sworn by *Apollo* and the Nine *Muses*, that in six Months time he would teach her all the Graces and Perfections of the *French* Tongue. *Inezilla* was so obliging that she did not require much entreaty, and therefore while *Ragotin* was taken up with consulting the Magician *Ferdinando*, she read the following Novel, with a most Charming Voice, and Judicious Accent.

CHAP. XIX.

The two Rival Brothers, a Novel.

D*Orothea* and *Feliciana de Montsalva* were two the most amiable Ladies in all *Sevil*, but tho' they had not been such, yet their Fortunes and Quality were so very considerable, that those alone had been sufficient to have engag'd any Gentleman to court them, that had Inclinations to be well Married. *Don Manuel* their Father had not yet declar'd himself in favour of any Person, and *Dorothea*, who as his eldest Daughter ought to have been first married, had, like her Sister, so well manag'd her Looks and
Actions,

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Actions, that the most confident Pretenders to her had yet reason sufficient to doubt whether their Addresses would be well or ill received. However these fair Sisters never went to Mass without a great Croud of Lovers after them, exceeding sparkishly trick'd up, and they never came near the *Holy-Water* but there were hands of all sorts and sizes ready to dip with them, out of a peculiar kind of Devotion. Whenever they happen'd but to lift off their Eyes from their Prayer-Books, they immediately became the Center of I know not how many wishful Glances; and they could not make the least step in the Church but they had presently abundance of Courtiesies to return to the great number of *Beaux* that bow'd to them on all sides. But however troublesome were the Civilities paid to them in publick, the frequent Serenades under their Windows made them considerable amends, and rendred that restraint supportable which they were oblig'd to undergo by the custom of their Country. Hardly a Night passed but they were regal'd with some Musick or other and often in the Day time there was running at the Ring, and Tilting just under their Windows, which look'd towards the Market-place, most proper for those Exercises. One Day amongst the rest, a Stranger begot the admiration of the Spectators by his wonderful Address, beyond the ability of any of the Gentry of the City, who was likewise observ'd by the two Sisters to be a very complete *Cavalier*. Divers Persons of *Sevil*, who had been formerly his Acquaintance in *Flanders*, where he had commanded a Regiment of Horse, invited him to run at the Ring with them, which he accordingly perform'd in a Soldier's Habit. Some Days after, there happen'd the Consecration of a Bishop at *Sevil*. The Stranger, who went by the Name of *Don Sancho de Sylva*, would needs be at the Ceremony, and consequently appeared in the Church, together with the greatest Gallants of the City. The fair Sisters came thither likewise, with many other Ladies disguis'd, after the Mode of the Place, with Mantles of thick Stuff, and Hats with Plumes of Feathers in them. *Don Saneho* had by chance plac'd himself between the two Sisters and another Lady whom he accosted; but she desiring him

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him civilly to desist, and leave a place next her for a Friend she expected, he obey'd her, and turned towards *Dorothea de Montsalva*, who sat nearer him than her Sister, and who had observed all that pass'd betwixt him and the Lady. 'I was in hopes, Madam, quoth he, addressing himself to *Dorothea*, that the Lady there, to whom I have just made my Applications, would not have refused me her Conversation, upon the account of my being a Stranger, but she has justly rewarded my presumption in thinking I had any thing tolerable to offer. I nevertheless beseech you, Madam, continued he, to shew more Pity and Generosity to a Gentleman who has a mind to experience the Bounty of the Ladies of *Sevil*. You give me much greater Cause to treat you ill than you have done this Lady, reply'd *Dorothea*, since you offer me only what she had before refus'd; but that you may have no real reason to complain of our Ladies of this Country, I consent to converse with you as long as this Ceremony lasts, to convince you I have no Assignment to attend. 'That is what does not a little surprize me, reply'd *Don Sancho*, being so wonderfully beauteous as you are, and which makes me inclinable to believe, that either you are very formidable, the Gallants of this Town very faint-hearted, or else, that the Person, whose place I now usurp, is absent. And do you believe then, S.r, quoth *Dorothea*, that I am so little skil'd in the Art of Love, that I could not refrain from appearing in publick without my Gallant, if I had any? For the future you would do well not to entertain such unbecoming Opinions of those you are wholly unacquainted with. 'You may be convinc'd, Madam, reply'd *Don Sancho*, that I have a better Opinion of you than you imagine, if you would but allow me to adore you suitably to my Inclinations. Our first Motions are always fallacious, answered *Dorothea*, and besides there are no small Difficulties to be encountred in the performing of what you propound. 'There are none so great, reply'd *Don Sancho*, but I would endeavour to surmount them all, to gain the Honour of your Esteem. That is not the Work of a few Days, repartee'd *Dorothea*, you don't consider perhaps, Sir, that you do but travel thro'

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thro' *Sevil*, and it may be, are ignorant that I should not well like to be belov'd only *en passant*. ' But grant me, ' Madam, what I humbly request, reply'd *Don Sancho*, and ' I will be bound to continue in *Sevil* as long as I live. Now you speak like your self, reply'd *Dorothea*; and I cannot but wonder, continued she, that a Person that was able to say so many fine things, should not before this have provided himself with a Mistress to exhaust his Gallantry upon. Is it, added she, that he never yet thought any of them worth his trouble? ' It is rather, reply'd ' *Don Sancho*, out of a distrust he has of his Abilities. Answer me precisely, Sir, continued *Dorothea*, to what I shall now demand of you, which is this; Which among all your Ladies is it that would be soonest able to keep you in *Sevil*, were it her request? ' I have told you already, Madam, reply'd *Don Sancho*, that you might, if ' you so pleased, the soonest of any. You never saw me before, Sir, quoth *Dorothea*, therefore pray let some other happy Lady be the Person. ' I must acknowledge then, ' answer'd *Don Sancho*, since you command it of me, ' that had *Dorothea de Montsalva* as great a stock of Wit ' as I have discover'd in you, I should think that Man ' happy whose Merit and Services she could smile upon. There are many Ladies in *Sevil*, reply'd *Dorothea*, that not only equal but excel her. But, added she, have you ever yet heard that among all the Crowd of her Admirers she ever favour'd one more than another? ' As I found my self ' very far from deserving her Favour, answer'd *Don Sancho*, ' I never troubled my self to enquire into the good ' Fortune of others. Why should you not think your self as deserving as another, demanded *Dorothea*? Womens Humours are for the most part unaccountable, added she, and it often happens that the first Assault of a Stranger has better Success with them than the continued Siege of a constant Votary. ' You have got a very pretty way to ' get rid of me, quoth *Don Sancho*; for notwithstanding ' what you've said, I plainly perceive that the Services ' of a new Comer will not at all be acceptable to you, in ' prejudice of some more happy Persons you have before ' been engag'd to. Don't let that enter into your Head, reply'd

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reply'd *Dorothea*, but believe rather, that I am not so easy as
 to be, cajolled with the bare Pretence of a Passion from one
 that never saw me in his Life. ' If that be only wanting,
 ' Madam, to compleat my Happiness, reply'd *Don Sancho*,
 ' conceal your self no longer from a Stranger that has
 ' been already so charmed with your Wit. You would
 not be so much with my Face, answer'd *Dorothea*, if
 you saw it. ' Ah! you cannot chuse but be most lovely,
 ' reply'd *Don Sancho*, since you so freely confess you are not
 ' so; nay, now I have greater Cause than ever to believe
 ' you are weary of my Company, since that I either seem
 ' troublesome, or because every Corner of your Heart has
 ' been already taken up by others. It were unjust there-
 ' fore, continued he, that your Goodness should be any
 ' longer trespass'd upon by my Boldness, and which I
 ' had discontinu'd before, had not I had a mind to con-
 ' vince you that I had more honourable Designs, when I
 ' made you the faithful Tenders of my Life and Freedom,
 ' than to make you my Pastime and Diversion. And to
 shew you, reply'd *Dorothea*, that I do not think that time
 lost which I have spent in hearing you, I will be contented
 to continue with you so much longer as may suffice to let
 me know who you are. ' It cannot be my Crime then to
 ' satisfy you, answer'd *Don Sancho*, and therefore I shall
 ' proceed to do it. Know then most amiable and unknown
 ' Lady, added he, that my Name is *Sylva*, which I had
 ' from my Mother; that my Father is Gouverneur of *Quito*
 ' in *Peru*: that I am travelling this Way by his Orders;
 ' and that I have before spent some part of my Life in
 ' *Flanders*, where I have by Services attained to the chief-
 ' est Commands in the Army; and lastly, had confirm'd
 ' upon me a Commandery of the Order of *St. Jago*. This,
 ' in few Words, continued he, is a faithful account of what
 ' I am, but what I would be all my Life long rests only in
 ' your Power to give me leave to express in a place less
 ' publick than this. That shall be as soon as possible, reply'd
Dorothea: but in the mean time to prevent your Desires of
 knowing more of me at present, unless you mean to run
 the Hazard of not knowing me at all, know that I am of
 Quality, and that my Face is not so homely as to frighten
 you.

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you. This said, *Don Sancho* took his leave with a most profound Bow, and went up to a Company of Gentlemen that were then discoursing together in a Knot. Some sullen Ladies now, who are ever censuring others Conducts, and magnifying their own; who take upon themselves the Arbitration of what is good or ill, tho' one might lay odds in a Wager on their Vertues, as not easy to be made appear, and who fancy that for a little brutish Coyneſs, and pretended religious Squeamiſhneſs, they have a Title to Supererogation in point of Honour, tho' the wantonneſs of their paſt Youth hath left more Scandal than ever their crabbed Wrinkles will be able to give good Examples. Theſe mumping *Madams*, I ſay, ſo ſhort ſighted as to their own Faults, will perhaps be apt to affirm, that *Madam Dorothea* had too indiſcreetly manag'd herſelf in the late Rencounter, and that not only in receiving Addreſſes ſo kindly from a Perſon ſhe never ſaw before, but likewiſe in ſuffering him to make Love to her at all; and farther, that if any young Lady, whom they had the Government of, ſhould have done as much, ſhe ſhould not have long continued above Ground. But let theſe Novice-Ladies learn from me, that every Country has its peculiar Cuſtoms and Manners, and that tho' in *England* and *France*, where the Women and Maids walk about at liberty, they are or ought to be offended at the leaſt Declaration of Love made them by a Stranger; yet in *Spain* it is quite otherwiſe, for there the Women being all cloyſter'd up like *Nuns*, are glad of every occaſion of having Love tendred them, altho' it were from one that had not the leaſt thing worthy about him. Nay, the Women there go farther, for they commonly make the firſt Overtures, and are firſt taken, by reaſon they are laſt to be ſeen, having only an opportunity to ſee the Men through their Veils, and that but at Church, in the Walks, from their Balconies, or thro' their Grates. *Dorothea* made her Siſter *Felician*a acquainted with the Converſation ſhe had with *Don Sancho*, and moreover frankly own'd to her as her *Confidante*, that ſhe thought him the moſt agreeable Cavalier in all *Sevil*. Her Siſter very much approved her Deſign upon his Liberty. The two fair Ladies entertain'd each other for ſome time on the Advantages and Privileges

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vileges that Men had above Women. They urged that Women were never to be married but at the pleasure of their Parents, which did not alway suit with their Inclinations, when Men are at liberty to pick and chuse where they pleased, and marry when they pleased. ' As
' for my part, said *Dorothea* to her Sister, Love shall
' never make me do any thing contrary to my Duty;
' and I am resolv'd, continued she, never to marry any
' Man but who shall singly possess all those good Qualities
' which are only to be found dispers'd among divers others;
' and, added she farther, I would rather chuse to be shut
' up in a *Convent*, than to marry a Man I could not like.
*Felician*a told her that was her Resolution too, and they both together confirm'd each other in their Opinions, with all the reasoning their Ingenuity could furnish them with. *Dorothea* found it a little difficult to perform her Promise to *Don Sancho*, which she had given him to make herself known to him, and consequently acquainted her Sister with the Perplexity she was in. *Felician*a, who was happy in finding out Expedients, put her Sister in mind of a Lady that was a Relation of theirs, and more than that, an intimate Friend, for all Relations are not so, who she was certain would serve her faithfully in any Affair that concern'd her Happiness so much as this did.
' You know, says this good Sister to her, that *Mariana*,
' who has been a long while serviceable to us, is married
' to a Surgeon, and lives in a House belonging to our
' Kinswoman, and adjoining to hers, which two Houses
' have a Door of Communication betwixt them. Now,
' continued she, these two Houses stand in a By-part of
' the Town, and tho' it may be observ'd we go oftner to
' visit our Relation than ordinary, yet will it not be taken
' notice of that *Don Sancho* goes to a Surgeon's; besides
' he may take the opportunity of the Night, or else go
' disguis'd to avoid Discovery. Whilst *Dorothea* was contriving this Intrigue, by the help of her Sister, and instructing her Kinswoman and *Mariana* in what they had to do, *Don Sancho's* Thoughts were wholly taken up about his unknown Lady. He could not satisfy himself whether she had made those Promises of farther Discove-

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ry to abuse him or not, or whether he did not see her every Day, tho' disguis'd, either at Church, in her Window, or elsewhere receiving the Adoration of her Gallants. Whilst he was thus in doubt, and one Morning dressing himself in order to look after her, a veil'd Lady came to the Door to ask for him. Being admitted, she delivered him the following *Billet*.

S I R,

I should sooner have let you heard from me had it been in my Power. But if the Desires you have shewn to be acquainted with me be not yet wholly vanish'd; be pleas'd to accompany the Bearer, about the dusk o' the Evening, to a place where she shall conduct you, and where it is probable you may find

Your humble Servant.

You may better imagine, than I express, the Joy that *Don Sancho* conceiv'd at this News. He embrac'd the Ambassadors with all possible Acknowledgments, and moreover presented her with a Gold Chain, which she after a modest refusal accepted. She appointed him a remote place to meet her in without Attendants in the Evening, and so departed, leaving him the best satisfied, tho' at the same time the most impatient Man in the World. At length Night came, and she fail'd not to be at the place of Assignment richly habited and perfum'd. He was conducted by her first into an ill-favour'd little House, and afterwards into a very fair Apartment, where he found three Ladies veil'd. He presently distinguish'd his unknown Mistress from the rest by her Shape and Stature, and therefore immediately address'd himself to her entreating her to pull off her Veil. She made no great difficulty to comply with his Request, and therefore both she and her Sister forthwith discover'd themselves to the happy *Don Sancho*, to be the two beautiful Ladies *Dorothea* and *Feliciano de Montsalva*. ' You may now perceive I told you true, said *Dorothea* to him, throwing off her Veil, when I assur'd you that a Stranger might sometimes obtain more Kind-

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ness from us Women in a Minute, than the most importunate of our Lovers could do by many Years Courtship. And, continu'd she, you would be the most ungrateful Person of your Sex, did you either not highly esteem the Favour I have done you, or misinterpret it to my Disadvantage. I shall ever value what I receive from you, rep'y'd *Don Sancho* passionately, as if it came from Heaven, and you may be able to guess by the Care I shall take to preserve to my self the Favour you have done me, that if I ever am so unhappy as to let it be known, it will rather be the effect of my Misfortune than Crime.

*They said, in short without controul,
All what such Lovers use to say,
When Love is Master of the Soul.*

The Mistress of the House, and *Feliciano*, who had been before instructed what they had to do, were retir'd to a convenient distance from the two Lovers, whereby they gave them an opportunity to exchange their mutual Affections with greater Ardency than they had time to do at their first meeting, as likewise to appoint another Assignment to enflame them yet more if possible. *Dorothea* promised *Don Sancho* to give him as many Meetings as she could conveniently, for which he return'd her all the Acknowledgments he was capable of making. The two other Ladies entertain'd each other apart for some time; but at length *Mariana* thought her self oblig'd to acquaint the Lovers that it was time to separate; at which *Dorothea* was presently concern'd, and *Don Sancho* visibly chang'd Countenance; however part they must. The gallant Cavalier wrote the next Day to his fair Mistress, and had an Answer suitable to his Wishes; but I cannot pretend to give you a sight of their Letters, by reason that none of them ever came to my Hands. What I can satisfy you in is, that they met often in the same place, and after the same manner, and at length arriv'd to that fervency of Affection, that without murdering themselves like *Pyramis* and *Thisbe*, they might well have been said to be as passionate Lovers. It is a common saying, That Love, Fire, and Money cannot lie long conceal'd. *Dorothea*, who had

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had the gallant Stranger continually in her Mind, could not forbear talking of him frequently, taking all occasions to set him so much above all other Gentlemen of *Sevil*, that at last some Ladies, who had conceal'd Affections as well as she, and who observ'd her continually crying up *Don Sancho*, not only took notice of, but were *piqu'd* at it. Her Sister *Feliciana* had often advis'd her to be more cautious, and above a hundred times in Company, when she was even transported in his Praise, would tread upon her Toes, till she had almost crippled her, to desist. At last thro' her Indiscretion, her Intrigue came to one of her Admirer's Knowledge, by means of a Lady a Friend of his. He had reason enough to believe her in Love with *Don Sancho*, since from the time that Stranger first appeared in the City, neither he nor any of her other humble Servants could obtain the least favourable Look from her. This Rival of *Don Sancho's* was rich, of a good Family, and very well received by *Don Manuel*, who nevertheless had not yet pressed his Daughter to marry him, because as often as he talked of any such thing to her, she had always conjur'd him not to marry her so young. This Gentleman, I begin to recollect his Name, was *Don Diego*, had a mind to be fully assur'd of what he had yet but suspected. He had one of those *Valets de Chambre* which we call *spruce Fellows*, who wear as good Linen as their Masters, and sometimes that of their Masters, who bring up Fashions among the inferior Servants, and are as much, or rather more envy'd by the Waiting-women than belov'd by them. This Fellow's Name was *Gusman*, who having a small Tincture of Poetry, compos'd those sorts of Sonnets at *Ma'rid*, which in *London* and *Paris* we call *Ballads*. He was accusom'd to sing them to his Guittar, but that never plain and downright, but always attended with the ridiculous Gestures of his Head and Body. He moreover danc'd the *Sarabande*, was never without *Castagnets*, would more than once have got to be a Player, had he not been as often refused; and to make up the Composition of his Character, was somewhat inclin'd to the Bully; tho' to tell you the Truth, 'twas that of the most sneaking kind. All these noble Tal-

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lents, added to a little Eloquence his Mēemory had furnish'd him with from his Master's Table-talk, made him to be the Idol, if I may so speak, of all those Servant Maids that had best Opinions of themselves. *Don Diego* commanded him to cast an Ogle or two upon *Isabella*, a young Wench that waited on the two Ladies *Dorothea* and *Feliciana de Monsalva*. He forthwith obey'd his Master's Commands, and *Isabella* was almost as soon caught in the Trap as it was set for her, believing her self not a little happy to be lov'd by *Gusman*, whom she in a short time lov'd again, as he in a little while after did her really, tho' his first Intentions were only to impose on her by his Master's Orders, and for his Ends. As the Love of *Gusman* was a thing much coveted amongst the Servant Maids of that City, so was *Isabella's* Fortune as great as the most ambitious *Valet de Chambre* could expect to be rais'd to. She was very well beloved by her Mistresses, from whom she received many Favours, and was besides in expectation of a Fortune from her Father an honest Tradesman. *Gusman* then thinking seriously on the matter, resolv'd to be her Husband, as she on her part did to be his Wife; and therefore having only taken one another's Words, they lived together as such. *Isabella* was not a little displeased to observe that *Mariana* the Surgeon's Wife, at whose House *Dorothea* and *Don Sancho* had their private Meetings, still continued to be their *Confidante*, in a Business whence she knew must come a great deal of Profit to her. She had found out the Gold Chain which *Sancho* had given her, and besides, discover'd many other Presents he had made her, and moreover imagin'd that there might have been several more which she knew nothing of. This caused her to hate *Mariane* to Death, and which inclin'd me to believe that this young Lass was not a little mercenary. It is no wonder then if at the first Request her dear *Gusman* made her to tell him truly, whether her Mistress *Dorothea* were in Love or not; she confest the whole Secret to him, on whom she had bestow'd her Heart. She inform'd him therefore of as much as she knew of the Intrigue between the two Lovers, and concluded all with railing at *Mariane* for depriving her of her Vails, which

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she said were due to her as a Servant of the House. *Gusman* desired of her father to let him know the Day and Hour when the Lovers were next to meet, which she soon after satisfy'd him in, and he consequently acquainted his Master with not only that, but likewise all the rest he had learned from the treacherous *Isabella*. *Don Diego* hereupon habited himself like a Beggar, and taking his Post just at *Mariana's* Door the Night that his Man had inform'd him the Rendezvous was to be, he saw his Rival enter there, and some time after a Coach stopping before *Dorothea's* Cousin's House, observ'd both his Mistress and her Sister to come out thereof and go in there, which you may imagine left him in no small Rage, well knowing what a secret Communication there was between the two Houses. He plotted therefore from that very Minute to rid himself of so formidable a Rival as *Don Sancho* might prove. The surest way to take him off he thought was by Assassins, and consequently forthwith hir'd two for that end. With these he watched for him divers Nights together, and at last meeting him, set on him with the Assistance of his two Bullies, both like himself well arm'd. *Don Sancho* no sooner perceiv'd their Intentions than he put himself in a posture of Defence, being also indifferently well provided for that purpose; for over and above his Sword and Port-yard, he had two Pistols ready charg'd stuck in his Girdle. *Don Diego* was more forward to engage than his Companions, who were only led on by the hopes of Gain. *Don Sancho* at first gave Ground out of Policy; till he had drawn his Assailants to a convenient distance from the House where *Dorothea* was. But at length fearing he might receive Prejudice if he still continued on the defensive, and perceiving *Don Diego* to press more vigorously than ordinary upon him, he let fly one of his Pistols at him, and brought him to the Ground half dead, but nevertheless crying out and bawling for a Priest as if he were mad. At the bare hearing the Report of a Pistol the Bullies immediately troop'd off. *Don Sancho* retired to his Lodgings, and the Neighbours coming out of their Houses to see what was the matter, found the wounded Man just expiring, who nevertheless had so much Life left as to accuse *Don Sancho*.

of his Murther. This our *Cavalier* had soon notice of, by means of his Friends, who told him moreover, that altho' the Law could not reach him, yet would not *Don Diego's* Relations let his Death be unreveng'd, but rather seek all Opportunities to murther him wherever they could meet him to Advantage. *Don Sancho* hearing this, thought it his best way to retire to a *Convent*, where he knew he might be safe, which he immediately d d, and from thence sent his dear *Dorothea* an Account of his Safety, ordering his Affairs so in the mean time, that he might be ready to leave *Sevil* at the shortest warning. Whilst Matters pass'd thus, the Magistrates of the City were doing their best to find *Don Sancho* out, but all to no purpose. After the heat of the Search was a little over, and every body was of opinion he was clear got off, *Dorothea* and her Sister, under pretence of Devotion, were carried by their Cousin to the same Monastery whither *Sancho* had retir'd. There the two Lovers had another meeting in the Chapel, where they mutually promised eternal Constancy and Fidelity to each other; and at parting utter'd so many moving Expressions, that *Felicianna*, her Kinswoman, and the good Monk that attended wept exceedingly, and which they were always afterwards inclinable to do whenever the remembrance of this Interview came into their Minds. *Don Sancho* soon after got from *Sevil* in Disguise, leaving Letters behind him with his Father's *Factor* to be transmitted to the *Indies* by the first Opportunity. By these Letters he gave his Father an Account of what had befallen him, and which had oblig'd him to leave *Sevil* to retire to *Naples* for the Safety of his Life. He arrived there in a little time, and was very kindly received by the then *Vice-Roy*, to whom he had the Honour to have formerly belong'd. Notwithstanding the great Favours shew'd him, he nevertheless led but an uneasy Life in *Naples* for above a Year or more, and that by reason he had heard no News all that while of his dear *Dorothea*. Some small time after the *Vice-Roy* equipped six Gallies to go out a cruizing after the *Algerines*. *Don Sancho's* Courage would not suffer him to neglect so fair an occasion of shewing it, and therefore he was resolved to engage in this Enterpize. The Admiral that

com-

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commanded received him on Board his Gally, and lodged him in his own Cabbin, being not a little proud that he had a person of his Quality and Merit to accompany him. These six *Neopolitan* Gallies met eight *Algerines* almost within sight of *Messina*, and were not long before they engaged them. After a dubious Fight the *Christians* took three of the *Turks* and sunk two. The *Neopolitan* Admiral happen'd to be grappled with the *Turkish* Admiral, which being better mann'd than the rest, had a much greater Resistance. The Sea in the mean time grew rugged, and the Storm increased so fast, that at length both *Christians* and *Turks* had more regard to their own Safeties than to endeavour each other's Ruin. They as it were consented then mutually to withdraw their Grappling-Irons, and disengage themselves from each other, and which happen'd much about the time that *Don Sancho* being over-bold, had: thrown himself into the *Turkish* Admiral, without being so happy as to have any body to follow him. Seeing himself thus alone, and more than that in the Power of his Enemies, he preferred Death to Slavery, and immediately flung himself into the Sea, hoping only to escape drowning by his excellent swimming. But the bad Weather proving so extraordinary, it hindered him from being discover'd by the *Christian* Gallies, altho' the Admiral having been an Eye-witness of his Action, and being extremely concern'd at the loss of him, which he look'd upon as unavoidable, had tacked about towards the Place where he saw him leap in. *Don Sancho* in the mean time cut the Waves with his skilful Arms, and after having swam a while to the Leeward, whither both the Wind and the Tide carried him, he by luck met with a Plank which had been torn from the Sides of one of the *Turkish* Gallies by the Cannon, this he looked upon as a Present sent him from Heaven, and which he immediately made use of with that Success, that in a short time he got a Shore on the Coast of *Sicily*, which was not above a League and half from the place where the Battel had been fought. He landed without any Prejudice done him by the Rocks; and after having returned Thanks to Heaven for his Preservation, walked forward as fast as his Weakness would suffer him. At last

making shift to get up a little Hill, he from the top perceiv'd a neighbouring Hovel, whither he immediately went and found it inhabited by Fishermen, who nevertheless approved themselves to him the most charitable People in the World. The over-heating himself in the Fight, and afterwards drenching himself in the Water, together with the wet Cloaths he was forced to wear, brought so violent a Fever upon him, that he was oblig'd for some time to keep his Bed, but whereof he in a short time recovered, without doing any thing more to himself than living regularly. During his Illness, he did all that in him lay to make the World believe he was dead, thereby as well to abate *Don Diego's* Relations Malice, as to make Trial of his *Dorothea's* Constancy. Whilst he was in *Flanders* he had contracted an extraordinary Friendship with a *Sicilian* Marquis of the Family of *Montalto*, whose Name was *Fabio*. He desired one of the Fishermen to make Enquiry whether he was then at *Messina*, where he knew he liv'd. Being inform'd he was, he went immediately thither in a Fisher's Habit, and arrived at the Marquis's House about Night. The Marquis was extremely over-joy'd at the sight of a Friend whom he had given over for lost. *Don Sancho* gave him an account how he came to be saved, and moreover told him his Adventure at *Sevil*, without concealing from him the violent passion he had for *Dorothea*. The Marquis proffer'd his Service to go for him into *Spain*, and to carry off *Dorothea*, and bring her to *Sicily*, provided she would but consent to the doing of it. *Don Sancho* would by no means put his Friend upon so dangerous a Trial of his Friendship, and therefore proposed to go along with him. *Sanchez*, *Don Sancho's* Man, had been so afflicted for the loss of his Master, that when the Gallies came into the port of *Messina* to refresh themselves, he entred into a *Convent*, resolving to pass there the Remainder of his Days. *Fabio*, who had been the cause of his being admitted, sent to the Superior to release him again, and which was the readier comply'd with, by reason he had not yet receiv'd the Habit of the Order. *Sanchez* was over-joy'd at the sight of his dear Master, and as soon shook off all Thoughts of returning to the Monastery again.

His

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His Master not long after sent him into *Spain* to prepare his way for him, and in the mean time charged him to send him News of his dear *Dorothea*, who like others had been possessed with the belief of his Death. This Report had spread it self even to the *Indies*, and which had caused his Father to die with Regret, leaving four hundred thousand Crowns to another Son, on condition, that if his Brother *Sancho* appeared again, he should refund to him a Moiety. *Don Sancho's* Brother's Name was *Don Juan de Peralta*, the same with his Father's. His Father being dead he embark'd for *Spain*, and arriv'd at *Sevil* about a Year after the before-mention'd Misfortune had befall his Brother. Having a quite different Name, it was easie for him to conceal they were Brothers, and which he thought very necessary for him to do, since he was oblig'd to reside for some time in that City where *Sancho* had left so many Enemies. He happen'd soon after to have a sight of the fair *Dorothea*, and like his Brother, became quick'y enamour'd of her, tho' not with the same Success. This fair afflicted Lady could love nothing after her dear *Sancho*. All that *Don Juan de Peralta* could do to please her, prov'd only tiresom; and she moreover utterly refused the best Matches in *Sevil*, which her Father *Don Manuel* had propos'd to her. About this time *Sanchez* came to *Sevil* and observing his Master's Orders, immediately set himself about enquiring into *Dorothea's* Behaviour. He learnt from a common Report about the City, that a very wealthy Person lately come from the *Indies*, had fallen desperately in Love with her, and who omitted nothing to set forth his Gallantry and Affection. This he soon inform'd his Master of, but made the Story much worse than it had been told him, and his Master believed it to be yet worse than he related it. The Marquis *Fabio* and *Don Sancho* embarked not long after at *Massina*, on Board the Gallies that were then returning to *Spain*, and arriv'd safe in a short time at *St. Lucar*, where they immediately took Post for *Sevil*. It was Night before they got thither, when they went forthwith to the Lodgings which *Sanchez* had provided for them. They kept all the next Day close in their Chambers, and at Night took a Walkt owards *Don Manuel's* Houk. They there heard Instruments of several

kinds tuning under *Dorothea's* Window, and afterwards an excellent Consort ; when that was over a single Voice, accompanied only by a *Theorbo*, comp'a n'd for some time of the Cruelties of a Tygress in an Angel's Form. *Don Sancho* was so provoked at this, that he certainly had truss'd up the Serenaders, had not the Marquis *Fabio* prevented it by representing to him that he could have done no more if *Dorothea* had appear'd in the Balcony to encourage his Rival ; but since she had not, he ought to believe that the Words that were sung were rather Complaints of a dissatisfied Lover, than Thanks for any Favours received. The Serenaders retir'd after they had perform'd their Task, and *Don Sancho* and the Marquis retir'd also to their Lodgings. *Dorothea* began to be importun'd more and more every Day by her *Indian* Lover. Her Father *Don Manuel* was extremely desirous to have her speedily married, and therefore she feared that if *Don Juan de Peralta* being rich and of so good a Family as he really was, should offer himself to him for his Son-in-Law, he would easily be prefer'd to all others, and she consequently more press'd by her Father to marry than she had hitherto been. The Day after the Serenade *Dorothea* spent wholly in her Sister's Company, often telling her, ' That she could no longer suffer the Gallantries of the *Indian* ; and farther, ' that she could not but wonder how he could make his ' courting of her so publick, before he had obtained her ' Father's Leave to court her. It is a thing that extremely surprizes me likewise, reply'd *Feliciana*, and if I were in your place, the first Opportunity that offer'd, I would treat him so ill, that he should ever after be out of hopes either of saying or doing any thing to please me. For my part, continu'd she, I can't discover any Charms in him to please a Woman. He has not that Air which is to be acquir'd only at Court, and the great Expences he is at here has nothing of the Polite, and plainly shews him to be a *Gavacho*. She proceeded to finish a very disadvantageous Character of *Don Juan de Peralta*. not remembring that at his first appearing in *Sevil*, she had confest to her Sister that she liked him, and that as often as she had had occasion to speak of him, she had always done it with some sort of concern. *Dorothea* observing her Sister so alter'd, or at least

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east that she seem'd to be so, from the Opinion she had formerly entertained of this *Cavalier*, presently suspected she loved him as much as she pretended to dislike him. She therefore to clear her doubts, told *Felician*a that she had no manner of Aversion for *Don Juan's* Person, but rather a Respect, by reason she found so much of *Sancho's* likeness in his Face. Her only reason for slighting him was because she could love no Man after *Don Sancho*; and she added farther, that since she could not hope to be his Wife she was resolv'd never to be one to any other, but determin'd to spend the remainder of her Days in a Convent. Altho you were resolv'd upon such a strange Undertaking, which I don't believe, reply'd *Felician*a, yet you might spare me the trouble of hearing it. 'Never doubt it, dear Sister, answer'd *Dorothea*, for it is but too true, and it is as certain that you will speedily be the richest Fortune in *Sevil*. 'It is therefore, continued she, that I would see *Don Juan* once more, to encline him, since he is not like to have me, to have the same Love and respect for you. But, proceeded she farther, when I do see him, I shall withhold desire him to importune me no more with his Addresses, since I find they are so very displeasing to you. And let me tell you, added she farther, that I know no Person in *Sevil* to whom you could be happier married than to him. If I said he displeased me, reply'd *Felician*a, I must own it was rather thro' Complaisance to you, than any Aversion I had for him. 'Confess rather, dear Sister, quoth *Dorothea*, that you love him, and apprehend me for a Rival. At these Words *Felician*a began to blush, and was extremely out of Countenance. She proceeded to defend her self against her Sister's Accusation, but which served rather to condemn than acquit her. At last she found she was oblig'd to confess that she lov'd *Don Juan*, which she would nevertheless not have done had she believed it in her Power to have concealed it. *Dorothea* was so far from disapproving her Sister's Passion, that she encouraged her in it, by promising to serve her to her Power. Soon after *Isabella*, who had broke off all Communication with her Friend *Gusman*, ever since the Accident that befel *Don Sancho*, had Orders from *Dorothea* to go immediately and find out *Don Juan*, and

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and to tell him that she and her Sister desired his Company about Midnight in the Garden, when her Father wou'd certainly be a Bed. She likewise bad her to carry him the Key of the Garden gate. *Isabella*, who had been gain'd over by *Don Juan*, and consequently had made it her Business to procure him her Mistress's esteem, tho' without success, was extremely surpriz'd at this sudden change, but at the same time not a little glad that she was to carry him so good News, who had so often oblig'd her, tho' she brought him none but bad. She made what haste she could therefore to his Lodgings, but found him not inclinable to credit her Message, till she shewed him the fatal Key. At the same time she put the Key into his Hands, he put a perfum'd Purse with 50 Pistols in it into hers, which she received with no less Joy than she had occasion'd him by her coming. As ill-luck would have it the same Night that *Don Juan* was to have admittance into *Dorothea's* Father's Garden, *Don Sancho* and his Friend the Marquis happen'd to take their rounds that way. They were in the Street where *Dorothea* lived about Eleven a Clock, when all of a sudden four Men well arm'd came up to them, and star'd them full in the Face. *Don Sancho* thinking his Rival might be among them, forthwith told them furly, That the Post they had taken up there he had an occasion for, to dispatch a certain Affair in, and therefore requir'd them to be gone instantly and give him Liberty for that purpose. To which they immediately reply'd, that they would do it with all their Hearts, but that the place was as proper for them to execute a Design they had in Hand, which he must give them leave to do before he could find any room there. This answer so nettled *Don Sancho* that it was only a Word and a Blow with him, for he immediately set upon them with that Vigour that he soon put them into disorder, and his Friend the Marquis charging them at the same time, they were driven to the end of the Street before they knew where they were. There *Don Sancho* received a slight Wound, but in return gave his Enemy so home a thrust that he was some time in getting his Sword out of his Body, and whom he left for dead. In the mean time the Marquis was pursuing those that fled, which they quickly

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ly did as soon as they saw their Comrade fall. *Don Sancho* at last saw several Lights coming towards him at a distance; which suspecting to be the watch, as it really was, he began to think of his Escape. He retir'd therefore in some confusion thro' all the blind Allies he could find, and which at length bringing him into a large open Street, he met full-but with an old Gentleman that was then lighting along with a Lantern, and who had drawn his Sword at the hearing of *Don Sancho* running towards him. This old Cavalier was *Don Manuel*, who had been playing a Game at Cards at a Neighbour's House, and was now returning home after his usual Custom thro' a little Gate of the Garden, which was near the place where *Sancho* met him. At the first approach of our Adventurer *Don Manuel* cry'd out, Who goes there? — A Man answer'd *Sancho*, whose business 'tis to make the best of his way, if you do not stop him. It may be, Sir, continued *Don Manuel*, some Accident has oblig'd you to search in such haste for a Sanctuary, if so, my House is near at Hand, and may, if you please to accept it, be of Service to you. 'Tis true, reply'd *Don Sancho*, I am in quest of a Sanctuary to screen me from a Pursuit which I fear is made after me, and since you have been so generous as to offer a Stranger the Protection of your House, he will trust himself wholly in your hands, and never forget both the Kindness and Honour you will do him. Hereupon *Don Manuel* immediately open'd the Door with a Key he had always about him, and put him in a Grove of Lawrels, whilst he went into his House to seek for a better conveniency for him. *Don Sancho* had not been long in the Grove before a Woman came to him and cry'd, come away Sir, my Mistress *Dorothea* waits for you. At the hearing that dear Name, *Don Sancho* began immediately to think he was in his Mistress's Garden, and that the old Gentleman who had brought him in, might be her Father. He likewise suspected with reason enough, that *Dorothea* had made some Rival of his an Assignment, and that this was the time of their Rendezvous. He therefore followed *Isabella*, but was more tormented with Jealousie, than the fears of a Pursuit. In the interim *Don Juan* came at the Hour appointed, and with the Key which

which had been given him, open'd the Garden-door, and went and hid himself in the Grove of Lawrels, whence *Don Sancho* was but just gone. A Moment after he perceived a Man to come directly up to him, which at first gave him so much surprize, that he thought good to put himself into a posture of Defence; but observing it to be *Don Manuel*, he endeavour'd only to conceal himself. *Don Manuel* soon finding him out, said to him, come, come, follow me, and I will put you in a place where you shall not need to fear being discovered. *Don Juan* guess'd by what he had heard, that *Don Manuel* had saved some Person or other that fled from Justice; nevertheless thought himself oblig'd to follow him, tho' he was not the Man he took him for. As he went along he return'd him a thousand Thanks for his Civility; but you may imagine was not inwardly a little displeased at him, for disappointing him of his Amorous Intrigue. *Don Manuel* conducted him into a Chamber, where he left him while he went to prepare a Bed for him in another adjoining Room. There we must leave him likewise in no small Trouble and Perplexity, and return to speak of his Brother *Don Sancho de Sylva*. Him *Isabella* had carry'd into a Ground Chamber which look'd into the Garden, and where *Dorothea* and *Feliciana* staid waiting for *Don Juan de Paralta*, the one as a Lover who was studying to say something to please him, and the other as one that could not love him, and design'd there to tell him so. At *Don Sancho's* entering the Room the fair Sisters were wonderfully surpriz'd, *Dorothea* immediately swoon'd away at the Fright, and would have certainly drop'd down on the Floor had not her Sister held her up in her Chair. *Don Sancho* stood like a Statue. *Isabella* was ready to die with fear, believing that *Sancho's* Ghost was come to revenge the wrongs her Mistress had done him while alive. *Feliciana*, tho' extreamly frighted likewise, was nevertheless so employ'd about recovering her Sister, that she did not so much mind it as she would have otherwise done. At last *Dorothea* came to her self, and then *Don Sancho* spoke to her after the following manner. ' If the Report spread abroad of my Death did not in some measure excuse

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' cuse your Inconstancy, ungrateful *Dorothea*, quoth he,
 ' I should not have now Breath enough left to reproach
 ' your Infidelity But 'twas I that occasion'd that Report,
 ' to be forgotten of my Enemies, and not by you, who
 ' have so often promised to love none but me, and yet,
 ' who have so soon, nay, so treacherously broke that Pro-
 ' mise. I might well revenge my self now I have an op-
 ' portunity, continued he, and complain so loud, that I
 ' might awake your Father, and he consequently rise and
 ' find your Lover, whom you have hid in his House. But
 ' Fool that I am, I am yet afraid to displease you, and
 ' torment my self more with the Thoughts that I must
 ' love you no longer, than with those that so plainly sug-
 ' gest to me that you love another. Go on, faithless fair
 ' one! Go on, proceeded he, enjoy your happy Lover;
 ' be apprehensive of no danger in this new Amour: be
 ' assur'd I will rid you speedily of the Man that has it in
 ' his Power to reproach you of Treachery all your Life
 ' long; nay, of one you have betray'd even at a time
 ' that he has expos'd his Life to come to worship you.
 At these Words *Don Sancho* would have been gone, but
Dorothea held him, and was going to justify her self just
 at the time that *Isabella* came running into the Chamber to
 tell her *Don Manuel* was coming. *Don Sancho* had only
 time to step behind the Door before the old Gentleman
 came in. He began immediately to reprimand his Daugh-
 ters for being up so late, and afterwards went out of the
 Chamber, which he had no sooner done but *Don Sancho*
 got out likewise, and getting into the Garden hid him-
 self as before among the Lawrels, expecting an opportu-
 nity to get away. *Don Manuel's* Business in his Daugh-
 ters Chamber was to light a Candle, to go to the Garden
 gate, where the Constable and Watch were knocking like
 mad for Admittance, having been told, that one of the
 Persons that had made the Fray in the Streets was got in
 there. *Don Manuel* made but little difficulty to suffer them
 to enter and search his House, as believing they would
 not open his Chamber wherein he had hid the Gentleman
 he protect'd. *Don Sancho* perceiving it impossible for
 him to escape, amidst the great Number of Watchmen
 and

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and Mob that were spread all over the Garden, came out of his own accord from the Lawrel-Grove, and going up to *Don Manuel*, who was not a little surpriz'd to see him, whisper'd him in the Ear, That a *Cavalier* of Honour should always keep his Word, and ought never to abandon one he had once thought fitting to take into his Protection. Hereupon *Don Manuel* desired the Constable, who was one of his Friends, to leave *Don Sancho* in his Custody; which Request was readily granted, he being a Man of Quality, and the rather, because the wounded Person was not yet dead. After this the Constable and Watch retired, and *Don Manuel* having discovered *Don Sancho*, and finding by his Answers he was really the Person he had admitted into his Garden, he did not doubt but the other must have been some Love-adventurer intended to have been introduced to his Daughters by *Isabella*. To be the better convinc'd of this Truth, he desired *Don Sancho* to go into a Chamber, and not stir thence till he came to him again, which *Sancho* promised he would not. In the mean time *Don Manuel* went to *Don Juan de Peralta*, to whom he feigned that his Servant had come into the Garden at the same time with the Watch, and desired to speak with him. *Don Juan* knew very well that his Servant was sick a Bed, and therefore could not well come to him; besides, he had had no Orders from him so to do, and moreover knew not where he was; all this together made him extremely concern'd at what *Don Manuel* had said to him: Nevertheless, that he might not discover himself thro' the want of a ready Answer, he immediately reply'd to *Don Manuel*, at random, If you please, Sir, let him be order'd to attend me at my Lodgings. *Don Manuel* then presently discovered him to be the young *Indian* Gentleman that had made such a Noise for sometime in *Sevil*; and having been already informed of his Quality and Estate, resolv'd not to suffer him to go out of his House till he had married one of his Daughters whom he could best fancy. He discours'd some time with him, to be better satisfied in those matters, which kept him still in suspense. *Isabella* saw them talking together from the other Door, and immediately went and told her Mistress. *Don Manuel*
soon

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foon perceived her, and thought she was coming to bring a Message from one of his Daughter to *Don Juan*, and therefore left him to run after her, and intercept her Design: Just as he overtook her the Light that was in the Chamber, was burnt out. Whilst he was groping after her, being in the dark, *Isabella* got clear of him, and went and told *Dorothea* and *Feliciana* that *Don Sancho* was in their Father's Chamber, and that she saw them talking together. The two Sisters immediately ran thither. *Dorothea* for her part was not afraid of meeting her dear *Don Sancho* with her-Father, being resolv'd to confess how much she loved and was beloved by him, as likewise for what end she had made that Assignment with *Don Juan*. She happen'd to come into her Father's Chamber just at the same instant that *Don Juan* was stealing out, whom she taking for *Don Sancho*, caught by the Arm, and spoke to him thus, ' Why cruel *Don Sancho*, dost thou thus fly me, and wherefore wilt thou not hear my Vindication against the unjust Aspersions thou hast cast upon me? I confess you could not have reproached me sufficiently, had I but been guilty of what you have some sort of reason to believe: But you know there are many Falsities which sometimes have as great resemblance of Truth as Truth it-self, which is ever best discover'd by Time. Allow me therefore so much as may serve to unravel this Confusion, wherein yours and my Misfortune, and perhaps that of divers others, has involv'd us. Help me to justify my self, and let not thy Passion which hurries thee on to condemn me, provoke thee to pronounce an unjust Sentence before a due Conviction. You may perhaps have heard, continued she, that a certain *Cavalier* loves me, but did you ever hear I return'd his Love? You may likewise have seen him here, and it is most true that I have sent for him; but when you shall also know for what reason, I am pretty well assured you will repent of your cruel Usage to me, and be inclinable to own I could give you no greater Proof of my Fidelity. Why is he not now in thy Presence, this Spark that importunes me so frequently with his Passion, that I might have an Opportunity to make
' his

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‘ him before thee, whether I ever gave him leave to profess he loved me, or if he ever had any reason to believe I had read his Letters? But my Misfortune is such ‘ added she sighing, that as often as I would have shun’d ‘ him, he has appear’d before me, but now I have occasion for him to clear my Innocence he is absent. *Don Juan* had so much patience as to hear all she could say without giving her the least Interruption, and that chiefly that he might thereby discover what she had all along before kept a Secret from him. At last, just as he was going to reproach her with Baseness, *Don Sancho*, who had been groping from Room to Room to find the way into the Garden, and still missing it, at length came so near as to hear *Dorothea* talking with *Don Juan*; whom he knowing by her Voice, approached them as softly as he could, but was notwithstanding soon discover’d by *Don Juan* and the two Sisters. At the same moment *Don Manuel* came into the Chamber with Lights carried before him by two Servants. Hereupon the two Rival Brothers presently star’d each other in the Face, looking fiercely, and laying their Hands upon their Swords. *Don Manuel* stepped in between them to prevent any Mischief, and immediately commanded his eldest Daughter to make choice of one of them, who, as her Husband, might be authoriz’d to chastise the other. *Don Juan* then began to speak, and told *Don Manuel*, that for his part he resign’d up all Pretensions to the Cavalier that was before him, but that not thro’ fear. *Don Sancho* said the same thing; adding moreover, that since *Don Juan* had been introduced into *Don Manuel*’s House by his Daughter, it was probable she both loved him and was belov’d by him, and therefore for his part, he would die a thousand Deaths before he would marry one with the least Scruple upon her. Then *Dorothea* throwing her self at her Father’s Feet, conjur’d him to hear her. She related to him all that had passed between *Don Sancho de Sylva* and her, to the time of his killing *Don Dego* on her account. She afterwards informed him how *Don Juan de Peralta* had made Love to her and what Designs she had to disabuse him, and to propose her Sister to him in Marriage; and to conclude all, she told

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told him that if she could not perswade *Don Sancho* to believe her innocent, she was resolv'd next Day to shut her self up in a Nunnery, thence never to set Foot out again as long as she lived. By this Relation the two Brothers came to the Knowledge of each other. *Don Sancho* was forthwith reconciled to *Dorothea*, whom he demanded in Marriage of her Father. *Don Juan* likewise begg'd *Don Manuel's* Consent to have his Daughter *Felician*a, and both were accepted by him for his Sons-in-Law, with so great Satisfaction as is not to be express'd. As soon as Day appeared, *Don Sancho* sent for his Friend the Marquis *Fabio*, who soon came to partake of his Joy that was then in agitation. *Don Sancho's* Marriage was kept secret till such time as *Don Manuel* and the Marquis had had an opportunity to persuade the Cousin and Heir of *Don Diego* to forget the Cause of his Kinsman's Death, and to lay aside all Enmity to *Don Sancho*. During this Negotiation the Marquis *Fabio* fell in Love with this Gentleman's Sister, and consequently desired her of her Brother in Marriage. His Request was granted with a great deal of Readiness; the Gentleman being presently sensible what Advantage such a Match must be to his Family. The three Marriages were solemniz'd in one Day, and every thing succeeded so well, that there was no Disagreement between either of the Parties for a long while after, which you must confess is not a little to be wondred at.

CHAP. XX.

After what manner Ragotin's Sleep came to be disturb'd.

THE agreeable *Ivezilla* concluded the reading of her *Novel*, which made her Auditory sorry it was no longer. Whilst she was reading it, *Ragotin*, who instead of hearing her had busied himself in asking her Husband Questions about *Magick*, was fallen asleep in a low Chair where he sat, and which the Operator was likewise in his. *Ragotin's* Sleep was not altogether voluntary, for if he could possibly have kept down the Vapours of the Meat, which he had eaten in great quantity, he would not have been so rude as not to have hearkned attentively to *Ivezilla's Novel*.

He

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He did not sleep therefore soundly, but ever would now and then see-saw his Head down to his Knees, then raise himself up again half awake, afterwards start, and then drop down, in like manner as drowsie Sinners are wont to do at Conventicles, when the good Man proves tedious as well as dull. There happen'd to be a Ram bred up in the Inn, which roguish Boys that went up and down the Yard had been accusom'd to present their Heads to, but holding their Hands stretch'd out before at the same time, to keep him from doing them any harm. At these Boys this Ram would run with all his Might, as those Creatures are naturally given to do. This Animal had his free range all over the Inn, came oftentimes into the Chambers and it seems was in that of the *Operator* when *Inezilla* read the *Novel*. He observing *Ragotin* nodding to and fro, with his Hat dropt off, took him for a Champion that had purposely presented himself to try his Courage with him, and therefore drawing back four or five Paces, as good Jumpers are wont to do, ran full speed like a Horse in his Carrier, with his horney Head against *Ragotin's* bald pate; which no doubt he would have shatter'd, as much as a Piss-pot could have been, when thrown upon the Stones from the top of a high Tower, had it not been this little Man's peculiar Fortune that the Assault was made while he had his Head up, so that he received no other Damage than a superficial Graze on the Cheek by one of the Creature's Horns. All the Company was so extremely surpriz'd at this Action, that they remained for some time astonish'd, which nevertheless could not hinder them from laughing. This gave the Ram an opportunity, having been used to make his course more than once, to have another run, which it seems he performed so inconsiderately, that he ran against his Knees, and therefore only wounded his Hands, which had each of them a Horn to stand the brunt of. *Ragotin* finding his Face bleed and smart, tho' he was a little stunn'd, yet began to recover himself, and having open'd his Eyes, which he did not do till the second shock, soon discover'd the Author of his Misfortune; which he had no sooner done, but he fell to belabouring of him about the Head, till the hardness of his horns made him to with-

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withdraw his Hands; which finding to be all over bruise'd, as well by buffetting as sustaining, he flew into a great Rage, threatening Revenge on all the Company if they did not desist laughing at him. He afterwards would have gone out of the Inn in a great Fury, had not his Host stopt him to pay the Reckoning, which you may imagine he was as unwilling to do, as he would have been willing to have put up his Damage and Affronts, could he but have got off Scot-free.



SCAR-



S C A R R O N's
Comical Romance.

P A R T III.

C H A P. I.

Which may serve for an Introduction to this Third Part.



IN the last Chapter of the Second part of this Romance, you have had little Ragotin all bloody with the several repeated Buttings he received from the Ram, whilst he slept in a low Chair in the Comedian's Chamber, and which occasion'd him to go out thence in a great Fury. But he had receiv'd so deep a Wound from Madam Star's Eyes, and was withal so desirous of knowing the issue of the Operator's Scheme, that he could only afford himself time to wash his Face and Hands before he returned. As he was just entering the Inn again, his Brain was so disturb'd, what with the Blows, and what

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what with the Darts, that he mistook an Advocate then walking by to the Hall, for *Ferdinando* the Operator. He therefore accosted him very civilly, and began with him after this manner, *Sir, I am happy in meeting you so luckily; I have long desired this opportunity, and I was just going to your Lodgings, in great haste, to have a farther account from you of what concerns either my Life or Death. I don't doubt but you have employ'd the utmost of your Art, in Schemes, to serve me all the time you slept; and I desire you to believe I would by no means be ungrateful in my Acknowledgments. Tell me then, I beseech you, dear Doctor,* continu'd he, *will this little charming shining Star suffer me to share any of her Influence?* The Advocate, who understood not a tittle of all the fine Words had been spoken to him, and taking them for Raillery, was not long before he interrupted him. '*Monsieur Ragotin*, quoth he, if it had been a little later I should verily have thought you had been drunk, notwithstanding, cannot help believing that you are either a Mad-man or a Fool. To whom, for God-sake, do you think you are talking, added he, and what a Devil makes you to talk to me of Schemes, and the Influences of Stars? Do you take me either for an Astrologer or a Magician? Prithee consider a little, *Monsieur Ragotin*, proceeded he, Don't you know me. *Ah! Sir,* reply'd *Ragotin*, *how unkind you are, I thought I had too well inform'd you of my Malady, to have been refused a Remedy. Alas! I could not—* He was just proceeding with another tedious Harangue, when the Advocate left him in a great Passion, telling him at parting, *That he was a great Sot for a little Man.* *Ragotin* would have followed him, but that he at length perceived his Mistake, and therefore was glad to retire with Shame. He had so great Regard to his Reputation, as to keep this a Secret; and I'll assure you, I had never come to know it had not the Advocate one Day told it me, among others of his Friends, to divert us. The little Fool afterwards turned into the Inn, and went directly to the Comedian's Apartment, which he had no sooner enter'd, but he heard a Proposition made by *Mrs. Cave* and *Destiny* to quit *Mans*, and retire to some other Post. This vexed him so heartily,

that

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that he was like to have dropt down from his height on the Floor, and which he might have safely done since he had no great way to fall. But what concern'd him most was, that the time of their departure was to be the next Morning, when they were to bid adieu to the good Town of *Mans*, and particularly to its Inhabitants, who had been their constant Auditors for some time. They purposed to take their way to *Alençon* after the old rate, having been assured that the Pestilence was not there, as they had been before inform'd. I say they took their way after the old rate, for these sort of People have a constant rule of travelling, in like manner as the Sun has in the *Zodiack*. The Journies they had made and were to make in this Country, were first from *Tours* to *Angers*, from *Angers* to *la Fleche*, from *la Fleche* to *Mans*, from *Mans* to *Alençon*, from *Alençon* to *Argentin* or *Laval*, no matter which, according to the Road they have a mind to take, either to *Paris* or *Britanny*, both being alike to them, and indifferent to us in the composition of this *Romance*. This Resolution being made by all the Men and Women Players unanimously, they proposed to play one of their best Plays, before they left *Mans*, to the end they might leave their Audience there in good Humour. What this Play was, never came to my Knowledge. That which obliged them to go away so suddenly, was by reason that the Marquis of *Orléans*, on whose account they had staid so long, was commanded instantly to Court; insomuch that being like to have no Benefactor left after he was gone, and the *Mansean* Audience diminishing every Day, they purposed to go where they might be better used: *Ragotin* would needs be endeavouring to oppose this Resolution, for which purpose he gave a great many Reasons, whereof he had always store at Command, which nevertheless were little or nothing regarded. This vexed the little Man extremely insomuch that he begg'd of the Company not to go presently out of the Province of *Mayne*, but to take first the Tennis Court which was in the Suburbs of *Montfort*, and afterwards they might go to *Laval* in *Mayne* likewise, whence they might easily come into *Britanny*, according to their Promise made to Monsieur *la Garouffiere*. This Opinion of *Ragotin's* *Desiny* would by no means agree

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agree to, affirming that if they took his Advice, they should make no work on't, the pitiful Tennis-Court mention'd by him being a great way out of the Town, and more than that, on the other side of the River, which would hinder the better sort of People from coming near them ; when the great Tennis-Court, in the Sheep-Market of *Alengon*, was just in the middle of the Town ; and moreover, surrounded with all the best Houses, and that therefore it were better to give something more for such a place, than any thing for the despicable Tennis-Court at *Monfort*, whose good Market was the only reason that *Ragotin* had to speak for it. This last Proposition was agreed to by the whole Company, therefore they immediately order'd a Waggon to be got ready for their Baggage, and Horses for their Women. The Care of procuring these was left to *Leander*, who having a great many Intrigues in *Mans*, was the likeliest Man to have the best Acquaintance there. Next Day, before they set out, they presented a *Comedy*, *Tragedy*, *Tragi-Comedy*, or *Pastoral*, I know not whether, but which had the Success that you may imagine. The Players were admir'd by every body, and *Destiny* perform'd Wonders, especially in his manner of taking leave of the *Audience*; for he express'd his Acknowledgments and Unwillingness to leave them with that Tenderness and Force, that he charm'd them to that degree, that, as I am inform'd, some among them wept. *Ragotin* was so concern'd that his Proposal had not been follow'd, that he remained for some time like a Dolt, sitting in his Chair, even after the rest of the Company were gone and where I believe he had sat till now, had not the Marker of the Tennis-Court let him know that no body was left, which he had nevertheless no small trouble to make him comprehend. Being at last prevail'd upon to be gone, he rose from his Chair and went home, where he resolv'd to go find out his Company the next Morning, and discover to them what shall be related in the following Chapter.

CHAP. II.

Where you'll find Rogotin's Design.

THE Criers of *Aqua Vita* had not yet wak'd those that were in a profound Sleep, when *Ragotin* being already dress'd, was going to propose to the Strolling Company his Inclinations to be admitted amongst them. He went then to the Players Lodgings, whom he found neither up nor awake, and happen'd to have the Discretion to leave them as he found them; nevertheless could not help entring one Chamber, where he found *Olive* a bed with *Rancour*. This last he desired to get up, and walk with him to *la Cousture*, a fine Abby in the Suburbs of that Name, and thence to go to Breakfast at the great golden Star, where he had order'd a Collation to be prepared for them. *Rancour*, who was one of those who love to eat at other Mens Cost, was almost as soon got ready as the Proposition was made him, and which you may easily be inclin'd to believe, if you consider that these sort of People are accusom'd to dress and undress behind the Scenes, to act different Parts, which will admit of but little Delay. *Ragotin* and *Rancour* then marched on towards the Abby of *la Cousture*; but we must suppose they called in at some Church or other by the way to say a short Prayer, for *Ragotin's* Thoughts he had in his Head would not admit of a long one. He nevertheless acquainted *Rancour* with nothing of the matter, for fear it might have kept him from his Breakfast, which he knew he had a greater Inclination for, than to give Ear to any thing he could tell him. They came to the Inn, where being enter'd, the little Man began to fly in a great Passion, because the *petits pâtés* he had order'd were not ready. To which the Hostess answer'd, without rising off the Seat where she sat; Truly, Monsieur *Ragotin*, I know not how you could expect I shou'd divine when you would come; but since you are now here, the *pâtés* shall not be long after you: Pray walk into the Hall, where you'll find a Cloth laid, and a *Westphalia* Ham to stay your Stomach. This she spoke after a grave Hostess-like manner, and which inclined *Rancour* to be on her side; who

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who turning to *Ragotin*, cry'd, Sir, pray let us comply with my Hostess's Proposal, and take a Glas or two while our Breakfast is getting ready. They sat down to Table, which in a very short time after was cover'd, and they breakfasted after the manner of *Mans*, that is to say, very heartily. They drank the same, and put about several Healths, among which the Reader may imagine *Madam Star's* was not forgot. Little *Ragotin* tost up above a dozen Glasses successively, sometimes sitting, and sometimes standing with his Hat in his Hand. But at last he would needs drink his Mistress's Health on his Knees and bare-headed, which made him to look just for all the World as if he had been doing Penance at the Door of some Church. It was then that he earnestly reminded *Rancour* of his Promise to assist him in the Conquest of *Madam Star's* Heart. Whereupon *Rancour* half angry, or at least feigning to be so, answer'd him a little roughly. I thought, Monsieur *Ragotin*, you had known me to be a Man that never embark'd without Ammunition, I mean, engaged in any thing that I were not able to bring about. Be satisfied then I will omit no opportunity to serve you. I tell you so again, and have ways in my Head whereby to compass it. But I see one great Obstacle in our way, and that is our sudden departure from hence; the only Method therefore that I can advise you to bring about your Ends, is to resolve to be admitted amongst us. You have all the Qualifications for it that can be desired. You have a good Mein, a strong Voice, a good Tone, and a better Memory: And in a Word, seem to have nothing about you that looks Country. You look as if you had lived all your Life time at Court, having so much the Air of it, that you might be known for a Courtier above a Mile off. You need not, proceeded he, to act above a dozen times before you'll be able to outdo all our young Pretenders, who must resign their Parts to you, and then leave the rest to me. As for your Mistress, quoth he, you'll have but a tough bit of her at first, you must manage her with Policy, whereof I know you to have sufficient, however a little Instruction cannot be amiss. I would advise you therefore not to let her know your design at your first Admittance of our Compa-

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ny, that being certainly the way to lose her, but rather to keep her in Suspence till you have a convenient Opportunity to make your Addresses, and after you have sufficiently won upon her by your Conversation, which I dare promise you'll soon do. The little Man had been so attentive to *Rancour's* Discourse, that he was almost ravish'd into an Extasie, imagining he had already, as we say, the Wolf by the Ears; when coming to himself all of a sudden, as it were out of an Apoplexy, he started from the place where he sat, and went to the other side of the Table to embrace *Rancour*, whom he thanked heartily for his Counsel, and begged of him to continue his Friend in this Affair; protesting at the same time that his only Design in inviting him to Breakfast was to have declared his Mind to him concerning his being admitted of his Society, and which he resolv'd forthwith to be. After this they reckon'd with their Landlady, and *Ragotin* paid all. When they were out of Doors they took their Course directly towards the *Strollers* Lodgings, which was not far off. They found the Women up and drest; but *Rancour* had no sooner open'd *Ragotin's* Design to them than he was interrupted by a Messenger from *Leander's* Father, who sent his Son word by him that he was sick to death, and desired to see him before he paid that Debt to Nature, which all Men sooner or later must. This obliged all the Company to lay their Heads together to consult how they should bear up against an Accident so unexpected. *Leander* took *Angelica* aside, and told her his time was now come to live happy if she would but contribute towards it, otherwise he must be unfortunate tho' rich, and poor tho' he had a good income. She promised him all the Favours that lay in her Power, and particularly those you will meet with in the following Chapter.

C H A P. III.

Leander's Project and Harangue, together with Ragotin's Admission among the Strollers.

THE Jesuits of *la Fleche* not having been able to make *Leander* continue his Studies, and perceiving his Inclinations

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clinations ran high to be a Player, presently concluded he must be in Love with some Actress or other, which they were altogether confirm'd in, when after the Departure of the Company they found he had followed them to *Anvers*. They therefore thought themselves oblig'd to acquaint his Father therewith by a Messenger on purpose, which they soon after did, and who arriv'd just as a Letter was deliver'd the old Gentleman from *Leander*, whereby he gave his Father to understand that he design'd for the Wars, and therefore desired a Sum of Money to accoutre himself. This Stratagem had been laid between *Destiny* and he, when he first discovered his Quality to him at the Inn where he was wounded. His Father soon finding the Cheat, flew into an excessive Passion, which together with his great Age, threw him into a Distemper that quickly ended his Days. Perceiving his End to approach, he called one of his Tenants to him, and commanded him immediately to go find out his Son, which he told him he was most likely to do among the *Strollers*. This the Farmer knew as well as he, having been the Person that had furnish'd *Leander* with money from the time he left the College; so that understanding there was a Company of *Strollers* at *Mans*, he made all the haste he could thither, and found his young Landlord as you have it in the foregoing Chapter. *Ragotin* was desired by the Company to leave them for some time to confer with the Tenant newly arriv'd, which you may imagine he was very unwilling to do, yet at last he retired into an adjoining Chamber, where he waited with great Impatience till their Business was over. They had no sooner got him out of the Room but *Leander* brought in his Father's Tenant, who immediately related the bad Condition the old Gentleman was in, as likewise his earnest Desire to see his Son before he died. Thereupon *Leander* immediately craved Leave to comply with his Father's dying Request, which was judg'd by the whole Company reasonable to be granted. It was then *Destiny* revealed the Secret of *Leander's* Quality, which he had all along kept private, and which he did not come to the Knowledge of till after the ravishing of Madam *Angelica*, as you may have read in the second Part of this true History. He thought it now high time to let it be known, as well to disabuse Mrs.

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Cave, who could not get it out of her Head, but that *Leander* was either the Principal, or Accessary in the carrying off her Daughter, as to oblige him who had done him the Honour to be his Serving-man, and would have continu'd such had he not found himself oblig'd to tell who he was, while he was in quest of Madam *Angelica*. He was moreover so far from consenting to the carrying away of *Angelica*, that having met her Ravishers he had hazarded his Life in her Assistance; but not having been able to resist so many People, he had been dangerously wounded, and left for dead upon the place. All the Company then immediately asked his Pardon for not having treated him suitable to his Quality, which they nevertheless thought themselves the more excusable for, in not having had any Knowledge of the Matter before. Madam *Star* added, she had always suspected something from the great Store of Wit and Merit she had observ'd in him, and which she was afterwards confirm'd in, especially when she saw her Mother Mrs. *Cave's* Letters from him; nevertheless did not know what to think when she saw him so employ'd in her Brother's Service. Then began Mrs. *Cave* to speak, addressing herself to *Leander*, after the following manner. Truly, Sir, after I had in some measure discover'd your Quality, by the Letters you writ to my Daughter, I had no small reason to distrust your Sincerity, being not inclinable to believe that a Person who was to have so good an Estate after his Father's Death, would ever condescend to marry a poor Stroller: But, continued she, I thank Heaven the time is at length come that you are to be made happy in plentiful Possessions, and I am to be deliver'd from a future Possibility of being any more imposed upon by your false Pretensions. *Leander* being extremely surpriz'd at these Words, quickly reply'd. 'All you say, Madam, I am likely to possess, would not render me a jot happy, if I were not assur'd at the same time of the Possession of your Daughter *Angelica*. Without her I renounce all the Fortune which Nature and my Father's Death shall cast upon me, and declare to you, before all this good Company, that I go with so much Willingness to enter upon my Succession, upon no greater account than to return speedily to perform

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form my Promise to marry your Daughter, which I here once more confirm, and will speedily accomplish, provided both she and you will do me the Honour to afford your Consents. And if so, added he, I would not have you to think, that I design to carry her to my own Home; that is not at all in my Intentions, for I have found so much Pleasure in a Strolling Life, that I could never be persuaded to quit so many worthy Companions that have so largely contributed towards it. After this obliging Declaration, both the Actors and Actresses speaking all together, return'd him their most humble acknowledgments, averring at the same time, that *Mrs. Cave* and her Daughter would not be a little to blame if they refused so advantageous a proffer. *Angelica* for her part, said no more than became one that was at her Mother's disposal, only she bid *Leander* at parting to *Hope*, if he continued in the same mind at his return. After all the mutual Endearments and Tears that commonly pass between parting Friends, it was agreed that *Leander* should go the next Morning upon one of the Horses that had been hir'd; but which he refus'd, chusing rather that of his Tenant, which he thought would carry him better, and would leave the Hackny for his Companion. But we forget all this while, quoth *Destiny*, that Monsieur *Ragotin* is waiting without to speak with us. Is there any Body among us, added he, that knows what he would have? Hereupon *Rancour*, who had been silent for some time, open'd his Mouth, to let them understand that he knew, and that that very Morning he had treated him with a Breakfast to procure himself an opportunity to acquaint him that he had a mind to be admitted of the Company, without pretending to any share in the Profits, having sufficient of his own, and which he would rather chuse to spend in seeing the World, than to live altogether at *Mans*, as he had been advised to do. Hereat *Roquebrune* presently advanc'd to give his Opinion, that he ought not to be admitted, and that for these Reasons, Because, said he, two Poets under one Roof never agree, it being with them as with Women, where there are more than one there are too many. Besides, quoth he, *Ragotin's* Shape would never suffer him to be an Ornament to the Stage, but would rather disgrace

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it: For, added he, What Parts could he propose to act? As for the principal ones Monsieur *Destiny* would not permit him to undertake them, and for the second best they belong to *Olive*. And then for a Nurse or a Confidante, continued he, he must not pretend to either of them, his Person being altogether as deform'd in a disguise as out of one. Therefore, concluded he, 'tis my Opinion in few Words, that he ought by no means to be receiv'd. ' And 'tis mine, ' reply'd *Rancour*, that he ought by all means to be received, ' for where there is occasion to represent a Dwarf none can ' be so proper; and then for a Monster, as that in *Andromeda*, it were better to have a natural one at Hand, than ' to be at the trouble to contrive one that would be only Artificial. He added farther, that as for speaking a Part, he could assure them he would be like another *Ophelus*, that drew every thing after him. ' For, proceeded he, whilst ' *Olive* and I were seeking after Madam *Angelica*, we over- ' took him riding upon an Ass no bigger than himself, and ' repeating the Adventures of *Pyramus* and *Thysbe*, with so ' good an Emphasis, that several Rusticks that were then ' going the same way, came up with him, and gave so ' constant attention with their Hats off, that they would ' not leave him till they came to the Inn where we all bait- ' ed. If then, continued he, he could gain so far upon ' these Rusticks, what will he be able to do when he comes ' to speak before Men of Sense? This Relation made every body to laugh, and the Company was thereupon resolved to hear *Ragotin* speak for himself. He was sent for in, and after about a dozen low *Corgees* he began his Harangue in the following manner. *Illustrious* Personages, and August Senate of *Parnassus* quoth he (fancying himself, no doubt, speaking at the Bar of the *President's* Court in *Mans*, where he had been admitted Advocate but a little before) it is a common saying, That evil Company corrupts good Manners, and on the contrary, good must needs improve them. This *Exorcium*, so well begun, made the Company believe he was about to preach a Sermon, therefore they turned their Heads one way, and t'other, and could hardly forbear Laughing. Some Criticks perhaps may think much of the Word *Sermon*; but why might not *Ragotin* be thought

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thought capable of performing such a Task, when he had several times sung *Ballads* to the Organs? But however, he proceeded. I find my self so destitute of Vertues, that I desire to be admitted of your Illustrious Society for improvement: You are the Muses Interpreters, the living Echoes of their dear Darlings, and your Merits are so well known throughout all *France*, that you are admir'd even beyond the Poles. As for you, Ladies, quoth he to the Women, you charm all that do but look upon you; and 'tis impossible to be within the hearing of your harmonious Voices, but one must needs be ravish'd into Extrasy. In fine, said he, you are meer Angels of Flesh and Blood; and all the Poets have thought themselves happy in celebrating your Praises. And for you, Gentlemen, continued he, no *Alexander* nor *Cesar* ever equal'd the Valour of Monsieur *Destiny*, nor of the other Heroes his Companions, and therefore you must not wonder if I am ambitious of encreasing your number by one, which will be easie for you to suffer me to do, if you can but consent to it. I promise you moreover, proceeded he, that I will be no manner of charge to ye, neither will I pretend to any Share in the Profits of our Performances, but all along continue your most humble and most obedient Servant. *Ragotin* having thus ended his Harangue, he was desired to withdraw for a Minute, that what he had said might be consider'd. He withdrew, and the Company was just going to proceed according to Form, when the Poet *Roquebrune* threw himself in again to make a second Opposition to *Ragotin's* Preferment, but he was presently thrust out by *Rancour*, who had pushed him more violently but that he had regard to his new Suit which was bought with the Money he had lent him. At length it was agreed that *Ragotin* should be admitted amongst them for the Diversion of the Company. He was thereupon call'd in, the accusom'd Ceremonies pass'd, was enroll'd in the Register, took an Oath of Fidelity, had the Word given by which the *Strollers* knew one another; and after all, sup'd with the whole *Caravan*.

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CHAP. IV.

Of Leander's Departure; The Strollers going for Alengon, and Ragotin's Misfortune.

AFTER Supper every Body would be congratulating *Ragotin* upon the Honour he had received, and which made him to swell so enormously, that he burst the Waistband of his Breeches in two places. In the mean time *Leander* took occasion to entertain his dear *Angelica* with Love-stories, and to whom he reiterated his Design to marry her, which he pronounc'd with so much Softness and Tenderness that she could answer him only with Tears, whereof she shed abundance. I know not whether these proceeded from her Joy at the fair Promises he made her, or thro' her Concern for his so sudden Departure; however it was, 'tis certain they exchanged several mutual Endearments, which were not in the least interrupted by Mrs. *Cave*. But at length Night drawing on apace, it was convenient, they should both retreat. *Leander* took leave of the Company and went to Bed. Next Morning he got up betimes, and set out with his Father's Tenant, with that Expedition, that he quickly arriv'd at his Journey's end, where he found the old Gentleman very ill, who nevertheless told him he was glad to see him. He likewise expressed to him as far as he was able, the great Grief his Absence had caus'd him, as also that he was now come seasonably to receive his last Blessing, together with his Estate, altho' he had been advis'd to disinherit him for the ill Courses he had taken. The rest of *Leander's* Affairs we shall learn at his Return. The Actors and Actresses being got ready drest, took care to pack up their Baggage as fast as they could, that they might be ready to depart in good time. At length all was prepar'd and nothing was wanting, except a Horse for one of the Women, which they had before provided, but were disappointed in. They therefore had desired *Olive* to get another just as *Ragotin* enter'd the Room, who hearing their Proposition, told them there was no occasion, by reason he had one that would carry double, and if they pleased

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pleased, either *Madam Star* or *Angelica* should ride behind him. This he urg'd the rather, because he told them it was impossible they should reach *Alengon* in one Day, being above ten Leagues off; but being oblig'd to make two of it, his Horse would serve well enough for the purpose he propos'd. Whilst he was thus recommending his Contrivance, *Madam Star* interrupted him, affirming she could not ride double; this vexed the little Man extremely, but which he was a little after the better satisfied with, when *Angelica* to'd him she would. They breakfasted all together that Morning, and the *Operator* and his Wife were invited; but whilst the Collation was getting ready, *Ragotin* took an occasion to talk farther with Signior *Ferdinando*, to whom he made the same Speech he had done before to the Advocate, whom he had taken for him; to which the Magician answer'd, that he had try'd all that lay within the Compass of his Art to serve him, but without effect, which made him inclinable to believe that *Madam Star* knew more of Magick than he; that her Charms were more powerful, and in a word, that she must needs be a dangerous Person, not fit to be convers'd with. *Ragotin* would have reply'd to these Reflections on his Mistrefs, but that he was just then called upon to wash his Hands, and sit down to Table, which they all did at the same time. *Inezilla* protested to all the Company, and chiefly the Women, that both she and her Husband were extremely concern'd at their so speedy leaving them, and would willingly have waited on them to *Alengon*, to have had their Conversation longer, had they not been oblig'd to mount their Stage and act their Farces, which her Husband chose rather to do at *Mans* when they were gone, than to incommode them by doing it in the same Town whither they were going; it being certain the People would sooner run after them where they paid nothing, than to go to see a Play where they must pay. The Company thanked both the Husband and Wife for their Civilities, and return'd them a thousand Acknowledgments for their good Will. The Women wept, and a great many Compliments pass'd between both Parties; only the Poet, who upon other Occasions would have talk'd as much

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much as four, upon this spoke not one Word, the parting with *Inezilla* being so cruel a Thunder-stroke to him, that tho' he fancied himself all over cover'd with Lawrel, the common Preservative against Thunder, yet could he not secure his Carcass. The Waggon being loaded, and ready to set out, Mrs. *Cave* took her place as she had done formerly, in the beginning of this *Romance*, Madam *Star* mounted upon a Horse which *Destiny* led, and *Angelica* got up behind *Ragotin*, who took care to avoid the like Accident in mounting as had before befallen him. All the rest went on Foot in the same order as they came to *Mans*. When they were got to a little Wood about a League from the Town, a Stag that was then hunting by the Marquis of *Lavardin's* Servants happen'd to cross the Road, which *Ragotin's* Horse that went before perceiving, was extremely affrighted at, which oblig'd *Ragotin* to quit his Stirrups, he at the same time clap'd his Hand on the Carabine he had by his side, and thinking to kill the Stag, happen'd to touch the Trigger before he had well mounted the Piece; whereby, being greatly charg'd, the Carabine recoil'd, and threw him off, and striking at the same instant against *Angelica's* Side, forc'd her off likewise, but who received little or no harm. As for *Ragotin*, it was his Misfortune to fall against the Stump of a Tree, which was about a Foot out of the Ground, whereby he got a Bump on his left Temple, which however by a Bandage with a piece of Silver instead of Lead was soon cured. This Accident caus'd a great deal of Laughter in the Company, after they saw there was no more harm done, which they would otherwise have forborn. The little Man nevertheless was extremely enrag'd at their making a Jest of his Misfortune. Being remounted, together with *Angelica*, he would needs charge his Carabine again, but which she would by no means suffer him to do. They then proceeded on their Journey, and at last came to a little Inn where they were to bait. The Actors for their parts must take an afternoon's Luncheon, and the Actresses propos'd to lye on the Bed, as well to repose themselves as to observe how lustily their Companions eat and drank. The briskest Drinkers were *Rancour* and *Ragotin*, who were

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were so hotly engag'd to *Angelica's* Health, which they thought no Body had observ'd, that she was forc'd to call out to the latter to bid him drink less, and take more care of his charge for the future. This caused a Cessation of Arms, or rather of Glasses between the two Combatants. After some time the Reckoning being paid, and the Horses brought out, they all set forwards on their Journey. The Weather was fair and the Road good, which permitted them to arrive betimes at a Town called *Vivain*. They there went to the Sign of the Cock, being the best Inn in the Town. The Hostess, who was none of the best natur'd Women in the Province of *Maine*, made a great deal of difficulty to receive them, telling them she had no Bed room for them. Her Company it seems was a *general Receiver*, an *Exciseman*, and four or five Pedlers. *Rancour* thinking to give a cast of his Office, told his Landlady they desired only a Chamber for the Women, and as for the Men, they would pig in any where. This calm dealing somewhat abated the Pride of our Lady Hostess. She admitted them therefore, and they did not unload their Waggon, but lock'd it up in a Stable which they found at the bottom of the Yard. The Women had a Chamber assign'd them, where the Company all supp'd together. After Supper the Men retir'd, leaving the Women to go to Bed in two Beds, *viz.* Madam *Star* in one, and Mrs. *Cave* and her Daughter *Angelica* in the other. You may imagine they did not forget to take the Key in the inside of the Door, as did not likewise the two *Receivers*, who had order'd their Portmantues top full of Money to be brought into their Chambers. But the unwary Pedlers were not so cautious, for they took not that care, but admitted *Rancour* and *Olive* to lie in the same Room where they had their Packs. There were three Beds in that Room, whereof the Pedlers had two, and *Rancour* and *Olive* the third. *Rancour* slept not a wink all Night, watching for an Opportunity to put his design in Execution when the Pedlers were asleep. At last he got up, thinking they were fast, and going softly towards the Packs, was interrupted by one of the Pedlers, who being overtaken with a Looseness, was forc'd to rise to ease his
Belly.

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Belly. This made *Rancour* to return in some haste to his Bed. In the mean time the Pedler who had been used to lodge in this Inn, and knew all the ways out and in, went to a Door that opened into a little Gallery, at the end whereof was the House of Office. This he did not to incommode the venerable Comedians with a bad smell. When he had done he went to return from whence he came; but instead of going the right way, descended on the other side, and went by a private Door into the Receivers Chamber, where approaching the first Bed he met, and believing it his own, he heard an unknown Voice demand of him *Who was there?* This caus'd him to turn, without saying a word, to the other Bed, where he heard the same thing, but spoke with a more angry Accent. This last Person call'd out at the same time for a Candle, affirming there was some body in his Room. Hereupon the Host made the Servant to rise immediately, and see what was the matter; but before she could possibly strike a Light, the Pedler had got out of the Room, and was coming into his own Chamber; but before he came, *Rancour* that had heard all the difference between him and his Neighbours, for there was only a thin Partition between them, resolv'd to lose no time, and therefore having dextrously unty'd the Cords of one of the Packs, took out thence two pieces of Linen, which having done, he fastened the Cords again as artificially as if they had never been open'd; for he knew perfectly well that Secret, known only to those of his Fraternity, as well as he did their Marks and Cyphers. He was just going to attack another of the Packs when the Pedler enter'd the Chamber, who hearing him walk about demanded *Who was there?* *Rancour*, who never wanted an Excuse at a pinch, after having thrust the two pieces of Linen into his own Bed, told him the Maid had forgot to set him a Chamber-pot, and that therefore he was looking for the Window to piss out at; whereupon the Pedler, who was not yet got into Bed, reply'd, Sray, Sir, if you please, I'll go open it for you, for I know better where it is than you do. This having not only said but done, he immediately leapt into Bed, and left *Rancour* to piss out at the Window, which

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which he did as copiously as when he bedew'd the Merchant of lower *Maine*, while he lay with him in an Inn at *Mans*, as you may find he did in the Sixth Chapter of the First Part of this *Romance*. He afterwards went directly to his Bed, without shutting the Window. The Pedler cry'd out to him that he ought not to have left it open, and he cry'd out to the Pedler that he might shut it if he pleas'd, for as for his part he should not trouble his Head about it any more, having scarce been able to find the way to his Bed when it was shut. The Pedler fearing *Rancour* had a mind to make a Squabble of it, rose without any more ado and shut the Window, and afterwards grop'd his way out to Bed again. All this while the Host and Hostess were brawling like mad at their Maid to light the Candle, which she was endeavouring to do, but as the Proverb has it, *The more Haste the less Speed*, this sorry Wench had been above an Hour blowing the Small-coal before she could raise a spark of Fire. This caus'd her Master and Mistress to curse her at no common rate, and the *Receivers* began to be more and more enrag'd to find they could not get a Candle, when they had called for one so often. At length it was lighted, and the Host, Hostess, and Servant went together into the *Receivers* Room; where finding no body, they told them they had done ill to alarm all the Family for no reason. But they on the contrary maintained they had both seen and heard a Man in their Chamber, and more than that, had talk'd with him. The Host hearing this, went immediately into the *Strollers* Chamber, and demanded of them and the Pedlers, whether any of them had been in their Neighbours Room? They all answer'd, No, *none of us has been out of Bed except that Monsieur yonder*; meaning *Rancour*, who was forc'd to rise to piss out at the Window, your Maid not having set him a Chamber-pot. Hereat the Host presently fell upon the Servant for her neglect, and afterwards went to the *Receivers* again, telling them they must needs have dreamt that some body was in their Room, since not a Soul had been stirring that way as he could hear of. After this he left them, wishing them to go to sleep again, it not being yet Day. As soon as it was well light *Rancour* got up, and demanding the Key of the Stable

ble, went to hide the Purchase he had got in the Waggon.

CHAP. V.

What happen'd to the Strollers between Vivain and Alegon, together with another of Ragotin's Misfortunes.

ALL the Heroes and Heroines of our Strolling Company got out betimes. They took the high Road to *Alegon*, and in a little while arrived safe at *Bourg le Roy*, the King's Town, called by the Vulgar *Bouleroy*. Here they dined, and staid some time, during which, they debated whether they should go by *Arsonnay*, a Village about a League from *Alegon*, or whether they should take to the other side to avoid *Barree*, a Road where in the hottest Summer there is Dirt, and wherein the Horses often plunge up to their Bellies. Being not able to conclude the matter amongst themselves, they consulted the Waggoner, who told them his Horses would carry them thro' the worst of Quagmires, they being the very best for Draft of any in *Mans*. Also that they had not above half a Mile of bad way; whereas if they went by the Common of *St. Pater*, they would find the Roads dirtier, and to longer continue so. He remember'd them likewise, that the Horses and Waggon only would go in the Dirt, and that the Foot people might step over into the Fields and walk there secure. At length they pitch'd upon the former Road, and Madam *Star* desired the Waggoner to let her know when they came to the Dirt, because she chose rather to go on Foot in good way, than to ride on Horse-back thro' a Bog. Of the same mind were *Angelica* and Mrs. *Cave*, who had some apprehensions that the Waggon might overturn. When they were just about entering this bad way, *Angelica* slid off from *Ragotin's* Horse's Crupper, *Destiny* set down Madam *Star*, and some others of the Company handed Mrs. *Cave* out of the Waggon. Hereupon *Roquebrune* whipp'd up upon *Star's* Horse, and followed *Ragotin*, who went just after the Waggon. When they were got into the very worst of all the Road, and where there was only
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room for the Waggon to pass safe, they met about twenty Carriers Horses, driven by five or six Country Fellows, who tawl'd out like mad to the Waggoner to stop; but which he little regarding, requiring the same thing of them in a much higher Tone, and alledging that he could turn on neither side without inevitable plunging in the Bog. The Carriers thinking to get the better by their expedition, trotted briskly up to him, and gap'd out so loud that the waggoner's Horses took flight and broke their Traces, throwing themselves at the same time into the Bog, whilst the Waggoner endeavouring to keep his Waggon from following them, weigh'd one of the Wheels too much on the other side, which finding no firm Ground to support it, overthrew the whole Machine in the Mud. *Ragotin* being extremely incens'd against the Carriers, for having been the occasion of this Accident, thunder'd out *Anathemas* against them like one possess'd, and thinking to come at them on the right side, where he saw the way open, rid furiously against them with his Carabine cock'd; but he had no sooner enter'd the Mud than he stuck so fast, that he was fain not only to disengage his Legs from out of his Stirrups, but likewise to quit his Saddle, and leap off into the Bog, where he presently sunk so deep that he was up to his Armpits, and had been quickly to his Chin if he had not extended his Arms. This unexpected Accident caused all the Passengers that travelled in the Fields to stop and lend their Assistance. Poet *Roquebrune* likewise, who had hitherto out-brav'd all the Assaults of Fortune, was now glad to retire to a dry place. The Carriers perceiving so many Men for their Enemies, all arm'd with Fuses, thought it but Prudence to retire as fast as they could, and take to another Road. In the mean time it was judg'd highly necessary to remedy the Disorder that had happen'd as soon as possible, and therefore they propos'd to begin with Monsieur *Ragotin* and his Horse, who were both in no small danger of being suffocated. *Olive* and *Rancour*, were the two first that ventur'd to assist them; but the nearer they approach'd the deeper they sunk into the Mud, insomuch that having try'd several places, and found them all alike, *Rancour*, who had always an Expedient at Hand in Cases of Necessity

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Necessity, propos'd without laughing to draw *Ragotin* out of the Danger wherein he was, by one of the Cart-ropes, one end to be fasten'd on his Neck and the other to the Horses, who were then got out into the dry Road. This Proposition made all the Company to laugh, except *Ragotin*, who was not a little afraid of its being executed upon him, nevertheless, at last the Waggoner, who had run a great hazard in getting out the Horses, did the like for him; for seizing him fast by the Collar, he at several pulls drew him out of his hole, and drag'd him into the Fields where his Company were waiting for him, who could not forbear laughing to see him in that pickle. This done, the Waggoner returned to bring out the Horse, who beginning to exert himself, by the help of a little whipping, flounc'd about in the Mud, and at length got quite out. Last of all *Olive*, *Rancour* and the Waggoner, being all over bemir'd with Dirt, joyned to get out the Waggon, which they soon performed by their united Endeavours, and loaded it once more with the Baggage. The Horses were put again into the Traces, and *Ragotin* remounted his Courser, tho' that with some difficulty, his Girts being all broken. *Angelica* would by no means get up behind him again, for fear of spoiling her Cloaths. Mrs. *Cave* and Madam *Star* chose to walk on Foot likewise, all whom *Destiny* accompanied to the Sign of the *Green Oaks*, which was the only Inn to be met with between *Mans* and the Suburbs of *Monfort*. Here they staid, not caring to enter the Town in the Condition they were in. After those that had took the most pains had drank to refresh themselves, they spent the rest of the Day in drying their Cloaths, having taken fresh to put on out of their Trunks, which Variety had been presented them by the Gentry of *Mans*. The Actresses supped but lightly, having lost their Stomachs thro' the great Fatigue they had undergone in walking, and which inclined them to go early to Bed. The Actors not only eat but drank heartily before they would go to Bed. They were in about their first sleep, being near Eleven at Night, when a company of Men came and knocked at the Gate of the Inn, enquiring for Beds. The Host answer'd his Lodgings were full, and be-

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sides, that it was an unseasonable time o' Night, for them to require any. Notwithstanding this Answer they knock'd the more, and threaten'd to break down the Gate in case it were not speedily open'd to them. *Destiny*, who had always carried *Saldagne*, in his Mind, thought that this must needs be he, who was come to carry *Star* away by force; but having look'd out of the Window, perceiv'd by the help of the Moon, which then shone very bright, a Man among them with his Hands tied behind him; which having whisper'd to his Companions who were all ready prepar'd to receive *Saldagne*, *Ragotin* cry'd out it was Monsieur *la Rappiniere*, who had got some Highway-Man in his Custody, for that he was in quest of one. They afterwards were confirm'd in this Opinion, when they heard them from without command the Host in the King's Name to open the Gates. *But why the Devil*, quoth *Rancour*, *could they not have carried their Prisoner to Mans, or to the Viscounty of Beaumont, or at worst, Why could they not go to Fresnay? At all which Places there are Prisons, whereas there is none here. There must*, proceeded he, *be some Mystery in this.* The Host thought himself however oblig'd to open to *la Rappiniere*, who entred with Ten Archers and a Prisoner bound after the manner I have told you. This Prisoner was in a merry Humour, and could not forbear laughing, especially as often as he look'd upon *la Rappiniere*, which he often did steadfastly, and which was the reason he was not carried to *Mans*. Now you must know *la Rappiniere* having had notice there were several Robberies committed, and Houses broken open and pillag'd thereabouts, had set himself diligently about looking after the Rogues. As it happen'd, whilst he and his Archers were hunting for them near the Forest of *Perfaine*, they saw a Man come out of the Wood, who perceiving a company of Horse-men, return'd with haste in again, which caus'd *la Rappiniere* to believe he must needs be one of those he look'd after. Having caught him, they were extremely surpriz'd that he answer'd only confus'dly, and yet at the same time laugh'd in *la Rappiniere's* Face, who the more he look'd upon him the more he fancied he had seen him somewhere, but could not remem-

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ber where. The reason of his not being able to recollect himself was, that at the time of their Acquaintance short Hair and long Beards were worn, but this Man had long Hair and no Beard, and moreover wore different Cloaths from what he did when they were acquainted. All this entirely disguiz'd him from *la Rappiniere's* Knowledge. *La Rappiniere* when he went to Bed, which he did after he had well supp'd, committed him to the Custody of two of the Archers, who tied him to an old fashion'd Bench in the Kitchen, and so went to sleep in their Chairs, leaving him to do the like if he pleased on the Pavement. Next Morning *Destiny* was up first in the House, who going into the Kitchen, saw the Archers asleep in their Chairs, and a Man with his Hands ty'd behind him, fasten'd to a Bench, and lying along awake upon the Stones; who making a sign to him, to come near him, he was not a little surpriz'd, when the Prisoner ask'd him *if he did not remember he was once robb'd on the Point neuf, at Paris, and that he had lost among other things a small Picture in a Box; I was then,* continu'd he, *with the Sieur la Rappiniere who being at that time our Captain, forced me to attack you. You know all that passed besides. I have learn'd,* proceeded he, *that you have been inform'd of all by Doguin, on his Death-bed, and I have likewise understood that la Rappiniere has restor'd you your Box, nevertheless, you have now a fair Opportunity to revenge your self on him. As for my part,* added he, *should they carry me to Mans, as I do not know but they may, I should be surely hang'd there; but then,* concluded he, *it is a/so in yours and my Power to make him dance the same Dance. It is but joining your Evidence with mine, and you may guess how a Jury of Mans would deal with him.* *Destiny* having heard this lett the Prisoner, and waited for *la Rappinier's* rising. Being come down he met him in an Entry, when taking him aside, he acquainted him with all that the Highway-Man had told him, adding withal, that he might well see he was not revengeful, since he declined taking advantage of what he had heard, and instead thereof, advis'd him to be gone, and leave the Criminal to shift for himself. *La Rappiniere* would have staid till the Actresses were stirring,

had

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had not *Destiny* frankly told him that *Madam Star* could not behold him without the most just Indignation imaginable. He insinuated to him moreover, that if the *Under-Bailly* of *Alengon* should come any ways to hear of his Crime, he would certainly send quickly to seize him. This he himself was likewise inclinable to believe, and therefore having first unloos'd the Prisoner, and set him at Liberty, he mounted on Horseback, together with his Archers, pretending to them he had been mistaken in the Man, and went his way without paying his Reckoning, according to custom, and likewise without returning *Destiny* thanks; but which last Omission was wholly to be attributed to the Disorder and Confusion he was in. After he was gone, *Destiny* called up *Roquebrune*, *Olive* and the *Decorator*, and they went together into the Town, to the great Tennis-court, where they found six Gentlemen playing a *Partie*. They presently went to enquire for the Master of the Court, when those that were in the Gallery, knowing they were Players, acquainted the six Gentlemen therewith, and that there was amongst them one of a better Mien than ordinary. The Gentlemen after a little while finish'd their *Partie*, and went up Stairs to be rubb'd and dry'd, whilst *Destiny* came into the Court, and discoursed the Master. At length the Gentlemen came down again half drest, and saluted *Destiny*, asking him several Questions concerning his Company, particularly how many they were? Whether there was any good Actors among them? If they had good Cloaths? And whether their Women were handsom? All which Questions *Destiny* answer'd to their satisfaction; in return for which Civility, they offer'd him all the Service they were capable of doing him; and having desir'd the Master to help them on with the rest of their Cloaths, told *Destiny* they would gladly drink with him, if he would but have Patience till they were quite drest. *Destiny* accepted their proffer, being glad to get as many Friends as he could to assist him, in case *Saldagne* should pursue him, which he was yet under an apprehension of. In the mean time the Hire of the Tennis-Court was agreed on, and the *Decorator* was dispatch'd to the Joiner, to give him Orders to fit up a Play-House according to his Model. The Gentlemen
being

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being at length drest, *Destiny* addrest himself to them with so graceful a Mien, and so much good Sense, that they soon conceived a more than ordinary kindness for him. They demanded of him where his Company lay, and having understood that it was at the *Green Oaks* in the Suburbs, they propos'd to go and drink a Glass, and eat a bit with him and his Friends where he pleas'd. A place was nam'd, and they met all except the Women, where they Breakfasted heartily. You may imagine their Discourse was chiefly about Acting and Plays. They afterwards went together to the Womens Lodgings, whom they found just sitting down to Dinner, which was the reason the Gentlemen staid but little with them; but nevertheless long enough to offer them all the Service and Protection imaginable, which was much in their Power to perform, being the very top Gentry of that Town. After Dinner their *Strolling* Baggage was carried to the *Golden Cup*, being the Lodging *Destiny* had taken for them, and after a little while their Theatre being ready, they began to Act, in which Exercise we will leave them to shew they were no Novices, and return to see what became of *Saldagne* after his fall.

CHAP. VI.

Saldagne's Death.

YOU have seen in the Twelfth Chapter of the Second Part of this true History how *Saldagne* kept his Bed in the Baron d' *Arques* House in *Verville's* Apartment, on account of a fall he had had, as likewise, how his Servants had got so unmercifully drunk in a Country Inn, not above two Leagues off from the said House, that *Verville's* Man had no small trouble to make them comprehend that the Lady they had in charge was escap'd, and that the Man his Master had sent along with them had followed her on another Horse. After they had a little rubb'd their Eyes, yawn'd three or four times a piece, and stretch'd out their Arms as often to adjust their Chinebones, they put themselves into a posture of pursuit. *Verville's* Man neverthe-
less

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less led them a quite contrary way to what the Lovers had taken, and that by his Master's Orders, so that having wandred about for two or three Days in a fruitless Search, they at last return'd to their Master *Saldagne*, who was not yet either out of his Bed or cured of his Fall, they related to him how the Lady had got from them, but that the Person whom Monsieur *Verville* had procur'd them was gone in quest of her. *Saldagne*, was like to run Mad at the first hearing this News, and soon gave his Servants to understand, that it was well for them he was confin'd to his Bed, for had he been able to stand, or to lift but one Leg from off the Sheets, he would have made them sensible by innumerable Kicks and Bastinados, that their intolerable Negligence was not to be excused by bare Words. He flew into that violent Passion, and thunder'd out so many Curses against them, that he quite baffled the Surgeon's Art, and brought the Fever again so upon him, that when he came at Night to dress him, he apprehended a Gangreen in his Thigh, from the great Inflammation his Disorder had occasion'd there. He also observ'd a kind of livid Colour on the part, which being a farther bad Symptom, caused him to go immediately and find out *Verville*, to whom he related the whole unfortunate Accident. *Verville* seem'd much astonish'd at the relation, and wonder'd how the occasion of such an Accident could happen, which he nevertheless knew well enough, having been inform'd of all before by his Servant. He notwithstanding pretended a great deal of Ignorance, and went immediately to visit *Saldagne*; till having enquir'd the cause of his Alteration, and hearing it from his own Mouth, he at length redoubled his Grief by confessing to him that he had been the Contriver of what had befallen him, and that rather to have done him a Service than Diskindness, which had never been in his Thoughts. For said he to him, You may remember no body would entertain this Woman when you ran away with her; and I declare to you, that tho' I did suffer your Wife, my Sister, to lodge her within my Father's House, yet was it only with design to procure an opportunity to restore her to her Brother and Friends. Tell me, I beseech you, proceeded he, what do you think would

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would have become of you, if Information had been given in against you, and you had been taken up for a Rape? Could you have procured your Pardon, think you; and don't you yet know that the King never passes by Crimes of that nature? You fancied perhaps, added he, that the meanness of her known Birth, and the baseness of her Profession would in a great measure have got you excused; but do not flatter your self in that, for I would have you to know, that she is the Daughter both of a Gentleman and Gentlewoman, and therefore your hopes would have fail'd you there. Besides, continued he, tho' all the efforts of Justice should not have been able to hurt you, yet remember she has a Brother who would surely have been reveng'd on you for debauching his Sister. He is a Man of Courage, you know, and you have experienc'd it in divers Rencounters; therefore one would think that single Consideration should encline you rather to value than persecute him as you have long done. 'Tis high time now to cease that vain Pursuit, or you may quickly come to repent of not having done it. This Discourse that one would have thought might have both inclin'd *Saldagne* to have reflected and repented, served rather to encrease his Resentments, and made him entertain strange resolutions; which tho' he dissembled for the present to *Verville*, yet he endeavour'd afterwards to put in practice. He made what Haste he could to get cur'd, and as soon as he found himself in a Condition to mount a Horse, took leave of *Verville*, and at the same time posted away towards *Mans*, thinking to have found the Company of *Strollers* there; but being inform'd they were gone thence to *Alengon*, he forthwith resolved to follow them thither. Passing by *Vivain* he baited his Men, and three Cut-throats he carried along with him, at the Cock, where the *Strollers* had lodg'd. He was no sooner come into the Yard but he heard a great noise. Upon enquiry into the Matter it appear'd to be the Pedlers, who being going to a Fair at *Beaumont* had on the Road discover'd the Theft committed on them by *Rancour*, and were therefore return'd to complain of their Hostess, requiring satisfaction; but who told them she thought her self not oblig'd to make it them
by

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by reason they did not entrust her with their Packs, but had had them carried into their Chamber. That's true, quoth the Pedlers, but why the Devil did you put us to lodge in the same Room with those Jugglers, those Mountebanks, for no doubt it was some of them that robbed us? ' Well reply'd the Hostess, but did ye find any of your Packs slit or torn, or the Cords unloos'd? Neither of all three, answer'd the Pedlers, and that is it which most surprizes us, for we found the Cords ty'd after the same manner we had left them. ' How then would you have me to repair your loss, quoth the Hostess? get you about your business for a Company of Impudent Rogues. The Pedlers were just going to reply, when *Saldagne* swore that if they did not cease their brawling he would beat them most unmercifully. The poor Pedlers seeing so many lusty Fellows all disguis'd, thought it but prudence to hold their Peace, however waited for an opportunity when they were gone to renew their dispute with the Hostess. After *Saldagne* and his Men and Horses had refresh'd themselves a little, they set forward for *Alengon* where they arrived very late. *Saldagne* for his part could not sleep a wink all Night, and that for thinking on the manner of revenging himself on *Destiny* for taking his Booty from him; and as his Inclinations had been always brutal, so were the Resolutions he came to. Next Day he resolv'd to go to the Play, which was *Pompey the Great* of *Corneille*, and sent one of his Companions before to take places for four. As for himself he came muffled up in his Cloak to avoid discovery, but the rest were in *Quirpo*, being not known. All the time the Play was Acting he was as much tormented as the Audience was pleas'd, for all admir'd at the admirable Action of *Madam Star* who represented *Cleopatra*. When the Play was ended, *Saldagne* and his Friends staid behind all the Company, being resolv'd to attack *Destiny* before they went away. But how luckily were they prevented? for this Company of *Strollers* had gain'd so far both upon the *No-bless* and all the best Citizens of *Alengon* of either Sex, that they never came to the Theatre, or return'd thence, without a great number to attend them. The same Night

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a young Widow-Lady, by name *Ville-Fleur*, invited the Actresses to Supper in *Saldagne's* hearing, which they out of Modesty declin'd accepting; but being pressed thereto with a great deal of obliging Compulsion, they at length consented; and promised to come. After this they retir'd, but accompanied, as were the Men, with a great Number of Persons of the best Note. Among the rest were those Gentlemen that *Destiny* found at the Tennis-Court when he first came to hire it. This second defeat almost made *Saldagne* despair, till at length he resolv'd on one of the most villainous Actions that could be thought on by Man; and that was to carry off *Star* as she came out of Madam *Ville-Fleur's* House, and to stab all those that opposed him, under cover of the Night. The three Actresses went to wait on the Lady pursuant to their Promises, and great numbers of Gallants came likewise to wait on them. Now *Saldagne* imagin'd it as easy to carry off *Star* at this Juncture as he had found it before, when she was conducting on Horseback by *Destiny's* Man. He took therefore one of the strongest Horses he had, and putting him into the Hands of one of his Men, plac'd him at one of the Doors of Madam *Ville-Fleur's* House, which open'd into a narrow Street near the Palace, believing that upon some slight pretence or other he might get her out of the House, and then he would mount her on Horse-back, and carry her whither he pleased. Whilst he was thus feeding his Fancy with vain Chimera's and imagining his Booty already in his Possession, an Ecclesiastick who lov'd good Company, and had scrap'd some small Acquaintance with our Strollers, happen'd to be going that Night to Officiate his Vespers at Madam *Ville-Fleur's*, and who perceiving a Lackey, whose Livery he did not know, to stand at her Door, began to enquire of him, *Who he was, what he did there, and whether his Master was in the House?* To all these Questions the Fellow answer'd so confusedly that the Priest had just reason to believe him a Rogue. He went therefore up into the Room, where all the Company was, and gave them an account of what he had observ'd, telling them moreover, that he feared there was an Ambuscade laid for some Body or other, for that he had heard several

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several People walking about in the darker part of the narrow Street. *Destiny* had taken notice that one of the Audience had hid his Face in his Cloak, and having his Enemy *Saldagne* always in his Thoughts, did not doubt but it was he; nevertheless he concealed his Imaginations, and thought it sufficient for the present only to guard the Women to Madam *Ville-Fleur's* House, where they were to sit up all Night, with as much Company as they could get; but when he came to understand from the *Ecclesiastick*, what I have before told you, he immediately concluded that *Saldagne* was once more contriving to carry off his dear *Star*. This caus'd him and his Company to enter into an immediate Consultation what they had best to do. At last they agreed they would wait the event, and if no body appear'd among them before they broke up, they would go away with as much caution as they could. When they had just determin'd what to do, an unknown Person enter'd the Room, and enquir'd for Madam *Star*. Upon her coming, he inform'd her that a Lady of her Acquaintance desir'd to speak with her in the Street, and beg'd she would only come down for a Moment. Every body then presently knew that this was the Method *Saldagne* had propos'd to himself to procure the possession of his Mistress by, and therefore immediately got themselves into a posture to receive him. It was not thought fit that any of the Actresses should be suffer'd to go down, and therefore they borrow'd one of Madam *Ville-Fleur's* Chamber-Maids for that purpose. She was no sooner got into the Street but *Saldagne* seiz'd her, and offer'd to mount her upon his Horse; but he was not a little surpriz'd when he perceiv'd himself surrounded on all sides with arm'd Men, whereof some had come by the great Door round the Market-place, and others by the lesser Door. Hereupon *Saldagne*, who had always had no more Consideration than his Horse, and scarce so much, let fly a Pistol among them, and slightly wounded one of the Actors before he well knew whether they were come as Friends or Enemies. This rash attempt had half a dozen Shot immediately return'd, whereof one enter'd his Head, and two others his Body. His Companions who

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were out upon the Scout hearing a noise of several discharges, instead of coming up to assist their Friend, fled incontinently, as such rascally Bullies commonly do where they find any resistance. A Light was forthwith called for, to view the wounded Man who was fallen on the ground; but no body knew him except the *Strollers*, who assured the Company it was *Saldagne*. He was thought to be dead, tho' he really was not, and which occasion'd the By-standers to lend his Lackey their assistance to throw him athwart his Horse. Being carried after this manner to his Lodging, when he came there his Host presently discover'd some signs of Life in him, and consequently did all that lay in his power to recover him, which notwithstanding prov'd ineffectual, for he died the next Day. Being dead, his Corps was carried into his own Country, where he was received with feigned Sorrow by his Sisters and their Husbands, both lamenting outwardly their loss, tho' inwardly they were not a little glad of his Death; and I dare be bold to say, that Madam St. *Far* his Wife, wished him no better Fate. In the mean time Justice was sain to bestir her Stumps a little in the quest of the Murtherers, but no body being found, nor any body making a complaint; besides, the Persons that could be most suspected being of the best Gentry of the Town, the Prosecution was let fall. The Actresses were conducted to their Lodgings, where they learnt the next Day that *Saldagne* was dead, which caused them to rejoice exceedingly, being thereby out of danger of any future Disturbance, meeting every where with Friends, except in him and his Adherents.

CHAP. VII.

The Sequel of Mrs. Cave's History.

THE Day after *Saldagne's* Death *Destiny* and *Olive* went to return their hearty Thanks to the *Ecclesiastick*, at that time Prior of St. *Lewis*, for having deliver'd them from a Plague they could never otherwise have hop'd to have got rid of. This *Priory* was a Title rather
Honorary

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Honorary than Beneficial, belonging to a little Church situate in an Island made by the River *Sartha*, and between the two Bridges of *Alengon*. You must not wonder if both the Actors and Actresses of this Company receiv'd Benefit from a Priest, since you might have perceiv'd throughout the whole Comical Adventures of this Famous History, how many Services and good Offices have been done them by *Curates*. This *Prior*, who before had had but a slender Acquaintance with our *Stollers*, by this signal token of Kindness had contracted so great a Friendship with them, that they interchangeably visited and eat together almost every Day. Now one Day, while Monsieur the *Prior* was in the *Strollers* Chamber, which by the by, you must take notice was, on a *Friday*, when they did not Act, *Destiny* and Madame *Star* entreated Mrs. *Cave* to proceed with the account of her Life. She for her part was at first a little loath to comply with their request, till at length being prevail'd upon, and having cough'd three or four times, spit as often, and as some will have it, gravely wip'd her mouth with her Handkerchief, she just began to get her self into a readiness to speak, when the *Prior* was offering to be gone, believing it seems, that she might have something to deliver which she would not have every body know. He was notwithstanding stop'd by all the Company, and unanimously desired to stay, they assuring him they would be exceeding glad to have him take part of their Adventures. And I dare say, quoth *Star* to him, being a Woman of a ready Wit, *you yourself have had a share of some in your time, for you don't by any means seem to be a Person that has always worn a Cassock*. These Words confounded the *Prior* a little at first, but who afterwards coming to himself, frankly own'd he had had Adventures in his time, which possibly might not prove unacceptable in a *Romance*, in the room of many fabulous Stories it is commonly stuffed with. To which *Star* briskly reply'd, that she was very well satisfied they would be entertaining, and therefore immediately engaged him in the Relating of some of them the first opportunity they should have. Her request he promised to gratify, and then Mrs. *Cave* proceeded with her Account after the following manner.

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manner. 'The Dog that frightened us prevented what I
 ' was then going to say, and what ye shall now hear. The
 ' proposal the Baron of *Sigognac* caus'd to be made to my
 ' Mother, by the good Curate, afflicted her no less than
 ' it pleased me, as I have already told you; but what yet
 ' encreased her Affliction was, that she could not propose
 ' a way to her self how she might get out of his House. To
 ' do it alone she thought would be to little purpose, since
 ' she could not think to get far before he would certain-
 ' ly send and overtake her, and perhaps abuse her to boot.
 ' Moreover we thereby ran a risque of losing our Baggage,
 ' which was the only thing we had left to subsist on. At
 ' length Fortune offered us an opportunity to escape, the
 ' most plausible that could be, which was this; This Baron
 ' who had always hitherto been of a morose inflexible Tem-
 ' per, was now all of a sudden chang'd from his insensible
 ' Brutality to the softest of passions, *Love*, and that to so
 ' great an excess, that he became even sick with the vio-
 ' lence of it; nay more, sick to Death. At the beginning
 ' of his illness my Mother would needs be frequently offer-
 ' ing her Service, but she no sooner came near his Bed
 ' than he always began to rave. This my Mother per-
 ' ceiving, and being a Woman of no common contrivance,
 ' she immediately apply'd herself to his Servants, telling
 ' them that she observ'd her Daughter and she were rather
 ' an hindrance to their Lord's recovery than a help, and
 ' therefore desir'd of them to procure us Horses for our
 ' selves, and a Waggon for our Baggage, and she would
 ' be gone. This the Servants would by no means hear-
 ' ken to, till at length the Curate coming, and having
 ' understood the Baron was raving, resolv'd forthwith to
 ' deliver him from the occasion thereof, and immediately
 ' setting about it soon provided us with all those necessaries
 ' we requir'd. Next Morning we loaded a Cart with our e-
 ' quipage, and after having taken leave of the Servants, but
 ' especially of the obliging Curate, we set forth and arriv'd
 ' at Night at a little Town of *Perizord*, whose Name I have
 ' forgot, but which I nevertheless remember to be the same
 ' place from whence a Surgeon had been fetch'd to my
 ' Mother, when she was wounded by the Baron of *Sigog-*

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'nac's Servants, who took us for Gypsies. We alighted and went to an Inn, where we were immediately discovered for what we were; for the Chamber-Maid no sooner saw us but she cry'd out aloud to her Companions, *Courage my Hearts! we shall quickly have a Play acted here, since the rest of the Company are arriv'd.* This gave us to understand there were some *Strollers* already in the Town, which we were heartily glad of, being in hopes that we might have the good Fortune to join with them and so get our Livelihoods; wherein, as it happen'd, we were not deceiv'd, for the Morning following, after we had just discharg'd our Waggon and Horses, two, Actors who had heard of our arrival came to see us, who acquainted us that one of their Companions with his Wife having quitted their Company, we if we pleas'd might have their places; which if we would but condescend to accept he promised himself to perform wonders. My Mother who was always very obliging, accepted their proffer, and it was agreed she should have the chief parts, another Woman that was among them the second, and I such as they should allot me, or think me capable of, for I was then but thirteen or fourteen Years of Age at farthest. We continu'd acting here about fifteen Days, this Town being not sufficient to maintain us any longer. My Mother press'd heartily to be gone, having a dread upon her that as soon as the Baron was recover'd he might make search after us, and give us some Affront. We consequently set out and rode near 40 Leagues before we pitch'd upon any place where to Act. The Master of the Company, whose Name was *Belle-fleur*, talk'd of Marriage to my Mother, but which she absolutely refused, conjuring him at the same time not to trouble himself with making love to her, since she began to be somewhat old, and moreover had enter'd into a Vow never to marry again. *Belle-fleur* hearing my Mother's Resolution, troubled her no more with his Addresses. We rubb'd on three or four Years with success. At length I began to grow up, and my Mother became so crazy that she could not well Act her Parts, wherefore the Company having a tolerable Opinion of my Performance,

' I was substituted in her place. *Belle fleur* who found
 ' he could not have my Mother, demanded me of her
 ' for his Wife; but which favour she again deny'd him,
 ' having a mind to take the first opportunity to retire to
 ' *Marseilles*. But falling afterwards sick at *Troyes* in *Champ-*
 ' *agne*, and fearing to leave me behind her unmarried in
 ' case she should die, she communicated to me *Belle fleur's*
 ' request. Present necessity oblig'd me to accept the prof-
 ' fer, though he was old enough to be my Father, yet,
 ' considering he was a very Honest Man, I was the easier
 ' induc'd to consent to marry him. My Mother then had
 ' the satisfaction to see me married before she died, which
 ' happened in a few Days after. I was concern'd as much
 ' as a good Daughter ought to be, which nevertheless wore
 ' away in a little time. I began then to apply my self
 ' altogether to my Business again, and in a short time be-
 ' came with Child. The Day of my lying down being
 ' come, I brought into the World this Daughter *Angelica*
 ' you see here, who has cost me so many Tears, and is
 ' like to cost a great many more if I continue much lon-
 ' ger in this world. As she was going to proceed, *Destiny*
 interrupted her, telling her she might promise herself a
 great deal of Satisfaction for the future instead of Disquiet,
 since so rich a Gentleman as *Leander* had desir'd her Daughter
 for his Wife. Whilst Mrs. *Cave* was about to finish
 her Relation, *Leander* enter'd the Room and saluted all
 the Company: He was all dress'd in Black, and attended
 by three Footmen in black likewise, which presently gave
 every body reason to conceive that his Father was dead
 in earnest. The *Prior* left the Company and went his way;
 and 'tis here I conclude this Chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

The end of Mrs. Cave's History.

AFTER *Leander* had finished his Compliments upon his
 Arrival, *Destiny* told him, he must desire leave both
 to condole him for the Loss of his Father, and to congratu-
 late him on account of the great estate he had left him.
Leander thank'd him for both, but as for his Father's Death,

old

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told him, he had long expected it with Impatience. Nevertheless, added he, *do not intend to forsake my Profession, which has always been so pleasant to me; however, must desire that my appearing on the Stage may be dispenc'd with, till such time as we are got farther off the place of my Nativity.* This Request was forthwith granted by all. After which, Madam *Star* desir'd to know of *Leander* what Title she must salute him by for the future. His Answer was, That his Father's Title was *Baron of Roche-pierre*, which he had a right to use if he pleas'd, but that having resolv'd to continue among them, he determin'd to be call'd by no other Name than that of *Leander*, being the same under which he had been so happy as to be thought acceptable to his dear *Angelica*. This Name therefore, quoth he, *I am resolv'd to carry along with me to my Grave, as well for the reason just mention'd, as to convinceye all, that I am indispeisably dispos'd to perform punctually what I promis'd to the Company at my departure hence.* At these words Embraces wererenew'd, many Sighs breath'd forth, some Tears shed, and all in general approv'd the generous Resolution of *Leander*, who approaching *Angelica*, bestow'd a Thousand endearing Protestations on her; all which she return'd with so much Wit and good Nature, that he was more and more confirm'd in his Resolution. I would willingly give you the particulars of their entertaining each other, but that I am not in Love as they were. *Leander* told the Company farther, he had regulated all his Affairs, and put new Tenants into most of his Farms, who having paid Fines amounting in all to near 6000 *Livers*, he had brought the same along with him, to the end that in case the Company wanted Money, he might supply them. He receiv'd abundance of Thanks for this noble Offer. Then *Ragotin*, who had hardly appear'd in the two foregoing Chapters, came forward, and desir'd that since Monsieur *Leander* had been pleas'd to declare he would not act whilst the Players continued in this Country, that he might have his Parts, which he promis'd he would perform to all the Advantage imaginable. Whereupon, *Roquebrune*, who had always been his Opposite, rose up, and said, That he humbly conceiv'd, *Leander's* Parts belong'd

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rather to him, than to such a *Whipper-snapper* as he. This Word made all the Company to laugh; after which *Destiny* acquainted the two Candidates, that their several Merits should be considered, and Justice be speedily done them. Then Mrs. *Cave* was desir'd to go on with her History; but first the *Prior* of St. *Lewis* was to be sent for, to the end that having heard hers, he might be the better able to relate his own. Great Attention was given, and she began again thus. 'As I remember I left off at my lying in of *Angelica*, I have already told you the two *Strollers* came to desire us to join with them, but did not tell you, that those two were *Olive* and another who left ye afterwards, in whose Room came our Poet *Raquebrune*. But to come to the greatest of my Misfortunes, I must tell you, that one Day as we were acting the *Menteur*, *Liar*, of Monsieur *Corneille*, in a certain Town of *Flanders*, a Footman that had been keeping a Place for his Lady that was not yet come, left it, and went a drunkening, whereby another Lady got the Place. Soon after, the Lady to whom the Place belong'd came, and finding it taken up, very civilly told the other Lady, that that place belong'd to her, and therefore desir'd her to let her have it. The other answer'd, that if she had a place there, she might take it if she pleas'd, but that for her part she would not move an Inch from where she sat. Words thus arose, and from thence they came to Blows. The Ladies cuff'd each other heartily, which would have signified little, had not the Men interpos'd; who instead of parting the Fray, increas'd it, taking to either Party, and raising Factions against one another. This was Principally caus'd by the Ladies Relations, who both got what Friends they could on their side. Then was there nothing to be heard but squeeking and clashing of Swords, all which we only look'd upon from the Stage, till at length my Husband, who at that time played the part of *Dorante*, seeing so many Swords drawn, and not caring to look on, leapt in among them with his Sword drawn likewise, and endeavour'd to appease the Tumult; when a certain Person from one of the Parties, taking him no doubt for his Enemy, gave him such a home Thrust,

as

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as paid him notab'y for his meddling. This was given unperceiv'd by my Husband; for had he seen it, he would no doubt have parry'd it, being not a little skill'd in fencing. This Thrust nevertheless pierc'd his Heart, whereof he immediately fell dead to the Ground, which occasion'd all the Audience quickly to shift for themselves. I then threw my self off from the Stage into the Pit, and went to assist my wounded Husband, but to my great Grief found him stark dead. *Angelica*, who then might have been about thirteen or fourteen Years of Age, came down immediately to me, together with the rest of the Company, who all join'd with me in my just Complaints, for the Loss of so good a Husband. I buried him the best manner I could, after that the Coroner had sat upon him, who demanded of me if I would have his Warrant to take up the Murtherer. I answer'd, I should be willing to have justice done upon him, but fear'd I had not wherewithal sufficient to prosecute him, and so declin'd it. We quickly forsook this Town, and went a *Strolling* on farther, being oblig'd to act for our Maintenance; but our Company was now by no means good, having lost its principal Actor. I was for a long time so grieved at my Husband's Death, that I could not give my mind to get up my Parts, but herein *Angelica* always supply'd me from her Memory, when we were on any Scene together. At length we came to a Town in *Holland*, where you know that you, Mr. *Destiny*, your Sister *Star*, and *Rancour*, came to us, and offered to join us if we so pleased, whereof we were not a little glad, being almost quite broke before. The rest of my Adventures have been common to us all, whereof you know as much already as I can pretend to tell you, and that from *Tours*, where our Porter kill'd one of the *Intendant's* Officers, even to this City of *Angelo*, where we now are. Here Mrs. *Cave* ended her History, shedding a great many Tears, which Madam *Star* did likewise, comforting her all she was able, for the great Misfortunes she had undergone, but withal remembered her she had the less reason to be concern'd now, since she was so near to an Alliance with so worthy a Gentleman as

Leander.

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Leander. Mrs. Cave fobb'd so violently that she could not find time to answer her, neither can I to continue this Chapter any farther, and therefore conclude it.

CHAP. IX.

How Rancour undeceiv'd Ragotin concerning Madam Star; together with the Arrival of a Coach full of Gentry, and some other comical Adventures of Ragotin's.

THE Play went on prosperously, and one or other was acted every Day, with great Satisfaction to the Audience, which consisted of the better sort, and was generally very numerous, amongst whom nevertheless hapned no Disorders, by reason *Ragotin* was kept behind the Scenes, having no Parts yet given him; but which he grumbled at, tho' he had been promised some when occasion serv'd. He made his Complaints almost every Day to *Rancour*, whom he put a great Confidence in, tho, by the way, he was one of the very worst of Men. As he plagued him one Day above the rest, *Rancour* said to him, Monsieur *Ragotin*, disturb your self no more about this matter, for I must tell you, there is a great deal of difference between the Bar and the Stage: If a Man have not a more than ordinary Assurance, he will be easily put out on the Stage; besides, the speaking of Verse requires no common Capacity, and is more difficult to do than you may fantasie. You must observe nicely the pointing of Verse, and when you speak it on the Stage, run one Verse into another, that it may seem Prose, and consequently be natural and easie. You must not sing it out, and stop at the Cesures, or at the end of a Verse, as the Vulgar do, but pronounce it always with a good Grace, and a becoming Action. I would have you therefore, continued he, to wait a little longer, before you come on the Stage, and in the mean time, you may act in some private Masquerade or Farce, to bring your Hand in. You may there play the Part of a second *Zani*, or *Merry-Andrew*, and I think we have a Habit within that will be very fit for you, having formerly belong'd to a little Boy call'd *Gode-*
not,

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not, who had sometimes represented that Person. But, added he, we must first speak to Monsieur *Destiny*, and Madam *Star* about it. This they did the same Day, and it was order'd, that next Morning *Ragotin* should represent the said Person. He was instructed by *Rancour* in what he was to say, who, as you may have observ'd in the first Part of this *Romance*, was altogether inclinable to *Farce*. The Plot of what they play'd was an Intrigue which *Rancour* unravelled in favour of *Destiny*. As *Rancour* was preparing to begin, *Ragotin* appeared upon the Stage, to whom the former spoke thus. Little Boy, my pretty *Godenot*, quoth he, whither art thou a going in such haste? Then addressing himself to the Company, after having chuck'd him under the Chin and felt for his Beard, Gentlemen, said he, I have always hitherto thought that *Ovid's* Metamorphosis of Pismires into Pigmies who had at that time War with the Cranes, was only a Fable, but now I find it to be true; for certainly this is one of that Race, or else the little Man reviv'd, concerning whom, about seven or eight Years since there was a Song made to this effect.

MY Mother would needs have me wed,
 But a Pigmy, alas! is the Man,
 For call him a Husband who can,
 That scarce takes up a foot of the Bed?
 Yet still this of him may be said,
 That if he be not, he be not a Man,
 He is, he is, he is, he is, he is as much as he can.

At the end of every Verse *Rancour* turn'd and winded *Ragotin* about as if he had been a Poppet, making him to appear in so many ridiculous Postures, as made the Company to laugh heartily. The rest of the Song I have left out as superfluous to our *Romance*.

After *Rancour* had ended his Song, he shew'd *Ragotin* to the Company, telling them he was risen again from the Dead; and to make what he said appear, took off his Masque, and exposed him barefaced, which caused him not only to blush for Shame, but likewise to redden with Anger,

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Anger. He nevertheless was fain to bear it; however to revenge himself, to'd *Rancour* that he was a downright Blockhead for making his Song with such old fashion'd Rhimes: But, quoth *Rancour*, I think you are a greater Blockhead for a little Man, since you could not distinguish betwixt an old Song and a new one, this having been made above an hundred Years ago. Also, continu'd he, it is with Rhiming as with Language, Custom must regulate all; for since, as Monsieur *Rogula* has it, who reform'd the French Tongue, we cannot give a reason why we pronounce so and so, no more ought our Ancestors to do why they writ after this manner; and whereas whatever is most ancient is always most valu'd, so ought my Song to be for the same reason. While *Ragotin* was going to answer, *Destiny* enter'd, complaining of the long stay his Man *Rancour* had made, and whom having found in a hot Dispute with *Ragotin*, he immediately demanded the Cause of their Dispute, but which he could nevertheless never come to know, since they answer'd him both at a time, and so loud that they made him stark mad. His passion being thus rais'd, he thrust *Ragotin* against *Rancour* with great Indignation, and whom *Rancour* return'd again against him with like Fury, till at last they had tossed him about from one to t'other so long, that he fell down on his Face, and afterwards march'd away on all four under the Curtains. This the *Audience* all rose up to see, protesting this mute Action was worth all the rest of their *Farce*, which they could not proceed any farther with, by reason the Actors had quite laugh'd themselves into Confusion. Notwithstanding his Affront, *Ragotin* still solicited *Rancour* to bring him in Favour with Madam *Star*, and the better to incline him to it, often treated him; which was very welcome to *Rancour*, who did not scruple to feed heartily at the little Man's Cost. But as he was wounded with the same Dart, he had not the Heart to speak either for *Ragotin* or himself. One Day above the rest *Ragotin* pressed him so close that he found himself oblig'd to tell him, Monsieur *Ragotin* this *Star*, no doubt, is of the Nature of those in the Firmament, which the *Astrologers* name wandering, for I have no sooner at any time begun

to

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to open your Passion to her, but she twinkles and leaves me without an Answer. Yet how should she answer me, quoth he, if she will not hear me. But I believe I have discovered the occasion of her Indifference, proceeded he, and which no question may surprize you; but a Man that has a mind to be satisfied in any thing must be prepar'd against all Events. This Monsieur *Destiny*, whom she calls her Brother, I fancy not to be so, for I surpriz'd them the other Day caressing after that manner as such near Relations are not wont to do, and therefore am rather inclinable to believe he is her Gallant, and am more deceiv'd than ordinary, if on the same Day that *Leander* and *Angelica* marry, they do not marry likewise. Otherwise I should think her the most indiscreet Woman in the World, added he, to slight your generous Proffer: You that are a Man of Quality and Merit, without taking notice of your graceful Mien. I tell you this, continued he, that you may have the more reason to remove her from your Heart, since you will not otherwise fail to torment your self like one of the damn'd. The little Man, both Poet and Advocate, was so confounded at this Discourse, that he had nothing left to say, but immediately quitted *Rancour*, shaking his Head, and crying after his wonted manner, *Serviteur, Serviteur, &c.* Afterwards *Ragotin* resolv'd with himself to go to *Beaumont le Vicomte*, a little Town about five Leagues distant from *Alengon*, where there was a Market kept every *Monday*. The reason of his going he told the Company was to receive a certain Sum of Money that was owing him in that Town by a Merchant. But how will you do to go, quoth *Rancour* to him, since your Horse has been lately prick'd in shooing, and is lame? he will never be able to carry you so far. 'It may be not, answer'd *Ragotin*, and thefore I'll hire one that shall, and if I cannot meet with one to my purpose, I can at last walk on Foot, it is not so far. 'I don't question, added he, but I shall meet with some Company that will go from hence. He sought after, but could not find a Hackney to let, which induc'd him to enquire of a Pedler that lived next Door to his Lodging, if he were not disposed to go; and finding he was,
he

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he desir'd the favour of him for a Companion; which the Pedler agreed to, in case he would be going by one a Clock in the Morning, when the Moon would be just up, which he with little difficulty consented to. Now a little before they set out, a poor Nail-smith was gone towards the said Market to dispose of his Nails, which he was accusom'd to make every Week ready for *Mondays* on purpose. This Nail-smith being upon the Road on Foot, with his Wallet upon his Back, and hearing no Noise of Travellers, either before or behind him, thought he had been got out too early; besides, he was a little affraid, when he consider'd he was to pass under several Gibbets where Mens Quarters hung, which oblig'd him to step aside out of the Road, and to go lie down upon a Bank, where he fell asleep. Some little time after *Ragotin*, and the Pedler came by, but who said not a Word to each other, the little Man's Thoughts being wholly taken up with Reflections on what *Rancour* had told him. When they came near to the Gibbets, *Ragotin* ask'd the Pedler if he would not count the Persons that were hang'd. The Pedler answer'd, with all his Heart. Then they went forwards into the middle of them, and began to count; but at length having met with one that was dropt down, and was very stiff and dry, *Ragotin*, who had always Thoughts worthy himself, ask'd of his Companion to assist to help him up, and set him against one of the Posts, the which they easily perform'd by help of their Staves. This done they counted fourteen hang'd, besides this last, and so went on their Journey. They had not gone far, before *Ragotin* had a Maggot come into his Head, to turn about and call to the dead Person to come after him, which he did in these Words; So ho! will you come along with us? The Nail-smith, who it seems did not sleep very sound, hearing this, rose presently from his Post, thinking some Fellow Travellers had desired his Company, and cried, With all my Heart, I come, I come, and immediately began to follow them. The Pedlar and *Ragotin*, thinking verily it had been the dead Corps that came towards them, ran away as hard as they could drive; whereat the Nail-smith began to run likewise, crying all the way, Stay, stay, I come, I come,

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come. As the Nail smith ran, his Nails he had on his Back made a great Noise, which inclin'd *Ragotin* and the Pedler the more to believe that it was the Corps they had set up against the Gibbet, or else the Ghost of some other Person that drag'd Chains after him; for the Vulgar are of Opinion there's never a Ghost that appears, but he has a Chain fastned to him. This Belief made them to tremble so much that they could not run any farther, so that their Legs not being able to support them longer, they dropt down. This gave the Nail-smith Opportunity to come up with them, whom they at first were miserably affrighted at; but he having bid them good morrow, and telling them they had given him a great deal of Trouble to overtake them, they began to come to themselves, and saw he was no Ghost. They then joined Companies, and continued their Journey prosperously to *Beaumont*, where *Ragotin* did what he had to do, and returned next Morning to *Alengon*; where he found his Friends just risen from Dinner, to whom having related the Story of his Adventure; they laugh'd so heartily, that they were almost ready to burst. The Women for their parts were so extremely tickled, that they haw-haw'd out so loud, that they were heard cross the way, and which 'tis probable they would have continu'd much longer, had they not been interrupted by the Arrival of a Coach full of Country Gentry. This Coach belonged to one Monsieur *de la Fresnay*, who was about to marry his Daughter, and was come to *Alengon* to entreat the Strollers to come and act a Play at her Wedding. This Lady, who was none of the wisest, desired they would act the *Sylvius* of *Mariet*. This the Actresses were hardly able to forbear laughing at, telling her that if her Ladyship would have that, she must procure them a Book, for they had not one by them; the Lady answered, she would lend them one; adding withal, that she had all the Pastorals bound up together in one Volume, viz. those of *Ragan*, being the Fair Fisher-woman, the Love-hater, Plocidon, the Mercer, &c. together with several others whose Titles she had forgot. Such Plays as these, quoth she to them, are proper for you Strollers that act always in the Country, and cannot perhaps go to the Expence of such sumptuous

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tuous Habits, as the Death of *Cinna*, *Heraclius*, *Radogune*, and the like, would require. Moreover, the Verse in Pastorals favours not so much of Bombast, as that of heroick Poems. Besides, Pastorals are of a nature more conformable to the Simplicity of our first Parents, who wore nothing but Figleaves even after they had sinned. Her Father and Mother were all the while hearkening to their Daughters Discourse with great Attention and Wonder, imagining that the greatest Orators of the Kingdom could not be able to utter any thing beyond it. After this, the *Strollers* desir'd time to prepare themselves, and had eight Days given them. The Company parted after Dinner, just as the *Prior* of *St. Lewis* happen'd to come in. Madam *Star* told him he had done well to come, having sav'd *Olive* the Trouble of looking after him. The Actresses seated themselves upon the Bed, and the Actors in Chairs. The Door was shut, and the Porter had Orders to send away every Body that came to speak with them. After Silence proclaim'd, the *Prior* began his History, as you may find in the following Chapter, if you'll take but the pains to read it.

C H A P. X.

The History of the Prior of St. Lewis, and the Arrival of Monsieur Verville.

TH E beginning of this History, quoth the Prior, cannot but be a little tedious, since it consists of Genealogy. Nevertheless, this sort of beginning is necessary to introduce a perfect Understanding of the matter in dispute. I shall not endeavour to disguise my Condition, since I am in my own Country. In another it may be I might have pass'd for what I really was not, which nevertheless I have never yet done. I have always been very sincere in this point. ' I am then a Native of this City, the Wives of
' my two great Grand-fathers were Gentlewomen, and
' had a *de tactt* to their Sir-names. But as you know,
' the eldest Sons going away with the greatest part of the
' Estate, leave but little for the younger Children; who
' according to Custom, are either oblig'd to go into Or-
ders,

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ders, or else to marry some inferior Person or other, suitable to their Conditions, provided she be but rich and honest, pursuant to the Proverb which has been a long time current in this Country, More Money and less Honour. So that my two Grandmothers were married to two rich Tradesmen, the one a Wollen-draper, and the other a Linen-draper. My Father's Father had four Sons, whereof my Father was not the eldest. My Mother's Father had two Sons and two Daughters, whereof she was one, and married to the second Son of the Wollen-draper, who had left off his Trade to follow Petty-foggings, whereby he fool'd away most of his Estate, which was the Reason he left me but little. My Father had formerly thriv'd very much by his Trade, and married a very rich Woman for his first Wife, who died without Children. He was pretty well advanc'd in Years when he married my Mother, which she consented to rather out of Duty than Inclination, insomuch that there was more of Aversion on her side than Love, which no doubt was the reason they were thirteen Years married before they had the least hopes of having any Children. At last my Mother was big, and when the time of her Lying in was come, she brought me into the World with a great deal of Pain, having been four full Days in Labour. My Father, who was at that time employ'd in prosecuting a Man that had killed his Brother, was ever-joy'd, when at his Return the Women gave him Joy of a Son. He treated them all as well as he could, and made some of them drunk, having given them strong White-wine, on the Lees, instead of Perry, which he has many a time after told me, and whereat we have laugh'd heartily. Two Days after my Birth I was baptized. My Name signifies little to be mentioned. I had for Godfather the Lord of the Place, a very rich Man, and my Father's Neighbour; who having understood by the Lady, his Wife, that my Mother was with Child, after so many Years Marriage, desired he might hold what God sent her to the Font. What he desir'd was readily granted. My Mother having no more Children than me, bred me with all the Care imaginable, and perhaps a little too nicely for
one

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one of her Quality. As I came to grow up it was ob-
 serv'd I would be no Fool, which occasion'd me to be
 mightily belov'd by every body, especially my Godfather,
 who had but one only Daughter, that had been married
 to a Gentleman a Relation of my Mother's. She had
 two Sons, one elder by a year than I, and one younger
 by a year, but both who were as backward in Parts as I
 was forward; which occasion'd my Godfather to send
 for me always when he had any of the better sort of
 Company, (which you must know he often had, being
 accustomed to treat all the Princes and great Lords that
 pass'd by our Town) to divert them, which by dancing,
 singing and prating I did. For this purpose I was al-
 ways kept in a better Garb than ordinary, and had sure-
 ly made my Fortune, had not Death taken him away
 suddenly as he was on a Journey to *Paris*. I neverthe-
 less was not so sensible then of his Death as I have
 been since. My Mother sent me to study, and I profit-
 ed extremely; but when she understood my Inclinations
 ran towards the Church, she took me from the College
 and brought me into the World, notwithstanding her Vow
 to devote her First-fruits to God, if He should please to
 give her any. She prov'd quite contrary to other Mo-
 thers, who do all they can to prevent their Childrens
 falling into ill Courses, for she was continually feeding
 me with Money, Sundays and Hollidays especially, to go
 a Gaming, or to the Tavern. Nevertheless having some
 Discretion of my own, all my Liberties and Abilities a-
 mounted only to making merry sometimes with my
 Neighbours. I had contracted a more than ordinary
 Friendship with a young Lad, Son to a certain Officer be-
 longing to *Lewis XIII's* Queen Dowager, who had like-
 wise two Daughters. He lived in that fine Park, which
 as you may have heard, was one of the greatest Delights
 of the ancient Dukes of *Alençon*. His House there had
 been given him by the aforesaid Queen Dowager, his
 Royal Mistress, who had an Appenage upon that Dut-
 chy. We led a pleasant Life in this Park, but that still
 like Children, never thinking of what was to come.
 This Officer of the Queen's was called Monsieur du Fres-

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'ne, who had a Brother an Officer likewise, who belong'd
'to the King. This Brother requir'd *du Fresne* to send his
'Son to him, which he could by no means refuse to do.
'Before the Lad went for the Court he came to take leave
'of me, and I must own the parting with him rais'd the
'first Grief I ever felt. We lamented our Separation re-
'ciprocally; but I had much greater reason two Months
'after, when I heard from his Mother the News of his
'Death. I shew'd as much Concern at the Loss of him
'as I was capable of shewing, and went immediately to
'join with his Sisters in their Grief for him, which was
'exceeding great. But as time lessens all things, when
'this Sad remembrance was a little over, Madam *du Fres-*
'*ne* came and desired my Mother that I might teach her
'younger Daughter to write, whose Name was Made-
'moiselle *du Lys*, to distinguish her from her elder Sister,
'who bore the Name of the Family. The reason of her
'troubling me, she said, was because her Wrighting-mas-
'ter had been newly gone, and tho' there were several o-
'thers in the Town, yet none would teach abroad, and
'truly she thought her Daughter's Quality too great to go
'to School. She excused her self very much for this Li-
'berty she had taken, but withal intimated, that this Fa-
'miliarity might end in something more important, mean-
'ing a Marriage, which was soon after agreed on private-
'ly between my Mother and her. My Mother had no
'sooner propos'd this Employment but I readily accepted
'it, and went immediately after Dinner to wait on my
'Scholar, finding a secret Spring within, that push'd me
'on more than ordinary, tho' I knew not at that time
'what it was. I had not been above eight Days in this Ex-
'ercise, before the young Lady my Scholar, who was
'much handsomer than her Sister, began to be very fami-
'liar with me, calling me in Raillery her little Master.
'It was then I began to find something in my Heart I
'had been but little acquainted with before, and the young
'Lady, for ought I could perceive, began likewise to feel
'the same. We were from that time inseparable, and were
'never so well pleas'd as when we were left alone toge-
'ther, which hapned not seldom. This sort of Conversati-
'on

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tion lasted about six Months, before we presum'd to discover the Sentiments of our Hearts, which nevertheless our Eyes had spoken sufficiently all the while. One Day I had a mind to try to make a Copy of Verses in her Praise to see how she would receive them ; but having never made an Attempt of that kind, I was afraid I should not succeed in it. Notwithstanding I immediately set my self about reading the best Romance-writers and Poets I could find, having rejected those of the *Melesines*, *Robert the Devil*, *Amon's four Sons*, the fair *Maguelonne*, *John of Paris*, &c. which are trifling Compositions, and only fit for Children. At last looking by chance into *Mart's* Works, I met with a Roundelay very proper for my purpose. This I immediately transcribed Word for Word, and which is as follows.

Your Face and Tongue so pleasing prove,
That I both gaze and hear ;
And whilst your Charms invite to Love,
Your Chains am Glad to wear :
But since you make of me a Slave,
And use me at your Pleasure,
Why may not I my Mistress have
To occupy my Leisure ?

I gave her these Verses, which she read with a great deal of Pleasure, as I could perceive by her Countenance. After having read them she thrust them into her Bosom, whence they not long after fell upon the Ground, and were taken up by her elder Sister, contrary to her Knowledge, which however she afterwards came to know, by means of a Lackey. She thereupon ask'd her Sister for them, and perceiving she made some difficulty to let her have them, she flew into a great Passion, and went and complained to her Mother, who forthwith order'd her Sister to give them her, which she presently did. This sort of proceeding gave me a great deal of hopes, while a serious Reflection on my Condition made me as much to despair. Now whilst we thus pleased each other

with

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with our Fancies, my Father and Mother being pretty well
advanc'd in Years, determin'd to marry me, and one Day
made me acquainted with their Intentions. My Mother
discovered to my Father the Project she had laid with
Madam *du Fresne*, but he being a Man of more Sense
than ordinary, absolutely rejected it; saying, that that
young Lady's Quality was too great for mine, and be-
sides, she had too little Money to support it, well know-
ing she would expect to be maintained according to her
Condition. But as I was the only Son of my Father,
who was tolerably rich, as likewise Heir to an Uncle,
who had no Children, by the Custom of *Normandy*, ma-
ny Families look'd upon me as worthy their Alliance, and
consequently made me to stand Godfather to divers Chil-
dren, with several young Ladies of the best Quality in
our Neighbourhood, those being the common means to
promote Marriage, which nevertheless had no effect up-
on me, having been before intirely devoted to my dear
du Lys. I was notwithstanding so continually persecu-
ted by my Parents to marry some other, that to avoid
their Importunities, I resolv'd to go to the Wars, altho'
I was not then above sixteen or seventeen Years of Age.
New Levies being made in this City to go to *Denmark*,
under Command of the Count of *Montgomery*, I list'd
my self privately with three younger Brothers my Neigh-
bours. We set out in pretty good Equipage, and my
Father and Mother were so extremely concern'd at my
Departure, that the latter was almost like to die with
Grief. How *du Lys* bore my so sudden leaving her, I
could not tell as then, but which I understood after-
wards from her self. We embark'd at *Havre-de-Grace*,
and sail'd very successfully till we came within sight of
the *Sound*; but then arose so furious a Tempest,
that the like was scarce even known before. Our Ships
were soon separated, and that which I was in, com-
manded by the Count himself, was driven very luckily
to the Mouth of the *Thames*, where by the help of a
Reflux we quickly got up to *London*, the capital City
of *England*. There we staid about six Weeks, during
which time I had opportunity to survey the Rarities
of

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of that superb City, and above all, the shining Court of
 its King, who was then *Charles I.* of that Name. The
 Count of *Montgomery* returned afterwards to his Seat
Port-Orson in *Normandy*, whither I did not care to go,
 and therefore desired of him to permit me to go for *Pa-*
ris, which he did. I embark'd then on Board a Vessel
 bound for *Roan*, where I not long after arrived safe, and
 from thence went partly by Boat, and partly by Land to
Paris. There I met with a near Kinsman of mine, who was
 the King's Wax-chandler. I begg'd of him to make use
 of his Interest to get me into the *Guards*. He pro-
 mis'd he would, and did it, but was fain to be my Su-
 rety, for at that time nobody was to be admitted with-
 out one. I was receiv'd into *Monfieur de la Rauderie's*
 Company. My Cousin lent me Money to equip my
 self, for in my Sea-voyage I had spoiled all my Cloaths.
 I thus became equal to many Cadets of good Families,
 who carried Muskets as well as I. About that time the
 Princes and great Lords of *France* rise against their King,
 and amongst them *Monfieur the Duke of Orleans*; but
 his Majesty, thro' the Policy of the Great Cardinal *Rich-*
lieu, broke all their Measures, but that not without ta-
 king a Journey first to *Britany* with a Gallant Army.
 We arrived at *Nantes* where the first Person made an Ex-
 ample of, was the Count of *Calais*, who had his Head
 struck off there. This rais'd a Terrour in all the others,
 insomuch that they su'd to his Majesty for Peace, which
 being granted, the King return'd to *Paris*. In our way
 we stopt at *Mans*, where my Father came to see me, old
 as he was, having been before acquainted by my Cou-
 sin, that I was in the King's *Guards*. He begg'd of my
 Captain to discharge me, which he obtain'd with some
 Difficulty, or rather, for some Consideration. We then
 return'd to this City, where it was agreed, the only way
 to keep me at home was to marry me. A Surgeon's
 Wife that was Neighbour to a Cousin German of mine,
 hearing this, brought along with her the Under-Bailly's
 Daughter of a Town about three Leagues off, under
 pretence of Devotion, being Lent-time, but her true rea-
 son was to entrap me if possible. Having seen her but

once

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once, I was desir'd to do it again at my Cousin's House, which I did, and after about an Hours Conversation with her, she went her way, when all the Company told me, she was a mistress for me; to which I bluntly reply'd, I did not like her. My reason was not because she was not rich and handsome, being both in Perfection, but because all the Beauty in the World could have no Power upon me, as long as my dear *du Lys* was in my Thoughts. I had an Uncle, my Mother's Brother, of a severe Temper, who coming one Night to our House, after having rallied me extremely for the Sights I had put upon the Under-bailly's Daughter, told me I must resolve to go and visit her at her own House, in the *Easter* Holidays, there being those of a much greater Quality than I, who would be proud of such a Match. I answer'd neither one way nor other, but when the Holidays came, I was forc'd to go thither with my said Cousin, the Surgeon's Wife, and a Son of hers. When we came, we were very courteously receiv'd and treated for three Days together. We were also carried to all the said Under-bailly's Farms, at every one of which we were handsomely entertained. We went likewise to a large Village, about a League off this Gentleman's House, to pay a Visit to the Curate of the Place, who was a Brother to this Lady's Mother, and who gave us a very civil Reception. At last we return'd home as we came, that is, as to what concern'd me, as little in Love as before. It was nevertheless resolv'd that in a Fortnight's time our Marriage should be concluded; which term being expired, I was compell'd to return to the Bailly's House, together with three Cousin Germans, two Advocates, and an Attorney of this Jurisdiction; but as good Luck would have it, they could agree upon nothing. wherefore the Business was put off till *May* next. But that Saying is certainly true, *That Man proposes, and God disposes*. For a little before the said Time, my Mother fell sick, and my Father four Days afterwards, both whose Maladies ended in Death, the former dying on *Tuesday* and the latter on *Thursday* following. Altho' I was very sick my self, yet I made shift to go visit my aforesaid severe Uncle, who was extremely ill

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• wise, and who died in less than a Fortnight's time. Some
 • time after all this the *Baily's* Daughter was propos'd to me a-
 • new, but which I would hear nothing of, having now
 • no Parents to force me. My Heart was altogether in
 • the aforesaid Park, where I frequently walked, but ne-
 • ver half so often as I had done in Imagination. One
 • Morning, when I thought no body had been stirring in
 • the *Sieur du Fresne's* House, I walk'd leisurely before it,
 • and was not a little surpriz'd, when I saw *du Lys*, sing-
 • ing at the Window an old Song, which had for its up-
 • holding

Ab ! why is he from me, the Man that I love ?

• This oblig'd me to draw nearer, and to make her a
 • very low Bow, which I accompanied with this or the
 • like Expression, I could wish with all my Heart, Ma-
 • dam, you had the Satisfaction you so much desire;
 • and were it in my Power to contribute towards it, I
 • would do it, with as fervent a Passion as ever I have
 • shew'd to approve my self your most humble Servant.
 • She return'd my Salutation, answering me not a Word,
 • but continuing to sing on, she chang'd the Burthen of
 • her Song to,

Ha ! see him before me, the Man that I love.

• You may imagine this was not heard by one that
 • was deaf, and having been a little in the Wars, I had
 • Courage enough to reply, tho not in Verse, I should
 • have just Reason to believe you sincere, Madam, if you
 • would but oblige me so far as to open the Door. At
 • the same time she call'd to the Lackey, spoken of before,
 • and bid him to open the Door to me. I went in, and
 • was received not only by her, but likewise by her Fa-
 • ther, Mother, and elder Sister, with all the Civility and
 • good Will imaginable. Her Mother ask'd me why I
 • was so great a Stranger, and why they had not seen me
 • as frequently as they were wont ? My Mourning, she
 • told me, was no just Excuse, since I must be allow'd

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‘ to divert my self now as well as before; and in a Word,
‘ she gave me understand that I should always be extreme-
‘ ly welcome to her House. My Answer was only to
‘ shew the little Merit I had to pretend to, and which I
‘ express’d in some few ill-order’d Phrases as I had done
‘ before. But at length all concluded with a Breakfast of
‘ Milk, which you know in this Country passes for a good
Treat. And which is notwithstanding none of the worst,
Sir, quoth Madam Star, but pray go on. ‘ When I was
‘ taking Leave to be gone, the Mother ask’d me if
‘ I would not give my self the Trouble to accompany her
‘ and her Daughter to see an old Relation of theirs that
‘ lived about two Leagues off; I answer’d, she did me
‘ Wrong to ask me the Question, when an absolute Com-
‘ mand would have been much more obliging to me. The
‘ Journey was pitch’d upon for next Day. The time
‘ came, and the Mother got up upon a little Mule they had
‘ in the House, the elder Sister rid her Father’s Horse, and
‘ I carried behind me my dear *du Lys*. What Discourse
‘ we had upon the Road I’ll give you leave to guess, for as
‘ for my part I have forgot it. All I am able to tell you
‘ is that *du Lys* and I often stole from the Company, and
‘ went to recreate our selves in an adjoining Grove, which
‘ had a little River that ran thro’ the midst of it, upon
‘ whose Banks we had the Pleasure both to hear the warb-
‘ ling of the Birds, and the purling of the Stream, to which
‘ we added our mutual Endearments, and many innocent
‘ Caresses which passed between us. It was there we en-
‘ ter’d into a Resolution to divert our selves considerably at
‘ the approaching *Carnevale*. Some time after this Jour-
‘ ney, while I was making Syder in the Suburbs called *la*
‘ *Barre*, and which join to *du Lys*’s Father’s Park, she
‘ came running to me, whereby I presently guessed she
‘ had something more than ordinary to say to me. After
‘ having chid me a little for finding me in that Condition,
‘ she took me aside, and told me that the Gentleman whose
‘ Daughter was at Monsieur *de Planche-Planete*’s Brother-
‘ in-Law’s, had brought another Gentleman his Friend to
‘ make Love to her, and whereof she thought fit to get
‘ an opportunity to come and tell me. It is not, added,

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' she, that I distrust my Power of refusing him, but because
 ' I had rather you should find out some means to send him
 ' packing. To this I reply'd, ' Go you and make much
 ' of him, that he may not be gone before I come. and I'll
 ' assure you he shall not be there by to Morrow this time.
 ' She left me extremely well pleased, and I immediately
 ' put off my Syder to my Servants Management, and went
 ' directly home; where taking a clean Shirt, and another
 ' Suit of Cloaths, I hasted to find out my Companions;
 ' for you must know there were fifteen of us young Fel-
 ' lows, who had each a Mistress, and were all jointly en-
 ' gag'd to cut any Man's Throat that should offer but to
 ' interfere with either. I acquainted them with what I have
 ' already told you, and all concluded that this Gallant, who
 ' was a Gentleman of *Lower-Maine*, must be found out,
 ' and be forc'd to return from whence he came. We went
 ' then forthwith to his Lodging, where he was at Sup-
 ' per with the other Gentleman his Introducer. We did
 ' not stick to tell him downright that he must speedily be
 ' gone, and that there was nothing to be got for him in
 ' that Country. The Introducer reply'd, that we did not
 ' know what they were come about, and that when we
 ' did, we would not be so much concern'd at it. Then
 ' I stepped up, and clapping my Hand to my Sword, said If I
 ' have her Heart, I have it, and if you do not quit her this
 ' Minute, I'll quickly send your Souls a Wool-gathering. One
 ' of them reply'd, that the Contest was not equal, and that if
 ' I were alone I durst not have said so much. To which I an-
 ' swer'd, You are two, and here is a Gentleman and I, ta-
 ' king one of my Comrades, that will presently go and dis-
 ' pute the matter with you farther. The Gentleman ac-
 ' cepted the Challenge, and we were all going out when
 ' the Master of the House, and a Son of his prevented us,
 ' persuading the Gentlemen, that their best way was to
 ' be gone, and not to stand disputing with us, whom they
 ' were positive they would get nothing by. They took
 ' their Advice, and we never heard a Word of them af-
 ' ter. Next Morning I went to wait on my dear *du Lys*,
 ' telling her all that had passed, wherewith she seem'd ve-
 ' ry well satisfied, and gave me abundance of Thanks for
 ' delivering

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'delivering her from her Lover. The Winter now approaching, the Nights began to be long, and which we passed away at Questions and Commands, and such like sorts of Plays, but which being every Night repeated, at length grew tedious, and therefore I determin'd to give a Ball. I conferr'd with *Du Lys* about it, and she consented to it; I ask'd her Father's Leave, and he granted it me. The following Sunday we danc'd all Day and which we continued to do often, till at length there came so many People that *du Lys* desired me to give it over, and think on some other Diversion. We then resolv'd to get up a Comedy and act it, which we not long after did accordingly. Here Madam *Star* interrupted the Prior, saying, Sir, since you are upon Comedy, pray give me leave to ask you, if this History of yours be much longer, for it begins to grow late, and Suppertime approaches. 'Ah Madam! (quoth the Prior) there is twice as much to come yet. Then it was thought necessary to put it off to another Opportunity, that the Actors might have Time to dress for the Play; and had it not been for that reason, *Monf. Verville's* Arrival would have interrupted it, who easily got into the Chamber, by reason the Porter was asleep. His coming surpriz'd the Company extremely. He very courteously embrac'd them all, and chiefly Monsieur *Destiny*, whom he hug'd closely more than once. Afterwards he began to tell them the Occasion of this Journey, which you shall have in the ensuing Chapter, altho it be very short.

CHAP. XI.

Resolutions of Destiny's marrying with Star, and Leander with Angelica.

THE Prior of St. *Lewis* would have been gone, but *Destiny* stopt him, telling him, that Supper would be ready very speedily, and he should keep Monsieur *Verville* company, whom they had entreated to sup with 'em. The Hostess was call'd up and order'd to get something

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thing extraordinary. Clean Linnen was laid, good Cheer made, many Healths drank, and a great deal talk'd. After the Cloath was taken away, *Destiny* desir'd to know of *Verville* the Occasion of his coming into those Parts. He answer'd, It was not on account of his Brother-in-law *Saldagne's* Death, which his Sisters lamented no more than he, but by reason of a Business of importance he had to negotiate at *Rennes* in *Britany*; so that being that Way bound, he could do no less than turn a little out of the Road to visit so good a Friend as him. *Destiny* thank'd him heartily for the Honour he had done him, and afterwards inform'd him of all the ill Designs *Saldagne* had had against him; which you may have seen in the Sixth Chapter of this Third Part, as likewise with the manner of his Death. *Verville* shrug'd up his Shoulders at this Relation, saying, He had deservedly met with what he had so industriously sought after. After Supper *Verville* made himself acquainted with the Prior, whom *Destiny* recommended to him for a very worthy Gentleman. Having sat up a little with them, the Prior retir'd, when *Verville* took *Destiny* aside, and demanded of him what made *Leander* in Mourning, and how he came to have so many Laqueys after him all in Black likewise. He satisfied him quickly in his Demands, and moreover acquainted him, that he was return'd with design to marry Madam *Angelica*. And you, quoth *Verville*, when do you design to marry? Methinks it is high time to let the World know who you are, which cannot be done without a Marriage; adding withal, that if his Business had not call'd him suddenly away, he would have staid to see both his and *Leander's* Marriage solemniz'd. *Destiny* answer'd, It was necessary for him to know Madam *Star's* Mind before he declar'd himself. Hereupon *Star* was presently call'd, and the Marriage propos'd to her; whereto she readily answer'd, That she ever would be rul'd by the Advice of her Friends. At last it was agreed, that when *Verville* had finish'd his Affairs at *Rennes*, he should return by *Alençon*, and then all matters should be concluded. The same was agreed upon between the Company and Mrs. *Cave*, concerning her Daughter's Match with *Leander*. Then *Verville*

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ville took his leave of the good Company, and went to Bed. Next Morning he set forth for *Britany* betimes, and arriv'd not long after at *Rennes*, where he immediately went to wait on *Monsieur la Garouffiere*, who, after the accustom'd Compliments, told him, there was a Company of Strollers in that Town, one of which had a great resemblance of *Mrs. Cave*. This caused him to go next Day to the Play, where having seen the Person mention'd to him, he was forthwith inclin'd to believe that he must needs be a Relation of *Cave's*, he was so like her. After the Play was ended he went up the Stage, and enquir'd of him what Country he was of, whence he came, how long he had been a Player, and by what means he got into the Company: To all which Questions he answer'd so directly, that it was no hard matter for *Verville* to guess that he was *Mrs. Cave's* Brother, who had been lost ever since his Father was kill'd at *Perigord* by the Baron of *Sigognac's* Page. This he frankly own'd, adding withal, that he had never been able to meet his Sister since. Then *Verville* let him know she was at that time in a Company of Strollers at *Alençon*; that she had met with many Misfortunes, but that now she was like to have large amends made her by a Gentleman of 12000 Livres a Years who was suddenly to be married to an only Daughter of hers; and farther, that this Gentleman was now along with them, and acted among them. He also acquainted him, that the Marriage was to be consummated at his return to *Alençon*, and that it was very necessary he should go along with him, both to see his Sister, and to wish his Neice Joy. The *Stroller* was extremely pleased at this News, and promis'd to be going as soon as he pleas'd; but we must leave him a while packing up his Awls, and return before him to *Alençon*. The Prior of *St. Lewis* came the same Day that *Verville* went away, to acquaint the *Strollers*, that the Bishop of *Sées* had sent to speak with him, to communicate some matter of Importance to him, that he was very sorry that he had not then leisure to perform his promise, but that however there would be no time lost, for while he was at *Sées* they might go to *Fresnaye*, to act *Sylvia* at the Wedding of the Lord's

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Daughter, and at his return he would certainly finish what he had begun. He went forthwith, and the Strollers immediately set themselves about preparing for their Departure likewise.

CHAP. XII.

What happen'd at the Journey to Fresnaye, as likewise another Misfortune of Ragotin's.

THE Night before the Wedding, a Coach and several Saddle-Horses were sent for the *Strollers*. The Actresses went in the Coach, together with *Destiny*, *Leander*, and *Olive*. The others rid on the Horses, and *Ragotin* mounted his own Nag, which he still kept, because he could not sell him, and who was now cur'd of his Lameness. He would have fain persuaded either *Star* or *Angelica* to have got up behind him, giving for reason, that they might ride much easier than in the Coach, which jolted People together; but however neither of them would accept his Proffer. To go from *Alençon* to *Fresnaye*, it was necessary to pass thro' the Forest of *Parfaine*, which was in the Province of *Maine*. They had not gone above a Mile into this Forest, before *Ragotin* call'd out to the Coach-man to stop, alledging he saw a Troop of Horse-men coming towards them. It was not however thought necessary so to do, yet every one would be upon his Guard. When he came near the Horse-men, *Ragotin* gave notice it was *la Rappiniere* with his Archers. Hereat *Madam Star* began immediately to look pale, which *Destiny* perceiving, told her, she had no reason to fear any Intult being offer'd her there, by reason *la Rappiniere* would never pretend to any such thing, in the Presence both of *Archers* and *Monsieur de la Fresnaye's* Servants, whose House they were also near. *La Rappiniere* knew well that it was the Strolling-company which were coming towards him, and therefore advancing to the Coach-side, with his accustomed Impudence saluted the Actresses, to whom he made very coarse Compliments; which they returned cold enough to have put any one out of Countenance, that had not so much Brass in his Forehead as *la Rappiniere* had. He told

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told them he was looking after Robbers that had robb'd some Tradefmen near *Balon*, and that he was informed they were coming that way. Whilst he was thus talking to the *Strollers*, one of the *Archer's* Horses, that was a little wanton, leapt upon *Ragotin's* Horse's Neck, which he going backward to avoid, hapned among a parcel of dead Trees, whereof one pointing directly towards him, took him under his Waistcoat, and hung him from his Saddle; which being willing to disengage himself from, he spur'd his Horse lustily, and thereby remain'd like a Scarecrow truss'd up in the Air; for his Horse no sooner felt his Favours than he left him crying he was kill'd, run thro', and I know not what. The Standers by laugh'd so heartily to see him hanging in this posture, that they had no manner of regard to assisting of him: Indeed they call'd once or twice to the Foot-men to unloose him, but they ran away on the other-side laughing. In the mean time his Horse was run quite away, and would not suffer himself to be stop'd. At length, after every one had laugh'd their Belly-full, the Coach-man, who was a strong lusty Fellow, stept down from his Seat, and approaching *Ragotin*, lifted him off from his Tenter-hook, and took him down. The Company gather'd about him, and made him believe he was wounded, but that they could not get him cur'd till they came to the next Village, where there was a good Surgeon, and therefore that in the mean time they must apply some green Leaves to him, to keep the Wound from festering, which they immediately did. They afterwards put him into the Coach in *Olive's* room, who came out. Whilst this pass'd, the Foot-men and *Olive* went after his Horse that would not be stop't, and notwithstanding his being got a great way, brought him back again to his Master. This done, *la Rappiniere* left the Company, and they continu'd onwards of their Journey towards the Gentleman's House, where they soon after arriv'd, and sent thence for a Surgeon, whom they had privately instructed what he was to do. He seem'd to probe the imaginary Wound that *Ragotin* had, whom they had put to Bed. He likewise pretended to tent it, and afterwards bound it up, telling his Patient, that if it had been never

little on the other side, he had been no longer a Man of this World. He then order'd him a strict Diet, and so left him to his repose. The little Man was so imaginarily afflicted at this Accident, that he could not but believe he was desperately wounded. He therefore did not think fit to rise to assist at the *Ball* which was given after Supper. This *Ball* was furnish'd with Musick from *Mars*, the Musicians of *Alençon* being gone to a Wedding at *Argenton*. Several Country-dances went about, and the *Strollers* danc'd divers *French* ones. *Destiny* and *Star* perform'd a *Saraband* together, which was admir'd by all the Company, consisting as well of Country Gentry as Peasants. Next Day the *Strollers* play'd the Pastoral which the Bride had desir'd. Ragotin caus'd himself to be carry'd to the fight on't in a Chair, with his Night-cap on. Afterwards they made good Cheer, and the next Morning after Breakfast, having been well paid, set out for *Alençon* again. As soon as the Coach was brought out, they did what they could to disable Ragotin concerning his imaginary Wound, but all to no purpose, for he still persisted he felt the Pain on't. They nevertheless put him into the Coach, and arriv'd safe at *Alençon*. Next Day they would not act, the Actresses being desirous of a little respite. The same Day the Prior of St. *Lewis* returned from *Sees*, who going to visit our Company, Madam *Star* told him he could never meet a better opportunity than now to finish his History. He requir'd no farther entreaty, but proceeded as you may find in the following Chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

The Continuation and Conclusion of the Prior of St. Lewis's History.

*I*F the beginning of this History, quoth the Prior, where you have met with nothing but Joy and Contentment, has been tiresome to you, the rest you are about to hear, I fear, will be much more. This Consists of nothing but the reverse of Fortune, Despair, and Grief, for past pleasures. To begin then where I left off: 'You must know, that after our Comrades and I had got up our Parts, and rehears'd several

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several times, we play'd perfect on *Sunday* Night, in Monsieur *du Fresne's* House; the rumour of which being got abroad in the Neighbourhood, so many People crouded thither, altho' we took what care we could to keep the park Gates shut, that we found no small difficulty to get to the Stage, which we had had rais'd for us in a midling sort of a Hall. This place being not near large enough for our Audience, two Thirds of the Company were forc'd to stand without; whom to get rid of, we promis'd that on *Sunday* following we would play again in the Town, and in a more spacious Room. We perform'd our Parts indifferent for young Beginners, only one among us, who was to Act the Secretary of King *Darius*, the Death of that Monarch being the Subject of our Play, acquitted himself so ill, that although he had not above two lengths to speak, which he perform'd well enough at our Rehearsal, yet when he came to Act, he was so fainthearted, that we were forc'd to thrust him on upon the Stage; where he spoke so extremely ill, that made all the Audience to laugh. The Tragedy being ended, I began the *Ball* with *du Lys*, which lasted till Midnight. We took a great deal of Pleasure in this Exercise, and without saying ought to any Body, quickly got up another Play; I nevertheless did not omit to make my ordinary Visits in the meantime. One Day as we were sitting together by the Fireside, a young Gentleman happened to come in, to whom we gave place. After we had discours'd a while, he put his Hand in his Pocket, and pull'd out a Picture in wax in *Relievo* very well done, and which he said was the Picture of his Mistress. After all the Ladies had seen it round, it came to my turn to look on it. When I had consider'd it a little, I found it was made for *du Lys*, to whom I fancied this Gallant pretended. I therefore without any more ado threw the Box, picture and all, into the Fire, where the little *Bustum* melted immediately; and when the Owner thereof would have snatch'd it out, I threatned to throw him out at the Window. Monsieur *du Fresne* who lov'd me as much at that time as he hated me afterwards, swore he would force

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' force that Intruder to make more haste out than he had
 ' done in; and going to perform his Oath, the young Spark
 ' skip'd over every bodies Head, and ran out in confusion.
 ' I follow'd him without any body in the Company being
 ' able to hinder me; and having overtaken him, told him,
 ' that if he took any thing amiss, we had each of us a
 ' Sword by our Sides, and were in a convenient place to
 ' decide the Difference. But his Answer was, he had no-
 ' thing to say to me; and so went his way. The Sunday
 ' following we acted the same Play we had done before,
 ' according to our promise, in a great Hall belonging to a
 ' Neighbour, by which means we had fifteen Days to
 ' study the other Play. I design'd to adorn it with some
 ' Interludes of Dancing; and for that Purpose chose out
 ' six of my Companions that danc'd the best, and made
 ' the seventh my self. This Interlude consisted of Shepherds
 ' and Shepherdesses, that were desperately in love with
 ' each other. In the first Entry *Cupid* appear'd, and in the
 ' others the Shepherds and Shepherdesses, all dress'd in white,
 ' and their Habits all beset with narrow blue ribbon Knots,
 ' which was the Colour *du Lys* delighted in, and which
 ' I have worn ever since, altho' for some Reasons I will
 ' tell you hereafter I afterwards added some Bows of Fil-
 ' lemot. These Shepherds and Shepherdesses made their
 ' Entries two by two, and when they were all together,
 ' form'd the Letters of *du Lys's* Name. Love let fly a
 ' Dart at each Shepherd, and threw Flames at the Shep-
 ' herdesses, all which bow'd the Knee, in token of Sub-
 ' mission. I had compos'd some Verses to be sung in
 ' this Interlude, which were perform'd, but the great length
 ' of Time has made me to forget 'em; and if I had remem-
 ' ber'd them, I should never have dar'd to repeat them be-
 ' fore you, that are such able Judges. Having kept the
 ' acting of our second Play secret, we were not so embar-
 ' rass'd with Company as we had been before. The Play
 ' was, *The Amours of Sacripantus King of Circassia with An-
 ' gelica*; the Story taken from *Ariosto*. We perform'd the
 ' Interlude likewise, and I would have begun as we were
 ' wont to do after the Play, but Monsieur *du Fresne* op-
 ' pos'd it, alledging, We must needs be too much tir'd;
 ' and

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and therefore dismiss'd us. We resolv'd, however private we had done it now, to make the Representation of this Play more publick; which we afterwards perform'd before every-body, in my Godfather's Hall, on *Shrove-Sunday*. In the Day-time *du Lys* desir'd if I intended to have the Ball that Night, that I would begin it with a young Lady a Neighbour of hers, who was then dress'd in blue Taffeta as well as she; which I did. Whilst we were dancing there arose a Whispering among the Company, some whereof cry'd out aloud, *He's mistaken, he's deceiv'd*; which made both *du Lys* and I laugh, and which the other Lady perceiving, cry'd, *The People are in the right; for you have taken one for the other*, To which I answer'd abruptly, *Pardon me, Madam, I know what I do*. At Night I mask'd my self with three of my Comrades, and carried a Flambeau, to prevent my being known. In this Equipage we went into the park, and afterwards to the House. My three Companions enter'd only, and I stood at the Door. *Du Lys* observing the three Masquers, presently found I was not among 'em; when coming to the Door, she immediately discover'd me, and spoke to me these obliging Words; *Disguise your self after what manner you please, for I shall always know you*. After having put out the Flambeau, I came up to the Table, where there was a Box and Dice set. I took up the Box, and began to rattle it; whereupon *du Lys* ask'd me who I would be at: I made a Sign I would be at her. She reply'd, *How much will you throw at*; I pointed to a Knot of Ribbons and Coral Bracelet which she wore on her left Arm. Her Mother would by no means have her venture that, but she burst out a laughing; saying, she was not afraid of venturing it. I threw and won, and afterwards made my fair Adversary a present of my Winnings. The same did my Companions to the elder sister, and the other Ladies that were come to pass their Evening there. After this we took our leaves, but as we were going out *du Lys* came behind me, and untying the Ribbons that held my Mask on, it immediately fell off, whereat I turning about, she said to me, *Thus People are to be used that go away before*

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before their time. I was a little ashamed, but nevertheless very glad to have any Opportunity to talk farther with her. The others unmask'd likewise, and we went in again, and spent that Night very agreeably. The last Night of the Carnival I gave the Ball again, when we were fain to take up with the lesser Company of Musicians, the greater being pre-engag'd by other Gentry. During *Lent* we were forc'd to lay aside Diversions a little, to give way for Devotion, and I can assure you for our parts, *du Lys* and I never wanted a Sermon. The Feast of *Easter* approaching, young *Madam du Fresne* ask'd me, laughing, if I would carry her and her Sister to *St. Pater*, a Village about a quarter of a League off the Suburbs of *Monfort*, whither People are wont to go out of Devotion on *Easter-Mondays*, and where one meets the *Beau-monde*. I answer'd, I would willingly wait on them both thither, or any whither else. The Day we were to go being come, as I was going out of our House to fetch the Ladies, I met a young Fellow, a Neighbour of mine, who asking me whither I was going in such haste, I told him to the Park, to wait on the young Ladies there to *St. Pater*. To which he reply'd, I might save my self the labour, for to his certain Knowledge their Mother would not permit them to go along with me. This News stunn'd me so much that I had not a Word to say, but going into my House, set my self about thinking what might be the occasion of so sudden an alteration. After having reflected a good while, I could guess at nothing but my little Merit and mean Condition. This consider'd, I could not but exclaim extremely against their Carriage to me, since they had seem'd well enough pleas'd as long as I diverted them with Balls, Interludes, Plays, and Serenades which I frequently did to my no small Charge, but now that those ceas'd they slighted me. The Anger I conceiv'd, made me resolve to go to the Assembly at *St. Pater* without them, whilst they it seems were waiting for me in the Park. The time being past that I had promised to come, *du Lys* and her Sister, with some other Ladies their Neighbours, went without me. After having paid their Devotion in the Church, they came out

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into the Church-yard, and seated themselves on the Wall under a great shady Elm. Some time after I passed by, but that at a Distance. *Du Fresne* made a sign to me to come near, which I took no notice of, making as if I did not see them. Some Neighbours that were with me told me a Lady beckon'd to me, but I seem'd not to hear them neither, and going on, cried at the same time, Come let us go and drink a Bottle at the Four Winds, which we did. I was no sooner got home to my House but a Widow, who had been formerly our Confidant, came to speak with me, telling me briskly, that she wonder'd how I could neglect doing my self the Honour of waiting on the young Ladies *du Fresne* to St. *Pater*; acquainting me moreover, that *du Lys* was very much concern'd at the Disappointment, and that I must endeavour speedily, by some means or other, to make a compensation for my Fault. I was extremely both surpriz'd and pleas'd to hear this, and having let her know all the Reason I had to do so, which I have acquainted you with before, I went along with her to the Park-gate, where the Ladies were. I left her to make my Excuse, for I could not pretend to do it my self, being so extremely troubled that I should not have remembred what I said. Then the Mother addressing her self to me, told me, I ought not to have been so credulous, as to mind all People said, and that she believ'd what had been told me was done by somebody that envied me; and lastly, she assur'd me I should always be unfeignedly welcome to her House; and thither we immediately went. I had then the Honour to give my Hand once more to *du Lys*, who also told me, she had been extremely concern'd at my Carriage, especially when I seem'd not to take notice of the Sign her Sister made me at St. *Pater*. I ask'd her Pardon humbly, yet made her but confus'd Excuses, being not entirely come to my self. I would have been reveng'd on the young Man that had so impos'd upon me, had not *du Lys* entreated me not so much as to think of it; adding, that I ought to be satisfied with finding the
contrary

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' contrary of what he had told me. I obey'd her in this,
 ' as I did in every thing always after. We pass'd our
 ' Time the most agreeably that could be, and experien-
 ' ced what is commonly said of Lovers, That *their Lan-*
 ' *guage is chiefly that of the Eyes.* One Sunday after
 ' Vespers we gave each other to understand by this mute
 ' Language, that we should after Supper go up the Ri-
 ' ver, and have only such Persons with us as we could
 ' best fancy. For this purpose I sent presently to hire
 ' a Boat, and immediately after went my self with the
 ' Company I had pitched upon, to the Park-Gate, where
 ' the Ladies waited for us; but as Ill-luck would have
 ' it, Three young Men that were not of our Com-
 ' pany, were at that juncture talking with them. They
 ' did what they could to shake them off, but they ob-
 ' serving it, seem'd the more desirous to stay. This
 ' was the reason that when we came up to the Gate we
 ' thought fit to pass by, contenting our selves with only
 ' tipping them the wink to follow us; which they soon
 ' after did, but the young Fellows along with them;
 ' which we perceiving, immediately enter'd our Boat, and
 ' landed near one of the Gates of the City, where we met
 ' the *Sieur du Fresne*: He forthwith demanded of me;
 ' where I had left his Daughters? I not knowing present-
 ' ly what Answer to make, told him frankly, I had not
 ' had the Honour to see them all that Night. Having
 ' heard this, he took his leave, bidding us good Night,
 ' and went towards his Park, at the Gate whereof he o-
 ' vertook his Daughters; whom asking where and with
 ' whom they had been? *Du Lys* presently answer'd, With
 ' such a one, naming me. At that the Father reach'd her
 ' a sound Box o'th' Ear, together with, *You lye*, at the end
 ' on't; for, continu'd he, *had he been with you, tho' it*
 ' *had been much later, I should never have ask'd you the*
 ' *Question.* Next Day, the Widow I mention'd before
 ' came again to let me know what had happen'd the Night
 ' foregoing, and acquainted me, that *du Lys* was extreme-
 ' ly angry with me, not only at the Box o'th' Ear she had
 ' receiv'd on my account, but also at my disappointing her,
 ' she intending to have got quickly rid of those impertinent
 young

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‘ young Fellows. I excus’d my self as well as I could,
‘ and declin’d going near her for Four Days together. But
‘ one Day, as she and her Sister sat with some other young
‘ Ladies on a Bench before a Shop in the Street next the
‘ City-Gate which I was going out at, towards the Sub-
‘ urbs, I pass’d by them, moving my Hat a little, but
‘ without so much as looking upon, or saying any thing to
‘ them: The other Ladies immediately ask’d what was the
‘ meaning of my so cold Deportment, which they scarce
‘ took to be civil. *Du Lys* gave them no Answer, but her
‘ elder Sister told them, She did not know the Reason;
‘ and that if they had a mind to be satisfied farther, they
‘ must know it from my self; adding withal, *Come, let*
‘ *us go place our selves a little nearer the Gate, that he may*
‘ *not be able to get by us, as he comes back, without taking*
‘ *more Notice.* I quickly return’d, when this good Sister
‘ catching me hold by my Cloak, and pulling me to her;
‘ said, *How comes it, haughty Sir, that you can pass by your*
‘ *Mistress without taking Notice?* And at the same time
‘ forced me to sit down by her; but when I turn’d to em-
‘ brace her, and tell her the Reason, she flung away like a
‘ mad Thing. I staid a little longer with them, and after
‘ went my ways. I resolv’d then not to go near my Mi-
‘ strefs for some Days longer, the which I perform’d; but
‘ it seem’d as so many Ages to me; till at length, one Morn-
‘ ing, meeting *Madam du Fresne*, she stopp’d me, asking,
‘ What had made me so great a Stranger to her House: I
‘ answer’d, It was on account of the ill Humour of her
‘ younger Daughter: Whereupon she immediately pro-
‘ mised to make up the Difference; and for that End
‘ bid me meet her within an Hour at her House. I was
‘ not a little impatient till I had obey’d her, and there-
‘ fore went punctually at the Time appointed. As I
‘ was going up to her Chamber, according to her Di-
‘ rection, I met *du Lys* coming down; who perceiving
‘ me, made so much haste by me, that I could not stop her.
‘ I afterwards went into the Chamber, where I found her
‘ Sister, who began immediately to simper; whereupon I
‘ told her how briskly her Sister had gone by me, but she
‘ assured me that was all feign’d, and that to her Know-
‘ ledge.

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ledge, she had gone an Hundred times to the Window, to look whether she could see me; and farther, that she was now gone but into the Garden, whither I might follow her if I pleased. I took the Hint, and went to the Garden door, but found it lockt; whereupon I beg'd her to open it, but she would not; which her Sister hearing from the top of the Stairs, came down and opened it for me, by a Trick she had got. I went in, but *du Lys* ran from me as if she had been mad. I follow'd and overtook her, and catching her by one of her Sleeves, pull'd her down upon a Camomil-bank, clapping my self at the same time down by her. I made her all the Excuses I was capable of making, but she continu'd inexorable; at length I acquainted her, that my Passion was not to be fool'd with, and therefore if she did not quickly think fit to let me know her Mind, Despair might drive me to the doing of something, which she might repent having been the Cause of. This, nevertheless, wrought nothing upon her; the which perceiving, I drew my Sword out of the Scabbard, and presenting it to her naked, desir'd she would be pleased to thrust it thro' my Heart; telling her at the same time, that it was altogether impossible for me to survive a Deprivation of her Favours. She thereupon rose to be gone, informing me, she had never yet kill'd any body, and that when she was so dispos'd, I should not be the first Person. Then I stopt her, and beg'd she would stay and see me do it my self; to which she answer'd coldly, I might do as I pleased, for she should not go about to hinder me. At that, I clapt the Point to my Breast, and put my self into a Posture to fall upon it; which she observing, immediately grew pale, and kick'd away the Hilt from the Ground; so that the Sword falling down, she assur'd me, that that Action had extremely frighted her, and beg'd I would let her see no more such Sights. I answer'd her, I were willing to obey her, provided she would be less unkind to me for the future; which she promis'd to be. We afterwards embrac'd so lovingly, that I could have wish'd to have had a Quarrel with her every Day of my Life, to occasion so charming a Reconciliation. Whilst we remain'd in
these

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these Transports, her Mother enter'd the Garden, and told us, she would have come sooner, but that she imagin'd we had no need of her interposing to reconcile us. One Day, as the *Sieur du Fresne*, his Wife, *du Lys* and I were walking together in the Park, this good Mother told me aside, that she had been a faithful Advocate in my Behalf. She might easily speak this without her Husband's hearing it, since he was very deaf. We both thank'd her, but that rather by Gesture than Words. A little after, *Monsieur du Fresne* took me aside, and told me, his Wife and he had agreed to give me their younger Daughter in Marriage, before he went to Court to wait his Quarter in his Turn, and therefore desir'd I would put my self to no more Charges in Serenades, or the like. I return'd him my Acknowledgments, but after a confused manner, being more than ordinarily transported at so unexpected a Happiness. But I well remember, I told him I should never have dur'd to have ask'd his Daughter in Marriage, as well considering my small Merit, as the Inequality of our Conditions. To which he reply'd, that as for Merit, he was well satisfied I had sufficient; and for Quality, every body knew I had that would very well supply it; meaning, I suppose, my Estate. I don't remember what Reply I made, but this I know well, that he invited me that Night to Supper, and there it was concluded, that the Sunday following we should have a meeting of our Friends to finish the Nuptials. He acquainted me likewise what Portion he designed to give his Daughter; but as for that, I told him I had sufficient for us both, and therefore required her Person only. Then I thought my self the most happy Man in the World: But alas! that Happiness did not last long; for one Night before we were to be married, as *du Lys* and I were sitting upon a Grass-plat, we perceived at a distance, a Counsellor of the *Præsidial-Court*, coming to pay a Visit to the *Sieur du Fresne* his Kinsman, whereat both she and I conceived the same Thought at a time, and began to be both concern'd, tho' we knew not well at what, which nevertheless the Event of what we feared made but too perspicuous. For next Day, when I went to
meet

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' meet the Company at *du Fresne's* House, according to
 ' Agreement, I found *du Lys* at the Court-Gate crying.
 ' Upon asking her what she ail'd, I could obtain no An-
 ' swer; whereupon I enter'd the House, and found her Si-
 ' ster in the same Condition: I ask'd her likewise what was
 ' the Meaning of so many Tears? She answer'd, sobbing,
 ' I should know but too soon. Then I went up into the
 ' Chamber, and found her Mother; but she no sooner
 ' saw me, than she went out, without scarce speaking a
 ' Word to me; for Tears, Sobbs, and Sighs had so di-
 ' sturbed her, that all she could do, was to look pitifully
 ' upon me, and cry, *Ah, poor young Man!* I resolv'd to
 ' know the Cause of this sudden Change; and therefore
 ' immediately went to Monsieur *du Fresne's* Chamber,
 ' where I found him sitting in an Elbow-chair. At my
 ' coming in, he told me bluntly, he had alter'd his Mind,
 ' and would not now marry his younger Daughter before
 ' the elder; and tho' he did, it should be sure not to be be-
 ' fore his return from Court. I answer'd upon these two
 ' Heads, first, That his elder Daughter would not be at
 ' all displeas'd, to have her younger Sister married before
 ' her, provided it were to me, since she had always loved
 ' me as her Brother, and more than once profess'd as much.
 ' And secondly, I acquainted him, I would willingly stay
 ' for her Ten Years, instead of Three Months that he
 ' should be from Home. At last, he told me in plain
 ' Terms, that I must think no more of his Daughter, and
 ' so turn'd from me. Having heard this, I immediately
 ' determin'd to go Home and kill my self. But as I was
 ' drawing my Sword for that Purpose, the aforesaid Wi-
 ' dow, that had been our Confident, came in upon me
 ' where I was, and prevented me in that Design, by tell-
 ' ing me she came from *du Lys*, and that she desired by
 ' her, not to afflict my self, but have Patience, and Mat-
 ' ters might perhaps change to my Advantage. She far-
 ' ther inform'd me from her, that I had her Mother and
 ' Sister sure to my Interest, and above all, her self, whose
 ' Kindness and Constancy to me was unalterable. She like-
 ' wise told me, the Sisters had resolv'd, as soon as their Fa-
 ' ther was gone, to give me an Opportunity to continue
 ' my

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' my Visits as before. Tho' this Discourse was extreamly
 ' pleasing to me, yet could it not altogether comfort me ;
 ' for I afterwards fell into so deep a Melancholy, that De-
 ' spair suggested to me, to consult the Devil about my Fate.
 ' Hereupon, a little before Monsieur *du Fresne's* Departure,
 ' I went to a large Copse, about half a League from the
 ' Town, where it was the vulgar Report, that evil Spirits
 ' inhabited, and where 'tis certain the Fairies, who are no
 ' doubt the Devil's Imps, had formerly been. I went a
 ' great way into this Copse, and when I thought I was far
 ' enough, began to call upon and invoke the Spirits to assist
 ' me in this worst of Misfortunes ; but after I had pray'd
 ' and baul'd for some time to no purpose, and only heard
 ' the Birds warble, which I interpreted to be their Concern
 ' for my Misfortune, I returned Home to my House, not
 ' at all satisfied ; then throwing my self upon the Bed, I
 ' was immediately seiz'd with so wild a Phrenzy, that I e-
 ' ven lost my Speech ; insomuch that 'twas thought I could
 ' never have escap'd Death. *Du Lys* was ill at the same
 ' time, and much after the same manner ; and that has in-
 ' clin'd me to believe ever since there is something more in
 ' Sympathy than ordinary ; for as the Cause of our Sick-
 ' ness was the same, so was its Effect ; and this we under-
 ' stood by our Doctor and Apothecary, having both the
 ' same ; but as for our Surgeons, they were several. I re-
 ' cover'd a little before *du Lys*, which made me to go (or
 ' I might rather say, be carried) to see her. When I
 ' came to her House, I found her in Bed, and her Father
 ' gone to Court. She no sooner saw me, than she seem'd
 ' to recover, which made me desire her to rise ; but she
 ' no sooner got out of Bed than she fainted away in my
 ' Arms. This made me extreamly sorry that I had re-
 ' quested so unreasonable a thing of her, and therefore I
 ' had her immediately put to Bed again, where, after some
 ' time, I left her to recover by Sleep, which perhaps she
 ' could not have done had I staid with her. Not long af-
 ' ter we were both entirely recover'd, and pass'd our Time
 ' very pleasantly all the while her Father continu'd absent,
 ' till at last returning again, he was inform'd by some se-
 ' cret Enemies of ours, that I had kept his Daughter com-
 ' pany

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pany ever since he had been from Home. This made him to rave extreamly, and to forbid his Wife and Daughter's seeing me any more; which I learnt afterwards by our Confidant; as likewise, that they had notwithstanding engag'd in a Resolution to see me often, and inform'd me of the Means by this Widow: The first was, That I should observe when this unkind Father came into the City, when I might go to his House, and continue there till his Return, and that was understood by his Knock. Then were I to step behind the Tapestry, and afterwards, whilst either a Man, Maid, or one of his Daughters took off his Cloak, I might very easily slip out behind him, and he should never hear, by reason (as I have told you before) he was deaf. This Contrivance I frequently made use of; but being at length discover'd, I was forced to have Recourse to another; and that was, to meet my Mistress and Friends in our Confidant's Garden, which I did several times; but at last that Plot was likewise detected. We then made use of the Churches for our meeting, but which also came to be known: So that at last we had nothing to rely upon but common Chance, that now and then afforded us an Interview in one or other of the Walks of the Park; but then we were fain to use a great deal of Caution to prevent being seen. One Day, after I had been with *du Lys* a considerable time, for we divid'd to the very bottom of our Misfortunes, and took all the Measures imaginable to surmount 'em, I must needs accompany her to the Lower-Court-Gate, where being just come, we perceiv'd at a distance her Father coming directly towards us from the Town. To fly was to no purpose, for he had already seen us. She then immediately intreated me to think of some Invention to excuse us: I put off that Task to her, alledging, she had the more subtle Capacity. In the mean time the old Gentleman came up to us, and whilst he was going to scold, she told him, that I having understood he had some Rings and other Jewels by him (for he had Jewellers always at work for him, being as covetous as he was deaf) I was come to know if he would please to furnish me with some, to present to a young Lady at *Mans*, whom

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whom I was going to marry. He was easily inclin'd to credit my Pretence; and carrying me up Stairs, shew'd me several, whereof I chose two, one a small Diamond, the other a Rose of Emeralds. We presently agreed on the Price, which I paid him down on the Spot. This Expedient gain'd me a Continuance of my Visits for some time, 'till at length beginning to grow jealous of the Cheat, he demanded of his Daughter, why I did not make more haste to *Mans*? She thereupon advis'd me to go thither for a little time; the which I did. This City is one of the pleasantest in the whole Kingdom, as ye know well, and where there is the most Quality, which induced me to make plenty of Acquaintance. I lodg'd at the *Green Oaks*, where also lay at the same time an Operator, who kept a Stage to sell his Physick on, but that only till such time as he could get a Company of Strollers together to act, that being his principal Design. He had already got several Persons of Quality, and among others a Count's Son, whose Name I shall beg leave to conceal; a young Lawyer of *Mans*, who had formerly belong'd to a Company, together with a Brother of his, and an old Comedian, who was a great Proficient in Farce. He besides expected a young Lady from *Laval*, that had promis'd him to run away from her Father for that Purpose. With this Man I got acquainted; and one Day, for want of better Discourse, made him acquainted with all my Misfortunes; whereupon he perswaded me to engage with him in his Design, and that might prove a Means to make me forget my hard Usage. I readily accepted his Offer, and would certainly have engag'd in it, had but the Lady that was expected come. But it seems her Parents had been acquainted of her Intentions, and therefore took care to frustrate them, which oblig'd me to quit the Undertaking. Love notwithstanding furnish'd me with a Stratagem to renew my Conversation with *du Lys* without Suspicion, and that was, to carry the Lawyer before-mention'd, and another young Man of my Acquaintance, to both whom I had discover'd my Design, along with me to *Alençon*. They soon after appear'd in this City, one under the Title of a Brother, and the other a
Cousin.

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• Cousin-German of an imaginary Mistress of mine. I
 • caried them to the *Sieur du Fresne's* House, whom I had
 • before desir'd to pass for my Relation, which he conde-
 • scended to do. He did not fail likewise to say a great ma-
 • ny fine things in my Favour, assuring them they had
 • pitched upon a very deserving Person to make Alliance
 • with; after which he invited us to Supper. My Mistress's
 • Health was drank, and *du Lys* pledg'd it. After my
 • Friends had continu'd about Four or Five Days in this
 • City, they returned to *Mans*, but I staid behind, and
 • had a freer Access than ever to my Mistress. At last
 • Monsieur *du Fresne* asked me, Why I delay'd so long to
 • conclude my Marriage? Which made me apprehend that
 • my Stratagem might be at length discover'd, and then I
 • should shamefully be driven out of the House as before.
 • This made me to enter into the most barbarous Resolu-
 • tion that ever Man in Despair conceiv'd, and which was,
 • to kill *du Lys* to prevent another's ever having the Posses-
 • sion of her. For this Purpose I got a Ponyard, and go-
 • ing to her, desir'd her to take a Walk out with me, which
 • she granted. I thereupon led her, before she was aware,
 • into a brambly Part of the Park, quite out of any Path-
 • way. There I discover'd to her the cruel Design Despair
 • had suggested to me to preserve her to my self, and at the
 • same time drew the naked Ponyard out of my Pocket.
 • She looked so charmingly upon me, and spoke so many
 • soft things to divert my Intentions, that she at length
 • found it no difficult matter to disarm me. She seiz'd the
 • Ponyard then, and throwing it into the Bushes, told me
 • she must be gone, and that she should not care to trust her
 • self any more with me alone. She was going to tell me
 • farther, that she never had deserved this Usage at my
 • hands; when I interrupted her, desiring she would af-
 • ford me a Meeting next Day at her Confident's. She
 • promised, and accordingly came. I saluted her; and we
 • lamented our common Misfortune together; and after a
 • great deal of Discourse, she advis'd me to go to *Paris*,
 • and promis'd, that tho' I staid away Ten Years, yet would
 • she not entertain any Body else in the mean time; which
 • nevertheless she did not keep to. When I was about to
 take

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' take leave of her, which you may imagine I could not do
 ' without a great many Tears ; she said she thought it ne-
 ' cessary that her Mother and Sister should be of the Secret,
 ' and therefore the Widow was immediately sent to call 'em,
 ' whilst I continu'd alone with her. It was then we o-
 ' pen'd our Minds to each other more than we had hi-
 ' therto done ; whereupon at length she told me, That
 ' if I had Thoughts of carrying her away, she would
 ' willingly consent to it, and follow me wheresoever I
 ' pleas'd ; and that if any were sent out after us, and
 ' should overtake us, she would pretend to be with Child
 ' by me. However, my Love was so honourable to-
 ' wards her, that I would by no means consent to any
 ' Hazard of her Reputation on my account, but leave
 ' the Event of all things to Fortune. In the interim her
 ' Mother and Sister came, and we broke our Resolution
 ' to them, which caused fresh Tears and Embraces on all
 ' sides. In short, I took my leave of 'em, in order to
 ' my Journey to *Paris*. Before I sate out, I wrote a
 ' Letter to *du Lys*, the Contents whereof I have forgot,
 ' but you may imagine I omitted nothing therein that
 ' might serve to raise her Compassion ; and my *Confi-*
 ' *dente* that carry'd it, assur'd me she could not read it
 ' for weeping, and much less return an Answer. I have
 ' forbore telling the several other Adventures that hap-
 ' pen'd during our Amour, to the end I might not tres-
 ' pass too far on your Patience ; such as the Jealousie *du*
 ' *Lys* conceiv'd at a Cousin German of hers that came to
 ' see her, and liv'd at her Father's for Three Months to-
 ' gether, and also on account of the Gentleman's Daugh-
 ' ter that brought the Gallant whom I sent away pack-
 ' ing ; together with several Rencounters I had by Night
 ' for her sake, in two whereof I was wounded, once in
 ' the Arm, and another time in the Thigh. But to end
 ' all Digressions, I must e'en let you know that I de-
 ' parted at last for *Paris*, where I arriv'd safe, and conti-
 ' nu'd about a Year. Not being able to maintain my
 ' self equal to what I had done in this City, as well by
 ' reason of the excessive Dearness of Provisions, as by
 ' having diminish'd my Fortune by the Expences I was

' at on account of *du Lys*, as you have heard before, I was
 ' fain to put my self to one of the King's Secretaries, who
 ' had been married to his Predecessor's Widow. Tho'
 ' this Lady confer'd many Favours upon me, yet was I
 ' always so blind as not to perceive'em, tho' some of them
 ' were so open, that most of the Family took notice of
 ' them. One Day having bought some Holland for Neck-
 ' bands and Wristbands to my Shirts, and given them to
 ' some of the Maid-servants to make, my Mistress came by
 ' and observ'd them; when asking who they were for,
 ' and understanding they were mine, she bid them to finish
 ' 'em as soon as they could, but leave the Lace for her to
 ' put on. Afterwards whilst she was working on them I
 ' by chance enter'd the Chamber, when she call'd to me,
 ' and told me she was at work for me; which surpriz'd
 ' me so much, that I could only return her Thanks, and
 ' so went out. But one Morning, to my great wonder,
 ' whilst I was writing in my Bed-chamber, which was
 ' not very far off hers, she sent for me by one of her La-
 ' queys. Whilst I was going to wait on her, I heard her
 ' rave like mad against one of her Chamber-Maids and
 ' her Waiting-Gentlewoman, in these Words, ' Get ye out
 ' of my Chamber, ye Blunderers, ye Buffheads; you know
 ' not how to do any thing as ye should. ' As they went out
 ' I came in; whereupon, having rallied them yet a little
 ' longer, she bid me shut the Door, and come and dress
 ' her, and particularly to take the clean Smock from the
 ' Toilet, and put it on for her. At the same time she stript
 ' off her foul one, and expos'd her self naked to my sight.
 ' I was so greatly asham'd of this Action of hers, that I
 ' told her I should be less serviceable to her that way than
 ' her Maids, therefore desir'd her to send for them again;
 ' which she was nevertheless oblig'd to do by the sudden
 ' arrival of her Husband. I had no reason to doubt of her
 ' Intentions, but as I was young and timorous, was like-
 ' wise apprehensive of some unlucky Accident, and there-
 ' fore resolv'd to ask Leave speedily to be gone, which I
 ' did soon after, whereto the Husband answer'd nothing,
 ' and the Wife sullenly turn'd her Chair toward the Fire,
 ' and bid the Butler clear the Table. After this, I went
 down

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' down to Supper with the Steward ; being at Table, a
 ' Neice of my Ladies, of about twelve Years old, came
 ' to me from her Aunt, to know whether I had the
 ' Courage to eat before I went. I forgot what Answer I
 ' sent her, but I well remember she immediately fell sick,
 ' and was forc'd to keep her Bed. Next Morning betimes
 ' she sent for me to go for a Physician. When I came near her
 ' Bed-side, she catch'd me by the Hand, and told me, I had
 ' been the occasion of her Illness. This augmented my
 ' former Apprehensions, and therefore the same Day I
 ' list'd my self in the Troops that were then raising at *Pa-*
 ' *ris*, for the Duke of *Mantua*, and departed without saying
 ' ought to any body. Our Captain came not along with
 ' us, leaving the Command of his Company to his Lieute-
 ' nant, who was a common Robber. The same were
 ' the two Serjeants, for they plunder'd wherever they
 ' came ; the Lieutenant and one of the Serjeants were at
 ' last hang'd by the Provost of *Troyes* in *Champagn*, but he
 ' spar'd one of the Serjeants on account of his being Bro-
 ' ther to a *Valet de Chambre* of the Duke of *Orleans*.
 ' We hereby remain'd without a Leader ; whereupon the
 ' Soldiers with common consent pitch'd upon me to com-
 ' mand the Company, which consisted of fourscore Men.
 ' I took this Post upon me, with that Authority as if I had
 ' really been their Captain. I drew out my Company,
 ' muster'd them, and distributed Arms amongst them, which
 ' I receiv'd at *St. Reine* in *Burgundy*. At length we filed
 ' off to *Ambrun* in *Dauphine*, where our Captain came
 ' to us, expecting scarce to find a Man in his Company ;
 ' but when he perceiv'd all I had done, and that I had pre-
 ' serv'd Sixty-eight of the Men, having lost only Twelve
 ' in our march, he hug'd me heartily, and gave me the Co-
 ' lours and his Table. The Army was one of the finest
 ' that ever went out of *France*, but which had the ill Suc-
 ' cess you may have heard of meerly thro' the bad Intelli-
 ' gence between the Generals. After its Defeat, I stay'd
 ' at *Grenoble*, to avoid the Barbarity of the Peasants of
 ' *Burgundy* and *Champagne*, who murther'd all that fled,
 ' in such great numbers, that it introduced the Plague into
 ' those two Provinces, the which afterwards likewise

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' spread throughout the whole Kingdom. Having staid
 ' some time at *Grenoble*, where I had got a great deal of
 ' Acquaintance, I at length resolved to go for this City,
 ' where I was born; but travelling out of the high Road,
 ' for the Reason above mention'd, came at length to a small
 ' Town, call'd *St. Patrice*, where the Lady of the Man-
 ' nor's Son was raising a Company of Foot, to go to the
 ' Siege of *Montauban*. I list'd under him, and he having
 ' discover'd something more than ordinary in my Counte-
 ' nance, after having demanded of me who I was, and be-
 ' ing told the Truth by me, he desired me to accept the
 ' Tutelage of a young Brother of his, to whom he had
 ' given the Colours, which I readily did. We departed
 ' then for *Noons* in *Provence*, being the Place of Rendez-
 ' vous for the Regiment; but before we had been there
 ' three Days, our Captain's Steward robb'd his Master and
 ' fled. He gave Orders to have him pursu'd but it prov'd
 ' to no purpose. He then desir'd me to take the Keys of
 ' his Coffers, which I did not keep long, by reason he was
 ' commanded from the Regiment, to wait on the Cardi-
 ' nal *Richelieu*, who then headed the Army for the Siege
 ' of *Montauban*, and other rebellious Towns of *Guyenne*
 ' and *Languedoc*. He nevertheless carried me along with
 ' him, and we found his Eminence in the Town of *Albi*;
 ' thence we waited on him to the aforesaid rebellious City,
 ' but it continued not long so after this great Statesman's
 ' setting down before it. During this March we had a
 ' great number of Adventures, which I don't think fit
 ' to bring you acquainted with, for fear of proving tiresom,
 ' having but too just reason to believe I have been so too
 ' much already ----- To this *Star* replied, He would
 ' deprive them of a great deal of Pleasure, if he did not con-
 ' tinue his Adventures to the end. He went on then, af-
 ' ter the following manner ----- ' I got a great Acquain-
 ' tance in this illustrious Cardinal's House, and that chiefly
 ' with the Pages, whereof there were eighteen of *Nor-*
 ' *mandy*, who all made extream much of me, as did like-
 ' wise the rest of his Eminence's Servants. As soon as the
 ' Town was surrender'd our Regiment was disbanded, and
 ' we return'd to *St. Patrice*. The Lady of the Mannor
 ' had

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' had a Suit at Law with her eldest Son, and was going
 ' to *Grenoble* to prosecute it. As soon as we were got home,
 ' we were desir'd to accompany her thither, the which I
 ' had no manner of mind to do, having determin'd to go as
 ' I told you before: We were however prevail'd upon to
 ' comply with her Request, which I have not since repen-
 ' ted of; for whilst we staid at *Grenoble* soliciting this Su-
 ' it, the late King of *France Lewis, XIII.* hapned to pass by
 ' that way into *Italy*, and I had the honour to meet in
 ' his Retinue all the great Lords of this Country, and a-
 ' mongst the rest the Governour of this City, who being
 ' well acquainted with Monsieur *St. Patrice*, after having
 ' offer'd me what Money I wanted, recommended me
 ' heartily to him, so that I had then no reason to com-
 ' plain. I met likewise five young Men of this City, three
 ' whereof were Gentlemen, who had been my intimate Ac-
 ' quaintance: I treated them the best I could, both at our
 ' House and at the Tavern. One Day as we were com-
 ' ing from Breakfast at an Inn in the Suburbs of *St. Lau-*
 ' *rence*, which is on the other side of the Water, we hap-
 ' ned to stop upon the Bridge to see the Boats pass, when
 ' one of the five told me seriously, he very much won-
 ' der'd I had not enquir'd of them after *du Lys*. I told
 ' him, I durst not, for fear of hearing that which would
 ' not please me. They reply'd, I had done wisely to slight
 ' her that had broke her Word to me. I thought I should
 ' have dy'd at this News, but however must know more
 ' to the same purpose; for they immediately acquainted
 ' me farther, That my Departure for *Italy* was no sooner
 ' heard of there, than *du Lys* was married by her Parents
 ' to a young Man, whom they nam'd to me, and to whom
 ' I had the most aversion of any of her Pretenders. Then I
 ' began to break out and rail at her, in all the ill Language
 ' that Jealousie could suggest; I call'd her *Tygres*, *Trayto-*
 ' *ress*, and the like, for that she could suffer her self to be
 ' married, when she knew I was so near, and would cer-
 ' tainly require an Account both from him and her. I then
 ' took a Purse out of my Pocket which she had given me,
 ' wherein I kept a Bracelet of hers, and a blue Ribbon,
 ' and putting a Stone into it, to make it sink, threw it

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in a great Passion into the River, uttering these Words
 at the same time; So may I blot her out of my Memory,
 as I abandon this Purse to the Pleasure of the Waves.
 These Gentlemen were not a little surpriz'd at my Pro-
 ceeding, and therefore told me, they were extremely sor-
 ry they had let me know so much; which nevertheless
 I should have come to the knowledge of some way or
 other. They added moreover, to comfort me, That
 what *du Lys* had done was wholly by Compulsion; for
 they perfectly perceiv'd an aversion in her to the Person;
 and which was demonstrable enough, in that she languish'd
 all the time she was married to him, and died not long af-
 ter. This News encreas'd my Grief and comforted me
 at the same time. I took leave of these Gentlemen, and
 went home, but so alter'd, that young Madam *St. Patrice*,
 the good Lady's Daughter, observ'd it, and ask'd me what
 I ail'd. I gave her no answer; yet at length, upon press-
 ing me farther, I told her the Story of my whole Adven-
 tures, together with the News I had just then heard.
 This good-natur'd young Thing (being extremely con-
 cern'd at the Relation, which might be perceiv'd by her
 crying) went immediately and told it to her Mother and
 Brothers, who all assur'd me they commiserated my Mis-
 fortunes, and would do all that lay in their power to re-
 dress 'em, but that in the mean time I must be comfort-
 ed and have Patience. The Suit betwixt the Mother
 and the Son ended by an Arbitration, and so we return'd.
 I then began to think of settling in the World. The
 House where I was, would have been sufficient to have
 afforded me a Character, had I been dispos'd to marry,
 but tho' several good Matches were offer'd me, yet would
 I accept of none. Then I return'd to my former Reso-
 lution of being a *Capuchine*, and required the Habit, but
 I met with so many obstacles in this intention, which
 would be but tedious for you to hear, that I soon quitted
 that design likewise. About this time the King command-
 ed the *Arrierban* of the Gentry of *Dauphine* to go to *Ca-*
sal. Monsieur *de St. Patrice* desir'd me to go along with
 him, which I could not well refuse. We departed and
 arriv'd there, and you know what was the Success of
 it.

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' it. The Seige was rais'd, the Town given up, and Peace
 ' concluded thro' the Mediation of *Mazarine*. This was
 ' the first step he made to the Cardinalship, and to that
 ' prodigious Grandeur which he arriv'd to afterwards in
 ' the Government of *France*. We return'd to *St. Patrice*,
 ' where I still persisted in becoming a *Recluse*, but divine
 ' Providence order'd it otherwise. One Day Monsieur de
 ' *St. Patrice* perceiving my Resolution, told me, he would
 ' advise me to take Orders as a Secular Priest. I reply'd,
 ' I had not Capacity: He answer'd, there were those that
 ' had less. I resolv'd then upon it, and took Orders upon
 ' an allowance of a Hundred Livers a Year that Madam *St.*
 ' *Patrice* gave me. I said my first Mass in our Parish Church,
 ' and upon which occasion my Patroness treated about thir-
 ' ty Priests and several Gentry of the Neighbourhood. I
 ' liv'd with too rich People to want Preferment, for in six
 ' Months time I got a considerable *Priory*, and two other
 ' small Benefices. Some Years after, I had a very large
 ' *Priory* and a very good Curateship given me, for I had ta-
 ' ken a great deal of pains in my Study, and was arriv'd to
 ' that perfection in Preaching, that I could mount the Pul-
 ' pit before the best Auditory, and even in presence of any
 ' Bishop. I manag'd my Revenues with discretion, and in
 ' a short time got together a considerable Sum of Money,
 ' wherewith I retir'd into this City, where I think my self
 ' extremely happy in meeting with so good Company, as
 ' likewise in having done them some small Service. Ra-
 ' ther, quoth *Star*, the greatest that could be done for any
 ' Body. She was going to say more, when *Ragotin* started
 ' up and said, he would write a Comedy upon this Story,
 ' which would afford a more than ordinary Decoration of the
 ' Stage: For Example, a fine Park with a great Wood and a
 ' River, with Lovers walking and fighting, and a Priest say-
 ' ing his first Mass in it. What could be finer? This made
 ' all the Company laugh, when *Roquebrune*, who had a'ong all
 ' contradicted *Ragotin*, told him, You will never be able to
 ' do any thing in the Matter. You know nothing of the
 ' Rules of the Stage; besides you must change the Scene,
 ' and continue three or four Years upon it. Then the *Prior*
 ' said, ' Gentlemen, pray dont dispute upon this point, for I

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‘ have taken care of it my self already. You may remember that Monsieur *du Hardy* never observ’d Rules so strictly, no more than some others of our late Poets have done, such as the Author of *St. Eustace*, &c. Monsieur *Corneille* likewise would not have been so nice in this particular had not Monsieur *Scudery* been so severe on his *Cid*. But for the most part these are such Faults as the better sort of Judges term beautiful ones. I must tell you, quoth the *Prior*, I have compos’d a Play on the Subject of my Adventures my self, and have call’d it Fidelity preserv’d after Hope lost. I have also taken for my Device a whither’d Tree with only a few blasted Leaves on it, and a Spaniel-Dog lying at the Root of it with this Motto out of his Mouth, Depriv’d of Hope yet always Faithful. My play hath been acted several times. The Title you have chose for it, quoth *Star*, is as much a propos as your Device and Motto, for tho’ your Mistress has prov’d false to you, yet you continue constant to her, resolving never to Marry any other. The Conversation ended by the arrival of Monsieur *Verville* and Monsieur *la Garouffiere*, and here ends this Chapter, which no doubt has been tedious as well in regard of its length as Subject.

CHAP. XIV.

Verville’s Return, accompanied by Monsieur la Garouffiere. The Actors and Actresses Marriage; together with another Adventure of Ragotin’s.

ALL the Company were extremely surpriz’d to see Monsieur *la Garouffiere*. As for *Verville’s* return, it had been long expected with impatience, and that chiefly by the two Couples that were to be married. The Company demanded of *la Garouffiere* what News he had brought. He answer’d, None; but that Monsieur *Verville* having communicated an Affair of Importance to him, he was glad of the occasion to come and see them again, and to offer them a continuance of his Services. Hereupon *Verville* made a sign to him that that matter was to be talked

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talked of in private, and to break off the Discourse, presently presented the *Prior* of *St. Lewis* to him, who he told him was his particular Friend, and moreover a Man of Worth. Then *Star* told them he had just concluded a Story the most entertaining that could be imagin'd, which caused these two new arriv'd Gentleman to profess their concern for not having come before to have had their share of it. After this *Verville* went into another Room, whither *Destiny* follow'd him, when after they had continu'd there for some time, they called in *Star* and *Angelica*, and afterwards *Leander* and Mrs. *Cave*, whom Monsieur *la Garouffiere* followed without invitation. When they were all together Monsieur *Verville* told them he had acquainted Monsieur *la Garouffiere* with the Design of their Inter-marriages, whilst he was at *Rennes*, and that he had presently resolv'd to go home by *Alençon*, to assist at their Weddings. The two Couple gave him a great deal of Thanks, and return'd him their Acknowledgments of the Honour he had done them. But now I think on't, quoth Monsieur *Verville* to *la Garouffiere*, had not we best have the Man up that waits below. I think so, reply'd *la Garouffiere*, if the Company were willing. They answer'd, any Friend of his or Monsieur *Verville's* wou'd be welcome at any time to them. The Man was thereupon sent for up. As he enter'd the Room Mrs. *Cave* look'd steadfastly upon him, and began to be mov'd, tho' she knew not at what. She was ask'd if she knew that Man? She answer'd she could not remember she had ever seen him. Then she was desir'd to take more notice of his Face, which she did, and began to find so many of her own Features in him, that she cry'd out, *It is not my Brother sure!* Whereupon he immediately went to her, and embracing her, told her he was her Brother, whom variety of Misfortunes had kept so long from the sight of her. He afterwards saluted his Neice and the rest of the Company, and then assisted at the secret Conference, where it was concluded that the two Marriages should be speedily solemniz'd. All the difficulty at last was what Priest should marry them. Then the *Prior* who had been called in to the Conference stepped up, and said he would talk about that with the Parsons of

the two Parishes in the City, and of that of the Suburbs of *Monfort*; and if they made any difficulty about it, he would return to *Sées*, and obtain leave of that Bishop, and providing he would not grant it, he would go and procure it from the Bishop of *Mans*, who was his intimate Acquaintance, and within whose Diocese his small Concern lay. The Company was very well pleased with his Proposal, and desired him to take that trouble upon him. Then was a Notary privately sent for, and the Marriage Contracts drawn. I don't tell you the Particulars of them, because they never came to my Knowledge; but certain it is, the Parties were soon after married accordingly. Monsieur *Verville*, Monsieur *la Garouffière*, and the Prior of *St. Lewis* were Witnesses to the Contracts. This last went immediately to discourse the aforesaid Parsons, but neither of them would marry them, alledging several Reasons that the Prior perhaps was unable to answer for want of Capacity. This made him resolve, according to his Promise, to go to *Sées*. For this purpose he took *Leander's* Horse, and one of his Servants, and went to wait on the Bishop of that Diocese, who was very unwilling to grant his request. The Prior urg'd, that these People were of no Diocese, being here to Day, and gone to Morrow, and yet could not be reputed Vagabonds, as the three Parsons would needs have them to be, by reason they had the King's Licence, and by consequence were Subjects of that Diocese wherever they happen'd to come. Also, that those Persons for whom he required a Licence were at present in the Diocese of *Alençon*, over which his Lordship had Jurisdiction, and that therefore he humbly requested the favour of a Licence for them, they being very honest People. Hereupon the Bishop gave the Prior liberty to have them married in what Church he pleased. He would have called his Secretary to have drawn up the Licence in Form, but the Prior told him, that a Word or two under his own Hand would be sufficient. Next Day our Solicitor return'd to *Alençon*, where he found the betroth'd Parties making all manner of Preparation for their Nuptials. The other *Strollers* who had not been admitted of the Secret, wondred what all that Provision meant, especially *Ragotin* who

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who was most concern'd to know it. What oblig'd them to keep it so secret related wholly to *Destiny*, for as for *Leander* and *Angelica*, every body knew they were to be married. Another reason likewise was, their fear of not obtaining a *Licence*; but no sooner were they secure of one than they made the Matter publick, and having read the Marriage Contracts before all the Company, proceeded to appoint a Day for the Solemnization. This was a cruel Blow to poor *Ragotin*, whom *Rancour* whisper'd in the Ear, Did not I tell you what this would come to? I had always mistrusted it. Hereupon the poor little Man fell into a deep Melancholy, which inclin'd him to that despair, which you may read of in the last Chapter of this Romance. He became so disorder'd, that while he was walking one Holiday before the great Church of *Notre-dame*, at the time of the ringing of the Bells, he fancied they were made to ring the following Words on purpose to affront him,

This-Morning-Ra-go-tine
Got-drunk-by-too-much-Wine:
Go-home, go-home.

This made him to go immediately into the Belfry, and rattle the Sexton, telling he ly'd, for that he had not drank so much as he imagin'd. But, quoth he, I should not have been angry if you had made your Bells to cry,

The-Mu-ti-neer-De-sti-ny
Has-got-thy-dear-Star-from-thee,
Ra-go-tin, Ra-go-tin.

for then I should have rejoic'd to have found inanimate Bodies sensible of my Wrongs. But to call me Drunkard, a Name I never deserv'd, I will be reveng'd of you and your Bells, if possible. Having said this, and crouded on his Hat fast to his Head, he mounted up a pair of winding Stairs, which he thought went to the place where they were ringing, but which were indeed those belonging to the Organ. When he began to perceive that this was not the Belfry Staircase, he was somewhat troubled;
never-

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nevertheless going on forwards, he at length met with a little low Door which went under the Tiles. Here he crept in; and whereas other People would have been forc'd to creep on all-fours, by reason of the lowness of the place, he nevertheless afterwards had room to walk upright; when coming at last to another Door that open'd into the Ringing Room, he went in, and found several Persons at it Ding-dong, with such eagerness that they never look'd behind 'em. At his first entrance he saluted the Fellow that stood next to him with all the injurious Language he could think of, calling him *Villain, Rascal, Sot, Puppy, Blockhead, Clown*, and what not; which notwithstanding the Noise of the Bells hinderd that Person (or any of the rest,) from hearing. At this *Ragotin*, believing himself not only affronted but despis'd, went up to the said fellow and gave him a good lusty Thump on the Back with his Fist. The Fellow feeling himself struck, turn'd about of a sudden, and cry'd, What little T---d-Fly's this? ---I wonder who sent thee hither to strike me? *Ragotin* was about to have given him a Reason for what he had done, when the Ringer holding his Bell-rope in one Hand, and catching him by the Arm with the other, twerl'd him about, and at the same time gave him such a kick in the A--e, that he sent him headlong down a pair of Stairs into the Chime-room. He tumbled so violently, with his Head against some of the Clockwork, that his Nose gush'd out with Blood, besides the many other parts of his Body that were extremely bruise'd. This made him roar out like a Bull, but perceiving no Remedy, and fearing to go up again to the Ringer, he ran down Stairs as fast as he could drive, to complain to the Lieutenant-Criminal, who lived hard by. This Magistrate seeing *Ragotin* in that pickle, was easily inclin'd to believe what he told him; but after having heard the Reason likewise from the Sexton that follow'd him to his House, he could not forbear laughing immoderately, tho' he pitied him at the same time, well knowing the little Man must needs have his Brains out of order to be guilty of such Extravagances; nevertheless to content him what he could, he told him he would do him Justice, and consequently sent a Footman for

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for the Ringer, who being come, he demanded of him why he had abused that little Gentleman there with his Bells. To which he answer'd, He knew not how he could abuse him, since he and his Companions rung only after their wonted rate,

Or-le-ans Bois-gen-cy
No-tre-dame-de-Cle-ri:
Ven-dosme-Ven-dosme

but that indeed after he had once struck him he did kick him, which happening to be towards the top of the Stairs, he could not help his falling to the bottom. The Lieutenant-Criminal bid the Ringer be more cautious for the future how he bestow'd his Favours of that kind, and advis'd *Ragotin* to be wiser hereafter than to trust to his Imagination, since it had so palpably deceiv'd him. *Ragotin* not finding it likely to have any farther Justice done him in this Case, went home as well satisfied as he could, when the Actors perceiving his Face bruise'd and bloody in many places, enquir'd of him what had been the occasion of it, but he would by no means tell 'em, yet they soon after came to know it by others, which caused them, together with *Monf. Verville* and *Monf. la Garouffiere*, to laugh exceedingly at him. The Wedding-day being at length come, the prior of *St Lewis* told the Parties he had made choice of his own Church to marry them in, whither they went soon after, with as little Noise as they could, and were married, after a very pious Exhortation. The Business being ended, they return'd to their Lodgings, where they dined; after which they knew not how to pass their Time till Supper. As for Plays, Inter'ludes, and Balls, they had been so us'd to them, that they were not at all entertaining, and therefore they propos'd to hear some Novel read. *Verville* said, for his part he knew none. If *Ragotin* had not been melancholy, he had been the properest Person to relate one, but he was dumb. Then *Rancour* was desir'd to tell that of the Poet *Roque-brune*, which he had promised the Company to do when ever Occasion served, and none could happen better than this.

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this. His Answer was, He was not at all in Humour; and besides that, he did not care to bespatter his Friend *Roquebrune* with Aspersions, since he had better deserv'd of him of late than he had formerly done. At length *Monf. la Garouffiere* told the Company, that if they would accept of such as he could entertain them with, he would tell them some Adventures he had been an Eye-witness of, and which you'll find in the following Chapter.

CHAP. XV.

The two Jealous Ladies, a Novel.

MY Father, who was a Counsellor of the Parliament of *Rennes*, said *Monf. la Garouffiere*, and who design'd me for his Successor, as I am, sent me to the College to qualifie me for that purpose; for whilst I continued in my own Country he fancied I profited but little, and therefore resolv'd to send me to *la Fleche*, where (you know) the Jesuits have the best College throughout all *France*. It was in this little Town that what I am about to tell you happen'd; and moreover, at the same time I studied there.——There were two Gentlemen, the most accomplish'd in all that place, who altho' they were a little advanc'd in Years, were nevertheless not married, as it often happens amongst Persons of any Quality, who according to the Proverb, *Between whom we would have, and whom we would not, we remain a long time unmarried*. This Saying was nevertheless cross'd at last by these two well-bred Gentlemen. One of them, call'd *Monfieur de Fons-blanche*, married a Daughter of the Family of *Chateau-d'un*, who were a meaner sort of Gentry, but very rich. The other, whose Name was *Monfieur du Lac*, married a Lady from the City of *Chartres*, who was not rich, but nevertheless exceeding beautiful, and of so good a Family, that she was related to several Dukes, Peers, and Mareschals of *France*. These two Gentlemen, who could share the Town betwixt'em, had been always good Friends till after their Marriage, when their two Ladies looking enviously on each other, it quickly occasion'd a Rupture between the Husbands

' Mada,

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Madam *de Fons-blanche* was not, 'tis true, handsom in Countenance, yet she had nevertheless a graceful Mein, well shaped, had a great deal of Wit, and was very obliging. Madam *du Lac*, as beautiful as she was, yet wanted Address; she had wit indeed a great deal, but so ill manag'd that she thereby rather render'd her self avoidable than acceptable. These two Ladies were of the Humour of most Women now-a-days, who never think they live great, unless they have a score or two of Beaux after them. This caus'd them to employ all the Arts they had in making Conquests, but therein *du Lac* succeeded much better than *de Fons-blanche*, for she had subdued all the Youth of the Town, I mean among the Quality, for she would by no means suffer any others to speak to her. This Pride and Affectation occasion'd a great many Murmurings against her, which at length broke out into open Detraction, but nothing harm'd her, for 'tis thought it rather contributed to, than hinder'd her procuring new Lovers. *Fons-blanche* was not so desirous of having a great number of Sparks; she nevertheless had some, which she manag'd with a great deal of Address, and whereof there was one a very handsome young Fellow, that had as much Wit as she, and was one of the bravest Youths of his time. This Spark was her greatest Favourite, but at length his Diligence caus'd him to be suspected by the Neighbours, and Slander began to talk loud. It was here the Rupture began between these Ladies, who before had visited each other very civilly, nevertheless with a little jealous Envy. *Du Lac* began at last to slander *Fons-blanche* openly, to pry into her Actions, and do all that lay in her power to ruin her Reputation, especially about the aforesaid Gentleman, whose Name was Monsieur *du Val-Rochet*. This soon came to *Fons-blanche's* Ears, who was extreemly nettled at it, and said, That if she had Lovers, it was not by scores, as *du Lac* had, who every day gain'd new Conquests by her Impostures. *Du Lac* hearing this, quickly return'd her the like Reflections. Whence you may imagine that these two Women liv'd together in a Town like a Brace of Dæmons. Some charitable People did

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' did all they could to reconcile them, but which prov'd
 ' in vain, for they could never be prevail'd upon so much
 ' as to see each other. *Du Lac* thought, the only way
 ' to offend *Fons-blanche* to the quick would be to get a-
 ' way her Lover *du Val-Rochet* from her. She then caus'd
 ' Monsieur *de Fons-blanche*, to be acquainted under hand,
 ' that he was no sooner out of Doors, which he was often
 ' either hunting or visiting, but that *du Val-Rochet* lay
 ' with his Wife; and farther, that several Persons of Credit
 ' were ready to testifie, that they had seen him come na-
 ' ked out of her Bed. Monsieur *de Fons-blanche*, who had
 ' never yet had any Suspicion of his Wife, was nevertheless
 ' inclinable to reflect a little upon what he had heard, and
 ' in Confusion, desir'd his Lady to oblige him so far, as to
 ' entertain *du Val-Rochet*'s Visits no longer. She seem'd
 ' all Obedience, nevertheless insinuated so many Reasons
 ' why she might safely admit him, that he gave her Liber-
 ' ty, and suffer'd her to act as before. *Du Lac* perceiving
 ' this Contrivance of hers had not had its desir'd Effect;
 ' resolv'd to get some Opportunity to talk with *Val-Rochet*
 ' her self. She was both fair and subtle, two Qualities
 ' sufficient to surprize the wariest Heart, tho' it had been
 ' never so much engag'd. *De Fons-blanche* was extreamly
 ' concern'd at being like to lose her Lover, but much more
 ' when she heard that *Val-Rochet* had spoke unhandsomly
 ' of her. This Grief was augmented by her Husband's
 ' Death, which happen'd a little while after. She went in-
 ' to close mourning 'tis true, but still Jealousie got the
 ' Ascendant of her outward Concern. Her Husband had
 ' been scarce buried fifteen Days before she had a secret Con-
 ' ference with *Val-Rochet*. I know not the Subject of
 ' their Discourse, but the Event makes me pretty well a-
 ' ble to guess at it, for in little more than a week after,
 ' their Marriage was made publick, so that in less than a
 ' Month's time she had two Husbands, a living and a dead.
 ' This seems to me to have been the most violent Effect
 ' of Jealousie imaginable; for to deprive *du Lac* of her
 ' Lover, she both forfeited her Modesty by marrying so
 ' soon, and forgave the unpardonable Affront *Val-Rochet*
 ' had offer'd her. *Du Lac* was almost ready to run mad
 when

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when she first heard this News, and resolv'd forthwith
 to have him assassinated as he went on a Journey to *Brit-
 tany*; but which he being made acquainted with, she
 was prevented in that Design. Then she enter'd upon
 the strangest thought that ever Jealousie could suggest,
 and that was, to let her Husband and *Val-Rochet* together
 by the Ears, which she brought about by her pernicious
 Artifices. They quarrell'd divers times and at length
 came to a Due', which *du Lac* encourag'd her Husband
 in, being none of the wisest Men in the World, that *du
 Val-Rochet* might have an Opportunity to kill him,
 which she fancied no hard matter, and then she propos'd
 to hang him out of the way for his pains. But as For-
 tune would have it, it happen'd quite otherwise; for
Val-Rochet trusting to his Skill in Fencing, seem'd to de-
 pise *du Lac*, thinking he durst not make a Thrust at
 him, but therein he was extreamly deceived; for whilst
 he put himself out of Guard, *du Lac* made a home Thrust
 at him, and run him thro' the Body, whereof he instant-
 ly died. This done, *du Lac* went home to his House,
 and acquainted his Wife therewith, who was not only
 surpris'd, but concern'd at so unexpected an Accident. He
 after this fled away privately to a Relation of his Wives,
 who as I have told you before, had several Persons of
 Quality to her Kindred, who labour'd incessantly to ob-
 tain her Husband's Pardon from the King. Madam *Fons-
 blanche* was not a little astonish'd when she was first told
 that her Husband was kill'd; but coming afterwards to
 her self, she was advised to bury him quickly and pri-
 vately, to prevent his Body being arrested by the Bailiffs.
 Thus in less than six Weeks time *Fons-blanche* had been
 a Widow twice. *Du Lac* not long after obtain'd his Par-
 don, which was confirmed by the Parliament of *Paris*,
 notwithstanding all the opposition the deceas'd Person's
 Widow could make. This made her to entertain a wil-
 der Design than Madam *du Lac* had done before, and
 that was to stab *du Lac* as he walked in the Market-place
 with some of his Friends. For this purpose she provided
 her self a ponyard, and marching up to him, attackt him
 so furiously, that before he could get himself into a Po-
 stance

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' sure of Defence, or have any of his Friends turn about
 ' to help him, she had stabb'd him mortally in two Places,
 ' whereof he died three Days after. His Wife immediately
 ' got this Virago seiz'd and clapt up in Prison. Her Tryal
 ' came on, and she was condemn'd to die, but her execu-
 ' tion was respited, by reason of her being with Child;
 ' nevertheless, not long after the Stench of the Prison did
 ' the Work of the Hang-man, for she died of a Disease
 ' caus'd thereby, after having been first delivered before her
 ' time, and her Child being baptiz'd, died likewise soon
 ' after. Madam *du Lac* began afterwards to reflect on
 ' what she had been the occasion of, and therefore forth-
 ' with resolv'd to turn a Nun, which she did, after ha-
 ' ving put her Affairs in order, in the Nunnery of *Almeneche*,
 ' in the Diocess of *Sees*, where she now continues, if
 ' she be not yet dead of her Austerities, which she volun-
 ' tarily inflicted on her self.

The Actors and Actresses continued their Attention, e-
 ven while Monsieur *la Garouffiere* had done speaking, so
 well they lik'd the Story he had entertain'd them with.
Roquebrune starting up all of a sudden, told the Compa-
 ny, after his usual way, that this was a rare Subject for
 a grave Poem, and he would make an excellent Tragedy
 of it, which he would reduce to Dramatick Rules. The
 Company took little notice of what he said, but all ad-
 mir'd at the wondrous Courage of the Women, who be-
 ing push'd on by Jealousie, did not boggle at the most ha-
 zardous Attempts. Then it was disputed, whether Jeal-
 ousie were a Passion or not; and all concluded, that what-
 soever it was, it ruin'd the noblest of passions, Love.
 There was a good while yet to Supper, when all the
 Company agreed to go and walk in the Park, which they
 did, and afterwards sat themselves down on the Grass.
 Then *Destiny* said, He thought nothing so pleasant as Novels,
 which *Leander* confirming, offer'd to relate another con-
 cerning a Neighbour's Daughter of his, which was accepted,
 and after three or four times coughing, he began as fol-
 lows.

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CHAP. XVI.

The Capricious Lady, a Novel.

Here liv'd in a small Town of *Britany* call'd *Vitray*,
' an ancient Gentleman, who had been married a great
' while to a very virtuous Lady, without having any Children
' by her. Amongst other Household-Servants, he had a Ste-
' ward and a Housekeeper, thro' whose Hands most Mat-
' ters relating to the Family pass'd. These two persons,
' as most Servants do sooner or later, made Love, and
' promis'd each other Marriage. They had so well play'd
' their Parts in their several stations, that both the good
' old Gentleman and his Lady died not long after very much
' incumber'd. As for the two Servants, they became rich,
' and married, having little or no regard to their Master's
' Misfortune. Some Years afterwards a certain ill Accident
' fell out, that caus'd the Steward to fly his Country,
' which to do the more securely, he list'd himself in a Troop
' of Horse, leaving his Wife without Children. She having
' waited for his Return about two Years, and hearing no-
' thing of him, caus'd a Report to be spread abroad that
' he was dead, and accordingly went into Mourning for
' him. When this was a little over, she was sought after
' by several Persons in Marriage, and amongst the rest by
' a rich Merchant, who married her, and at the years end
' had a Child by her, who might be about four Years old
' when her Mother's first Husband return'd home to his
' House. To tell you which was the most surpriz'd, the
' two Husbands or the Wife, is not in my power; but
' certain it is, the first Husband's Occasion of going away
' still continuing against him, he was easily prevail'd upon
' by the other Husband to take a small Sum of Money to
' be gone again. 'Tis true, he ever now and then return'd
' secretly for a little Subsistence from his Wife, which
' was not refus'd him. In the mean time the Daughter,
' whose Name was *Margaret*, grew up, and being rich,
' though she was not handsom, did not want for Sparks
' to court her. Among the rest was a rich Merchant's
' Son, who did not mind his Father's Business, but lov'd
to

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to frequent Gentry's Company, where he often met with
 his Mistress *Margaret*, who was receiv'd among them
 on account of her Riches. This young Man, whose Name
 was *Monsieur de St. Germain*, had a good Countenance,
 and Courage enough to engage him often in Duels, which
 at that time were very frequent. He danc'd gracefully,
 gam'd with all the better sort of Company, and was al-
 ways well dress'd. In the many Meetings he had with this
 young Laïs he took all Opportunities to let her know
 what a Kindness he had for her, and how desirous he was
 to be her Husband. This she seem'd to approve of well
 enough, and consequently invited him to come and see
 her at home, which he did by permission of her Father and
 Mother, who extremely favour'd the Match. But after-
 wards, when he was about to ask her of her Parents, he
 would by no means do it till he had her Consent first, not
 believing when she had yielded so far in other things she
 would oppose him in that; but to his great surprize, up-
 on putting the *Question*, he found her to repulse him
 furiously, both in Words and Actions. Hereupon he
 went his way, and forbore visiting her for five or six
 Days, hoping thereby he might in some measure abate
 his Passion; but to his Disappointment found that it had
 taken too deep Root to be so easily remov'd, insomuch
 that he was quickly forc'd to go see her again. He had
 no sooner enter'd her House but she went out of it among
 her Companions in the Neighbourhood, whither he fol-
 low'd her, after having had a Promise from her Father
 and Mother to use their Endeavours to make her more so-
 ciable. This nevertheless they durst not attempt to do
 with Rigour, she being their Darling and only Daughter,
 and therefore chose rather to represent to her mildly what
 Injustice she did the young Man, after having once pro-
 fess'd to love him. To this she gave no answer, and not-
 withstanding all was said, continued in her ill humour;
 for whenever he offer'd to come near her, she would still
 change her Place. Then he would follow her, but she
 always flew from him. One Day, as she was getting a-
 way, he caught her by the Sleeve; she told him he rump-
 led it, and that if he offer'd to come near her any more she
 would

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‘ would give him a Box o’th’ Ear. In a word, the more
‘ he follow’d her, the more she avoided him. When she was
‘ at the Ball, and he offer’d to dance with her, she affronted
‘ him, telling him she was out of Order, and at the same
‘ time danc’d with another. She at length arriv’d to that
‘ pitch of Ill-nature, that she occasion’d him Quarrels, and
‘ he above four times accepted Challenges on her account,
‘ in all which he nevertheless came off safe, which she
‘ seem’d to be very sorry for. All this ill Usage did but en-
‘ flame his Passion the more, like Oyl thrown upon the
‘ Fire, insomuch that his Visits were made the more fre-
‘ quently for his being discourag’d. One Day above the rest
‘ he fancied his Perseverance had wrought an Alteration in
‘ her, for that she suffer’d him to come near her, and seem’d
‘ to hearken attentively to what he said to her. His Lan-
‘ guage was this: Why do you thus fly me, insensible Fair
‘ one! that cannot live without you? If I have not Merit suf-
‘ ficient to deserve you, yet consider at least the Excess of my
‘ Passion, and the many Indignities I have born from you with
‘ Patience. Very well, answer’d she, you may flatter your
‘ self with that Fancy if you please, but I would have you
‘ to know, that the best way for you to win upon me, is to
‘ get as far out of my sight as you can; and because you can-
‘ not well do so as long as you continue in this Town, I com-
‘ mand you (which if you have that Respect you pretend for
‘ me, you will not fail to obey me in) to lift your self in the
‘ Troops that are now raising; and after you have made a few
‘ Campaigns it may be you may find me more kind. This
‘ small Pittance of Hope which I afford you ought to incline
‘ you to obey me; but if you will not do it, lose me for ever.
‘ Then she drew off a Ring from her Finger, and gave it
‘ him, saying, *Keep this Ring to put you in mind of me, but*
‘ *remember I forbid you to come any more near me, tho’*
‘ *to take your leave of me.* This said, she suffer’d him to
‘ take a parting Kiss of her, and so went into an adjoining
‘ Chamber, locking her self up. Then this wretched Lo-
‘ ver went to take leave of her Father and Mother, who
‘ pitied him extremely, promising to continue always his
‘ Friends, and next Day he list’d in a Troop of Horse that
‘ was raising to go the Seige of *Rochelle*. His Mistress ha-
ving

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‘ving enjoin’d him not to see her again till after his Return,
 ‘he durst not pretend to attempt it; however, the Night
 ‘before his departure he gave her a Serenade under her Win-
 ‘dow, with this Complaint at the end of it, which he
 ‘sung to the melancholy Strains of his Lute.

The Words of the SERENADE,

IRIS, inexorable Fair!
 Whom neither Love nor Friendship sway,
 Will you not pity my Despair,
 Rather than Innocence betray?
 Will you for ever cruel prove,
 And must I think your Heart of Stone?
 Will you not yet consent to love,
 But suffer me to be undone?
 Alas! fair Nymph, at length I yield
 To Fate, and take my last Adieu:
 Never was Lower surer kill’d,
 Nor Mistress less concern’d than you.
 When I am dead, some Friend of mine
 Shall rip up this unhappy Breast,
 And to your Power my Heart resign,
 But leave to Earth and Worms the rest.

‘The capricious Creature at the sound of this Serenade
 ‘got out of her Bed, and opening the Shutters of the Win-
 ‘dow, peep’d thro’ the Glais, and set up so hearty a Laugh
 ‘as might well make the poor Lover think he was not
 ‘like to succeed in his Design. Just as he was about to ex-
 ‘press his Mind farther she clapt to the Shutter, crying out
 ‘to him aloud, ‘Keep your Promise, Sir, for your own sake,
 ‘and it may be I may not be worse than mine. ‘With this
 ‘answer poor St. Germain retir’d, and a few Days after-
 ‘wards set out with his Troop for the Seige of Rochelle.
 ‘This Town, as you may have heard, held out very ob-
 ‘stinately for some time, till at length it was forc’d to sur-
 ‘render upon discretion. Then was it that the Troop where-
 ‘in St. Germain rode was disbanded, and he consequently
 ‘return’d

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‘ return’d to *Vitray*. He no sooner arriv’d than he went
‘ to wait on his unkind Mistress *Margaret*; who permit-
‘ ted him, ’tis true, to salute her, but afterwards told him
‘ he had return’d too soon, and that she was not yet dispos’d
‘ to receive him, therefore desir’d him to be gone again.
‘ His answer was in these mournful Words, ‘ You are cer-
‘ tainly the most cruel Creature of your Sex, and I plainly per-
‘ ceive you desire nothing more than the Death of him that
‘ has all-along approv’d himself the most faithful Lover in the
‘ World. You have put me four times upon single Trials of
‘ my Courage, and I have always had honourable Escapes.
‘ You then would have me hazard my Life in the Army, and
‘ I have likewise come off safe there, even where many a less
‘ unhappy Wretch than I has met his end. But since I find
‘ you so ardently covet my Ruin, I will go seek my Fate in
‘ so many places, that it shall be out of the power of Fortune
‘ to afford me any more Deliverances; it may be you will
‘ not be able to forbear repenting of having occasion’d this,
‘ since my Death shall be of that kind, as will not only sur-
‘ prize, but incline you to pity me. Adieu, then added he,
‘ most cruel of your Sex, adieu for ever. ‘ Having utter’d
‘ these words, he was rising to be gone, but she would not
‘ suffer it till she had told him, that she did not by any means
‘ desire his Death, and that what she had done by engaging
‘ him in Duels, was only to be the better convinc’d of his
‘ Courage, that he might be the more worthy of her. And
‘ lastly, she let him know, that she was not yet dispos’d to
‘ receive his Addresses, but that Time, for ought she knew,
‘ might make an alteration upon her to his Advantage. With
‘ these Words she left him, and retir’d. The small Hopes
‘ she gave him put him upon a Stratagem which was like
‘ to have spoil’d all, and that was, to make her jealous.
‘ He consider’d with himself, that since she had shew’d
‘ some Good will towards him, she would not fail to be
‘ jealous if she really lov’d him. He therefore sought out a
‘ Comrade of his that had a Mistress that lov’d him as much
‘ as his slighted him. He desir’d to give him leave to make
‘ his Addresses to her, and he would do the like to his, to
‘ the end he might observe how she would take it. His
‘ Comrade would by no means grant his Request till he had
‘ his Mistress’s Consent which nevertheless soon after de-
manding,

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manding, he easily obtain'd. The first that time these two
 Ladies came together, which I should have told you they
 did almost every day, the two Lovers made their ex-
 change according to agreement, *St. Germain* stepping
 up to and courting his Comrade's Mistress, whilst his
 Comrade did the like to the haughty *Margaret*, who re-
 ceiv'd him but very coldly. But as soon as she perceiv'd
 her former Spark and his Mistress laugh, she began to
 flye out into a great Passion, well knowing then that
 this Exchange had been concerted on Agreement, and there-
 fore immediately flung out of the company with Tears in
 her Eyes. This caused the obliging Mistress to go after
 and endeavour to appease her, telling her, this Stratagem
 of her Lover's was only to know her Mind the better,
 and not to either circumvent or affront her, and therefore
 earnestly entreated her to take no farther notice of it, but
 rather to favour the constant Addressees of so sincere a
 Lover as *St. Germain* had long been to her. All this not-
 withstanding gain'd little upon the humour some *Marga-*
ret; whereupon the unfortunate *St. Germain* was driven
 to so fierce Despair, that for the future he sought nothing
 so much as to shew the Violence of his Love by some rash
 Action, which he hoped might procure his Death. This
 Resolution, one Night not long after, he had an occasion
 to put in Practice; for whilst he and seven of his Com-
 rades were coming out of a Tavern half drunk, and with
 their Swords by their sides, they chanc'd to meet three
 or four Gentlemen, amongst whom was a Captain of
 Horse. With these they began to dispute the Wall, and
 which they obtain'd by being the greater number; but
 the Gentlemen returning immediately after with four or
 five more of their Company, pursued these Persons that
 had so greatly affronted them, and overtook them in the
 High-Street: when *St. Germain* being the foremost, and
 having been the forwardest in the Affront, the Captain
 discovering him to be a Trooper by his Hat, stept up to
 him, and gave him such a lusty Blow with a Backsword,
 that he cut thro' his Hat, and cleft part of his Scull. Ha-
 ving done this, and thinking themselves sufficiently re-
 veng'd, the Captain and his Companions march'd off,
 leaving *St. Germain*, for dead in the Arms of his Friends.

He

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• He had little or no Pulse left, and less Motion, insomuch
 • that they immediately carried him home, and sent for se-
 • veral Surgeons, who found Life yet remaining in him.
 • These dress'd his Wound, stitch'd up his Scull, and then
 • bound it up. The Noise of this Contest had at first a-
 • larm'd the Neighbourhood; but they were much more
 • surpriz'd when they heard a Man had been so dangerously
 • wounded. The thing was talk'd about from one to t'other
 • after a different manner, however all concluded St. Ger-
 • main was a dead Man. This Report quickly got to his
 • cruel Mistress's House; who tho' undrest, yet immediate-
 • ly ran to see him, and whom she found in the condition
 • I have told you. As soon as she saw Death begin to shew
 • it self in his Face she fell down in a Swoon, and it was
 • found no easie matter to recover her. When she came to
 • her self the Neighbours began to accuse her of being the
 • Cause of this Disaster, and that if she had not been so
 • unkind to him, he would never have been so desperately
 • rash, this being but the Result of what he had frequently
 • threatned. Then began she to tear her Hair, wring her
 • Hands, and do all that mad People are wont to do. She
 • afterwards proceeded to serve him with that diligence,
 • that all the time of his Illness she would neither undress
 • her self, lye down on the bed, nor permit any of his
 • Sisters to do any thing about him. After he came to
 • himself, and began to know People, it was judg'd ne-
 • cessary she should absent her self, which she was neverthe-
 • less with great difficulty prevail'd on to do. He at length
 • was cur'd, and when he came to be perfectly well, was
 • married to his capricious Mistress *Margaret*, to the satis-
 • faction of every body, but much more of himself. After
Leander had finish'd this Novel, the Company return'd to
 the Town, where having well supp'd, and the like, they put
 the new-married Couples to bed. These Weddings had been
 kept so secret, that they had no Visitors for two Days after;
 but on the third they were so embarras'd with Company
 that they had not Leisure left 'em to study their Parts. Af-
 ter a little time they all return'd to their Exercise as before,
 except *Ragotin*, who was fallen into a perfect Despair; as
 you will find in the following Chapter.

C H A P. XVII.

*Ragotin's Despair and Death, with the End of the
Comical Romance.*

R *Ancour* now perceiving, that he as well as *Ragotin* had no more hopes left of his succeeding in his Love to *Star*, got up betimes, and went to the little Man, whom he found likewise risen and writing at the Table. Upon his enquiry what he was doing, he told him, he was writing his own Epitaph. *How!* quoth *Rancour*, do people use to make their Epitaphs before they are dead? But what surprizes me yet more, continued he, is that you make it your self. 'Yes, I have made it my self, answer'd *Ragotin*, 'and will shew it you. He thereupon open'd a paper which was folded, and read these Verses.

Ragotin's E P I T A P H.

H *Ere th' unlucky Ragotin lies,*
Who lived a Slave to fair Star's Eyes,
Yet Destiny him of her depriv'd;
Which made him take a Journey strait
To th' other World, compel'd by Fate,
For needs must where the Devil driv'd.
For her a Stroller he became,
And here with Life concludes the same.

This is fine indeed, quoth *Rancour*; but you will never have this satisfaction to read it on your Tomb; for it is the common Opinion that dead People neither see nor understand any thing they do that survive them. 'Ah! answer'd *Ragotin*, 'you have partly been the cause of my Misfortunes, for 'you always gave me hopes I should succeed, and yet I 'am very well assur'd you all-along knew the contrary. Then *Rancour* protested to him, that he knew nothing certainly of it, but confess'd, he had all-along suspected it as he had told him before, when he advis'd him to stifle his passion, she being the proudest Woman in the world. But methinks, added he, her Profession of a Stroller, which you know

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know is none of the most honourable, might have somewhat abated her self-conceit; yet it has always so happen'd, that these sort of Women take much more upon them than belongs to them. But at length, continued he, I must discover something to you that I have kept a Secret till now, and that is, That I was as much in love with Madam Star as you, and I know not how a Person that had so much Conversation as I had with her could have well avoided it; but now that I find my self out of hopes, as well as you, I am resolv'd to leave the Company, especially since Mrs. Cave's Brother is come to it, who can act all those Parts, I did; and therefore I believe they will be the more willing to part with me. I will then go to Remes, where the other Company is, and wherein o I do not question I shall be receiv'd, because they at present want an Actor. ' Then, quoth Ragotin, since you were in love with the same person, I do not know how you should speak to her for me. But Rancour swore like a Devil, he was a Man of Honour, and had done all that in him lay to promote his Interest, but said he could never prevail to be heard. Well then, quoth Ragotin, you have resolv'd to quit the Company, and so have I, but I have determin'd to make a larger Leap, and forsake the World too. Rancour made no Reflections on his Epitaph, thinking he meant only retiring to a Convent, and therefore took no care to prevent his doing himself harm. As for the Epitaph, he never spoke of it to any body except the Poet Roquebrune, to whom at his request he gave a Copy. When Ragotin was alone he began to think what Method he should make use of to rid himself of the world. He took a Pistol and charg'd it with a brace of Bullets, to shoot himself thro' the Head, but then he was afraid that they would make too much Noise. Then he took the Point of his Sword and put it against his Breast, but as soon as he felt it prick, it made him sick, and therefore that Method was rejected. At last he went down into the Stable, where whilst the Hostlers were at Breakfast, he took one of the Halters that he found lying there, and fastning one end to the Rack, put the other with a Noose about his Neck; but when he was about to let himself swing, he found he had not the Heart to

do it, and therefore waited till some-body came in when he was resolv'd upon it. At length a Gentleman came, and then he let go the hold of his Hands, but still kept one Foot bearing on the Manger. However he might have been strangled had he continued so hanging for any while. The Boy that went to put up the Gentleman's Horse seeing *Ragotin* hang in that manner, thought verily he had been dead, and therefore began to bawl out like mad for Help. All the Family came down, and seeing a Man hang'd, immediately took the Rope from his Neck, and brought him to himself; which you may imagine was not very easie to do. Then he was ask'd what made him to enter upon so strange a Resolution, but no answer could be got out of him. Afterwards *Rancour* took *Madam Star* aside, whom I might have call'd by the Name of *Destiny*, but being so near to the End of this Romance, it will be scarce worth while, and told her the Occasion, as he believ'd, of this strange Undertaking. She seem'd much surpris'd, but was much more when she heard this wicked Man tell her he was still in the same Mind; to make away with himself, but would not attempt it any more by a Halter. To this *Star* answer'd not one Word, whereupon *Ragotin* took his leave and departed. Some little time after he made known to the Company a Design he had to accompany *Monsieur Verville* to *Mans*. The Company was willing enough to part with him as long as he had a Companion, but would not have car'd to trust him alone. Next Morning they set out betimes, after that *Monsieur Verville* had made a thousand Protestations of continued Freindship to the Actors and Actresses, but especially to *Destiny*, whom he embrac'd, professing the great Joy he had to see his Designs accomplish'd. *Ragotin* made a long Harangue by way of Compliment, but which was so confus'd that I don't think fit to insert it. When they were ready to go, *Verville* enquir'd if the Horses had drank. The Hostler told him it was too early in the Morning, but he might let them do it on the Road if he pleas'd. Then having taken Leave of *Monsieur la Garouffiere*, they mounted and set forwards. *Monsieur la Garouffiere* mounted likewise, to go home, to whom the new-married Couples return'd abundance of

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Acknowledgements, for coming so far to honour their Nuptials with his Presence. After a hundred Protections of Service on both sides, he set out, and *Rancour* follow'd him, who notwithstanding his Insensibility could not forbear weeping. *Destiny* wept also, calling to mind the many Services *Rancour* had done him, especially that upon the *Pont-neuf* at *Paris*, when he was there set upon and robb'd by *la Rappiniere* and his Followers. As soon as *Verville* and *Ragotin* were got to a River, they immediately went therein to water their Horses, but it was *Ragotin's* peculiar ill Fortune to light on a place where the Bank had been cut down, which causing his Horse to stumble, he threw the little Man violently over his Head into the River, which was exceeding deep in that part above others. Poor *Ragotin* knew not how to swim, and tho' he had, his Equipage of Carabine, basket-hilted Sword, and Cloak, would have sunk him in spite of his Teeth. One of *Verville's* Men immediately rode after *Ragotin's* Horse to catch him, whilst another stript himself and leapt in after the Master to save him, but found him dead. Then Company was call'd and the Body taken out and laid on the Grass. Next the *Strollers* were sent for, who mightily condoled poor *Ragotin's* Fate; which having done, they took him and buried him in *St. Catherine's* Chapel, which is not very far from this River. This dismal Event nevertheless verified the Proverb, That he that was born to be hang'd would never be drown'd. *Ragotin* experienc'd the reverse, for he could not strangle himself, and so might be drown'd. Thus ended the Life and Adventures of this little comical Advocate, who shall be remember'd by the Inhabitants of *Mans* and *Alençon* as long as they have any taste for Strolling, or relish for Stage-plays. *Roquebrune* seeing *Ragotin* in his Grave, said, That his Epitaph must be alter'd in the following manner.

Here

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Here th' unlucky Ragotin lies,
Who lived a Slave to fair Star's Eyes,
Yet Destiny him of her depriv'd;
Which made him strait resolve to float
To th' other World without a Boat;
For needs must when the Devil driv'd.
For her a Stroller he became,
And here with Life he ends the same.

The Actors and Actresses return'd home to their Lodgings, and continued their Exercise with their ordinary Applause.

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